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GREAT EXPECTATIONS

REALIZED

OR,

CIVILIZING MOUNTAIN MEN.

BY

MRS. ELLEN H. B. MASON.

ⁿ
EIGHTEEN YEARS CONNECTED WITH THE HIGHLAND CLANS OF BURMAH,



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TO THE GOD OF ISRAEL,
AND TO ALL WHO HAVE
HELPED US, THIS
RECORD IS
HUMBLY
OFFERED
AS A THANKSGIVING.

P R E F A C E .

As I was sitting down to write this preface, I heard the door open, and suddenly a voice accosted me in a severe tone—a thin, shrewd looking shade, with a quill behind his ear.

“Mrs. Mason, what did you take such a big name for?”

“I beg pardon, sir, I didn’t think it very “*big*,” but I want to say to the Sunday-schools: “THE WORD OF THE LORD AND THE MERCY SEAT; and I wanted to say to the struggling, there is a way of realizing expectations.”

“Did you come home to make this book, madam?” asked a second shade, with a scornful side glance.

“No. I had no intention of doing it at present.”

“Then, how came you to have so much material with you?” questioned the quill shade again.

“Because, fires are so frequent in Burmah.

“Are you making a speculation out of the mission?” asked another, with a threatening air, who looked as if he had just come from behind the counter.

“No, friend, I have asked God to give me enough to pay the costs, but that will depend much on your patronage.”

“Don’t you think you might have said less about yourself and done more good?” questioned a stout shade with a whip.

"Perhaps so. I often make mistakes," I answered, bending very low, for I was afraid of the whip.

"There are some inelegancies," said a clerical but kindly looking shade.

"I know there are, but I want some people to read it, who don't read elegancies:"

"How is it you have said so little about your husband's labors?" questioned again the minister shade.

"I have not aimed to give a history of the mission, only of the Educational Department."

"But why didn't you let your husband attend to those business matters?" joined in the counter shade again.

"It would have been much more womanly."

— "My husband had no time for such perplexing cares. He is Translator for the mission. Has translated the Bible into two languages and much of it into a third. To do this he has had to learn many languages, to study thoroughly the botany of the Bible, the zoology, the ornithology, the mineralogy, the geology, indeed, to enter into all the natural sciences, besides all the nations; and you know there are a good many tribes mentioned in the Bible. Besides, my husband has had to prepare a grammar in two dialects, a geography in two and a trigonometry in three, with hymns and tracts. He has to be a general doctor too, and has founded, with the help of Dr. Jayne of Philadelphia, a Medical Fund for the Karens, which demands much time. He has also been obliged to do a great deal for education among them, to induce them to establish their self-supporting jungle schools, of which they have one hundred and forty in Tounghoo; and he still goes out preaching in the mountains every dry season, two or three months. / Of course, he couldn't have his mind burdened with such

secular affairs as I here name. Let me tell your boys a story: One time I stood under the shadow of Kirkstall Abbey, in Yorkshire, and my husband's sister told me this story. She said, when Mr. Mason was a shoemaker boy in York, he attended a mathematical night-school, the master of which edited a weekly paper. One day he published three very difficult problems in algebra. They used Bonnycastle's old algebra. Mr. Mason's father, meeting the master at a club, suggested that his boy Frank might send him an answer.

"‘Let him do the first, try the second, and let the third alone,’ said the master.

"The father went home and told his son what the master said. This kindled his zeal. He set to work, and in a few days wrought out, without aid, the third and the second, and let the *first* alone. The answer was published in the master's paper, and ever after the editor was his firm friend. This was the boy Mason, and this shows exactly what my husband now is, a day and night toiler among the rocks. Therefore, I take the chisel."

The shades walked out and I fell asleep, but was awakened by another that seemed to come from the unknown land:

"*First the altar then the offering,*" it said, in low tones, and a cross stood beside my bed.

I covered my head—shrunk away from it, trembling, but finally gathered strength—reached forth to take it, and it turned to a rose bush!

Now please let me just say, the errand of this little volume is to prove the *Faithfulness* of the God of Israel, by a true Record of *Trust and the Works* of Redeemed Heathen. In doing this, it will trace a history of the

self-sustaining school enterprise in Tounghoo. As it is written for my young friends, whose sympathies are warm, and imaginations bounding, I have thrown it into a narrative, mingling the grave and the gay, the clouds and the sunbeams, as life has come to me. I ask you, friends, to go along with me to see the scenery, and make acquaintance, to leap the oceans, scale the mountains, and measure the prairies; to join our camp, pick up the legends, hear the stories, and mark the miracles of the way. There are a good many rainbows, because the sun would shine through the raindrops, but there is one bow arching over and above all others, that was discovered by a young Karen boy. In a wee bit of a letter to me, he writes:

“DEAR MAMA,

“The Bible says: ‘*Ask, and ye shall receive.*’ I read so in the Holy Book of Matthew. Please send me a knife!”

Of course, I sent him the knife, though it cost me the last one I had. But if he had not asked, would he have received? And now, friendly shades of the camp, of the quill, of the counter, of the plough, and the pulpit, will you kindly pass by the inelegancies and haste, and introduce my “Expectations Realized” to your friends? And you, sister shades of the parlor, the kitchen, the sick-couch, and the nursery, and you little eye shades of the Sunday-schools, please help me to sell this book.

ELLEN H. B. MASON.

Philadelphia, 1861.

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THE MORNING LAND.

Come ! Come away to this Morning Land !
Where the Wauwaus call in a mountain band ;
Where the bulbouls come with a wakening lay,
And the Rusae bound in the glens away ;
And the grasses flash in their bright dew gems,
And the creepers wreathe their diadems.
See the brilliants burst from their cascade bowers,
And the balsams gush o'er the fresh-lipped flowers,
And the royal shadows of the palm frescades
Wheel away in state o'er the changing glades,
As Day walks up with his conquering lights
O'er the gold-fringed brows of the Burmah Heights !

EXPECTATIONS REALIZED.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

“EXPECTATIONS REALIZED!”

Well, don't start, critics, nor look so scornful. I'm not going to give you an autobiography, but a true story, if it is a little one, by which you will see how expectations can be realized.

When a child eleven years old, my ma always gave me one hour a day for my own time. This was invariably spent by the side of a wild mountain brook, that came tumbling and dancing down through a grove of birch trees. It was a most companionable little stream, clear as crystal, full of smooth white pebbles and little speckled trout.

My brother fitted me up a small leafy alcove, carpeted with scarlet lichens right on the shore, with my pet flowers, the wild violet and the forget-me-not all around, and close to a patch of those bright red winter-green berries that all New England children know. There the old family Bible was daily spread open to Solomon's Prayer. There too, the woods often echoed with the

"Sweet Bower of Prayer," while I dug gold thread and made little golden skeins for baby sister.

There, the brook the trout and I planned many a castle—but each castle had a Bible and a Bower of Prayer.

I don't know why I liked Solomon's Prayer so much better than Agur's, but young Solomon, the brave Daniel, the good Samaritan, and the poor Publican, were favorites among Bible men, with Deborah and Mary Magdalen among the women. There were other companions too. These were the letters of Ann H. Judson and Harriet Newel; and often did I turn the old brown and yellow birches into Burmese and Hindu girls. Many a time have I talked till tears came, to these imaginary heathen women, and then sung to them ever so much.

Even the great giant-looking tamaracks of Canada had a charm. They were real old Samsons, or Knights Templar in all their armor, as they lay so stiff and black.

One time they were indeed awful to me. "Elder Huntley," as every body called my father,* was for more than forty years a "Gospel Ranger" among the hills of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Canada; and as soon as I was old enough he took me into his cariole with him.

* Rev. Leland Huntley, of Marlow, N. H., whose ancestors were from Gloucester, England. Five of his brothers were Ministers of the Gospel. He married Sarah Thomas of Brattleboro', Vt., daughter of John Thomas of London, of a strict church family originally from South Wales, but two of whose brothers became Deacons in Lady Huntington's Chapels. Her mother was Eleanor Williams, only child of John Williams, "Master Builder" of Liverpool, who descended out of Dorset, and came to America in 1790, with his wife, Eleanor Rawlinson, of the family of Rawlinson, a Guinea merchant, brother of Rawlinson, Lord Mayor of London in 1706.

One time he had been out to hold a "Protracted Meeting" in Lower Canada. We were returning home at midnight, through a tamarack swamp, winding leisurely along the well-trodden wood road, my father thinking of his sermons, and I covered head and eyes in the buffalo skins. Suddenly a strange sound. "Crazy Jane" pricks up her ears. Again, faint, low, fearful. Instantly Crazy Jane gave a bound that almost broke the traces. My father heard it, and with an anxious look at me, he gave the startled creature the reins, when she flew over the road as if chased by lightning. On came the boding sound, nearer, nearer, clearer, clearer. A murmuring as of many waters, a clear bark, a tremendous howl of a whole pack of wolves! "Oh, God save papa! Oh, God, I will, I will go!" This was the earnest cry of the moment, showing that conscience was not at rest, and it was not, for I had no doubt but God was calling me to work for the heathen; yet deep and painful had been the inward struggling, even at that early age, and I had always answered, "*I cannot leave mamma.*"

Crazy Jane had just time to leap into the open village when the hungry wolves appeared on the skirts of the forest, thanks to the Hearer of Prayer.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee." This was the promise that came to me nestled in the buffalo skins.

When but nine years old, there seemed to be some propelling power ever pushing me on to Burmah. "Get ready, I will call for thee," was forever whispered in the air. How I should get ready was the difficult question. My father was a poor Baptist minister, he could not help me. He loved the cause of missions; and I recollect one time when the Agent called he had not a dollar in the

world ; but he went out and borrowed one and paid it to the Lord for the heathen. He was poor, for he gave all his time and talents for others ; and so did my ma, faithful, self-denying, and beautiful as an angel.

The first effort toward this undertaking was in flowering oil-cloths, by which I bought myself a grammar when thirteen years old. I had never had any school books but a spelling book and English Reader ; but I had read and thought more than many children. I borrowed a geography and studied it open in the window while I rinsed the cups and saucers, standing upon a stool beside the table. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, Pollok's *Course of Time*, Thompson's *Seasons*, these were among the graver books that had charmed me till midnight over my pine torches—I couldn't afford candles—so my brother, dear, kind little fellow that he was, would, every few days, lay before me a votive offering of pitch-pine knots from the plains ; and it was by the light of these that I read two thick volumes of moral philosophy, and studied the fragments of a copy of Josephus, found on the site of an old bookstore. After securing the grammar, I obtained permission to leave home for a few months as companion to a doctor's wife. It was one evening while with her that I found a large volume of the *Arabian Nights* in my bed-room. I had never seen it before, and of course strained my eager eyes over it till the long candle was burned to the socket. The next night the *Arabian Nights* was gone, and a *Missionary Magazine* lay there. I took it up, a little vexed to lose the stories ; opened, and the first thing that struck me was the "*Journal of Francis Mason.*" Reader, tell me if you can, why did

the hand tremble so ? the bosom heave, and the eyes fill with tears ? ah ! reader, why ?

“Pa,” I said, the next Saturday night, “papa, I must go to Burmah.” I had often spoken of going, but my father had never believed me serious, and always called it “El’s wild scheme.” Now he looked at me with the deepest earnestness of his grave eye, and uttered not a word. From that time he never opposed, never ridiculed ; and ma—dear, fond ma—expected me to go of course.

It was very near where the Fairfax Literary Institution now stands that I first read that Journal which threw a spell, a strange, drawing spell over all my future.

“If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful.”

With the money the doctor’s wife gave for my little services, my bill was paid at a select school, where I made my first attempt at model letter-writing. I remember it perfectly, the old yellow page ruled down the side, leaving an inch margin, and beginning, as all models did : “I take my pen in hand,” &c. I can see her now, that tall, straight schoolma’am, so shocked when I said : “Oh, Miss Sage, I can never get this blessing right, please let me write ma ā real letter.”

I wanted to tell ma I had got her a new cap ribbon. It was the first thing I had ever earned for her with my own hands, and I was all on tip-toe to show her what I thought the daintiest little ribbon in the world. Miss Sage bade me write my copy, and learn propriety—a thing I have been trying to learn ever since.

I can’t tell you, reader, half the things about getting ready, graved in burning lines upon my own memory, but if you will glance at two or three-dissolving views, I will fling a few faint lights over the shadowy past. I

speak of these personal scenes only to show you that God does truly clasp his wings over trust and works, and grant even great expectations.

Making way through drifted snows, boys shoveling the road, a young girl has prepared breakfast for five little brothers and sisters, has dressed them, put the house in order, and is on her way to the school-room, where she has a charge of some forty children, young men and young women. Her father and mother are on a mission to the Isles of Lake Champlain, and are ice-bound. They cannot know the load on their daughter's heart; they could not reach her if they did. She is sixteen years old—is striving for Burmah.

“Ye shall reap *if ye faint not*.”

Among the lumber men on Lake Champlain, close upon the romantic waters of Lake George, over which I have glided for hours in a little log boat, steered by lumber women, chasing the yellow perch and trout which we could see through the lake clear to the bottom. It was a missionary undertaking, for they had no church, no tract visitors, no school of any kind within many miles. It was Sunday. I had called on all the mothers, and now they came dropping in, leading their little ones. The room was fragrant with flowers, and Bible-pictures hung on the wall. We had just sung :

“There is a land of pure delight.”

Who is that? A fine looking man, the superintendent of the colony appears, steps to the open door. “Miss H——, may—may we come in?” and eight or ten strong-souled men in their checked shirts are waiting admittance. A stammering “Yes, if you'll help us,” was given, and

I am sure no one can tell, but the angels, what delightful Bible readings we there enjoyed, amidst the log cabins, partitioned only with blankets, glazed with paper, and made habitable by huge altar-like pillars of stone in the middle for chimneys.

What is the matter? why does the young girl tremble so?

"Children, you may go home." And she sits an hour, helpless, shaking with ague, then recovers and creeps home. The next day tries again; but every other day these horrors return; so for two years she struggles on; thin, pale, weak, suffering as only one can suffer with the terrible lake fever and ague. It is the effects of the lumber region.

At last the goal is reached; a female seminary where she may quench her burning thirst for knowledge. Months pass: "Miss S——," she asks, one morning, in faltering tones, "May I go home? I have no more means, and I can't bear to give up now when the term is so near done." She had been living three months on a trifle over five dollars, boarding herself.

"Why do you go home?"

"I have a dear brother, possibly he may help me."

"How are you going?"

"On foot."

"On foot! How far is it?"

"Twelve miles!"

"Twelve miles! Why child, you can't travel twelve miles. You'd better send for your brother."

"He cannot come. Only say I may go."

A reluctant consent is given. The young girl goes alone.

She draws her belt very tight, for she is hungry. She

has tasted no supper, no breakfast; almost nothing for a whole week but a loaf of bread. Not a cent is left; but she cannot beg.

"Good morning, Ellen. Come back soon," says her preceptress.

"Good morning, Miss S——." When you are hungry may God feed you, she prays inwardly, and departs.

Longer and longer seems that weary way. Now up a steep, hard hill, now stretching like a narrow line away over the plains. She comes to a river; the bridge is gone; she enters in, is carried down, struggles, reaches the bank, walks on, comes to another, fords it.

What is the matter? She cannot see; every thing swims; she falls, revives, and creeps up on to the steps of an old church—prays for strength, prays for Burmah.

At ten o'clock sees the light glimmering from her ma's window, falls upon the steps, returns to consciousness, is lying in her own little room. Her tender mother is chafing her brows, the big tears chasing each other down silently, while little hands are round, holding cups of hot tea and gruel, murmuring out:

"Sissy not die. God-Pa takes care of sister."

"For I say unto you that their angels do always behold the face of my Father."

There are other scenes behind. Higher and higher swell the waters, keener and keener grows the anguish; but purer the longings, sweeter the peace.

See you that school-girl's eye? Mark you the pent up agony? She holds a newspaper; the superscription is her lover's; she knows there are burning words within that wrapper. The spirit longs, thirsts for their sweet sympathy, for she is a stranger at a boarding-school.

"Must I leave it?" she asks herself, pressing her temple.

Yes, her purse is empty, utterly empty. Those rainbowed, precious words must go to the dead-letter office. She is a weak girl; but she lays it back—that dear, dear handwriting—that *radiant* hand. She turns and leaves it there, crushing down agony for heathen women.

What hand that upon the burning brow? A letter. Opens. Out falls a bank bill—the most beautiful, *shining* bank bill ever made! Who sent it? The Angel of the Lord sent it. By whom? Ask the loved teacher, now Mrs. (Doct.) Nott of Schenectady, and her Persis-like sister, Miss C. Sheldon of Philadelphia. The Lord told them to send it. May he tell somebody to send them beautiful bank bills if they ever need them.

Another scene. A school group—but not a white group. There are mountains; but not the old Green mountains. There are trees; but not the birches, the beeches, the spruces of her childhood. There are flowers; but not the daisies and honeysuckles of her fatherland. Her pupils are black-eyed, bronze-colored girls, boys, men and women. The trees are the light bamboo arching over them, and the mountains have a spire, a tall beacon spire all alone—it is a Buddhist pagoda, and that land is Burmah.

When I first stepped upon the shore of India it was at Maulmain. The Rev. Dr. Judson kindly met our large party at the quay, and giving me his arm, led me through a long line of native Christians to his own door. My own emotions on reaching a heathen land were perfectly overpowering. I could not speak. I could do nothing but weep.

It was the remembrance of my childhood yearnings, and of God's infinite goodness that so overpowered me on reaching a pagan land. The letters, the journal, the old

family Bible, the "gold thread," the wee sisters' eyes, all came back with the last, last kisses of a home, and the deep love of the tenderest of mothers that I was never to see again. Then came up those strange old household names, Mah, Dokes, Menlas, and a host of others, all verily living beings right before me! That princely brow too, right there. Was I indeed in the body or out of it?

It was truly strange linkings of circumstances that the writings of Dr Judson's wife should first have stirred my soul for Burmah, and then that his lips should have been the first to greet me, and his arm the first offered me to lean upon. It was strange that Mr. Mason should have united him with his loved Sarah, and then that Dr. Judson should have performed the same service for us.

Heat, bilge-water, destitution of milk, and of every comfort for my babe, in the six-foot cabin of a merchant ship for nearly five long months, induced extreme weakness and inflammation in my eyes.

It was during these weeks of intense suffering, just after reaching Burmah, that I learned the real kind-heartedness and self-forgetting spirit of Dr. Judson. Full of anxious desire to speak to the women, it was hard to do nothing. I had not then learned to wait as now. Dr. Judson saw it, and seemed to give me a special corner in his warm heart, for after we left his house, which he would not allow for many days, about two o'clock daily I would hear his military-like step, and feel the sympathizing grasp of his dear hand as he drew me down beside him, and made me forget past sufferings and present agony in his inimitable manner, language, and stories. With him I lived over the whole past history of the mission, and much of its hidden history. One day he

was telling me of a lady who always greeted the native women with :

“ ‘Ma-a-lah—H-o-w-d-ye?’ drawing it,” he said, “clear across the room in her *everlasting rocking-chair*.”

Another spent nearly her whole time in making pills, smelling bottles, and plasters for the natives! “What wonder,” he would ask, “that both gave up and went home?”

The proper medium line between indifference and undue anxiety in regard to the physical wants of the heathen, this was what he was endeavoring to impress upon me, and what Dr. Judson never lost sight of. I loved him ever after as my own father, for it was no small self-denial for a man of his experience and his duties, to lay all aside and sit down daily to instruct an inexperienced missionary woman. His exquisite tact too won my most profound reverence, while his gay, good humor taught me the secret to good health in Burmah.

It was seventeen years ago that I sat there the wondering pupil of Adoniram Judson. Alas, the changes! Then Sarah B. Judson was there, always so gentle and loving in her pretty pink or white wrapper, and often she would call me to accompany her when she took aside the native Christians to settle their petty difficulties in her prayer room. Then Fanny Forrester was struggling upward in Utica. My husband, Mr. Bullard, was with us, and Mr. Mason was with his little Maria and her mother in Tavoy.

Now where are we all? What a changing, painful drama! His Sarah on the rock of the sea, himself in his ocean coffin, his Emily triumphant over her sharp mission conflict, sweet Maria and her loved mamma passed

to heaven, Mr. Mason in a region then unexplored, translating the Bible into a language then unknown. Little "Enna" Judson who used to come in to rock "Baby Ella," now proclaiming the gospel for his father, Baby Ella wandering over half the globe a teacher to heathen women, while her adored papa, who would have given his life for either of us, is calmly sleeping by the Salwen, and I struggle on amidst innumerable hindrances for the same great work for which Anna H. Judson died, viz., the establishment of Woman's Mission in Heathen Lands.*

* Mr. Bullard died at Maulmain, April 5th, 1848.

CHAPTER II.

HALTINGS AMONG THE CITIES AND WATERS OF MARTABAN

"THE Golden Waters ! The Golden Waters !" all exclaimed in raptures as the Charles swept round into the Gulf of Martaban, and along its semi-circled shore of wild adventure and Christian toil. Four sun-lit streams roll their waters into this lovely scallop of the ocean. First on the right comes pouring the noble Salwen, with the city of Martaban on one side, and Maulmain upon the other. Farther round the Sittang, with the city of Sittang ; then Pegu with its antique ruins ; and still farther on comes the Irrawaddy with the cities of Rangoon and Bassein.

The first city of importance on this coast is Rangoon—Lord Dalhousie's enchanted garden—which, under Col. Phayre is rapidly becoming one indeed. It resembles the modern portion of New York. I didn't learn the number of streets, but saw one marked, I think, the fifty-third. The principal streets are parallel with each other, very broad, and nicely macadamized. Along these, in the business part of the town, stucco buildings are rapidly going up in simple Grecian style, with flat roofs and Ionic pillars. The officers and civilians erect beautiful teak bungalows in the environs, surrounded by parks of tall forest trees.

In the north there is a romantic drive through a wide tract of woodland, out to old Kemendine. Then the

numerous clusters of snowy tents whitening the landscape, with the broad Irrawaddy pouring its silver spouts around, make it truly, to the artist's eye, enchanted ground. This drive to Kemendine also leads to what is intended to become the Binney College, just founded by three benevolent gentlemen in Philadelphia, Wm. Bucknell, Esq., W. C. Mackintosh, Esq., and David Jayne, M. D. Mr. Bucknell invited Dr. Binney to undertake this enterprise, and he with the other two, have ever since sent him a personal support of \$1200, or 2640 rupees per annum. This is nobly done, and now if the founders go on, endow the college and make it permanent, it will be an honor to the denomination, an honor to their country, and an inestimable blessing to the Karen tribes through all time. Both Dr. and Mrs. Binney possess a magic power over their pupils. There is also a Theological School in the same buildings, all under the patronage of the American Baptist Missionary Union.

There are two other schools of importance at this station, a Preparatory English and Vernacular school, aided much by Government, under Mrs. Vinton, a lady who has prepared many valuable books in Karen, and whose hymns will be chanted over the Karen hills when she shall be harping with the harpers. Another Normal School is in charge of the Rev. D. L. Brayton. This is for the Pwo Karens. It is taught in the vernacular, and is dependent upon voluntary aid for support. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brayton, and their daughter, Mrs. Rose, are teachers of long experience, and their school really merits sympathy and support.

Not far from this station is a most hopeful mission under Mrs. Ingalls, widow of the late Rev. L. Ingalls.

This is a Burman mission with more or less of Karens, and the very remarkable success of our lone friend proves that woman's sympathy, patience, and quiet endurance may tell more upon the hearts of heathen *men* even than public preaching. Mrs. Knapp, also a widow lady there, is another of our silent coral-workers. This lady greatly aided Mrs. Brandis, sister of Lady Havelock, in establishing the Burmah Female School Society, and a day school for girls in Rangoon.*

Seven children of the Burman Missionaries have entered upon the same service. This is cheering, to see a mission receiving back its own sons and daughters to stay up the hands of their parents like that model Scudder mission in Arcot. May the time come when it will be understood that this is the duty of missionaries' children rather than to seek ease and civilized comforts for themselves, while their fathers and mothers faint under their burdens alone.

In all, there are on the Burmah coast twenty-two American missionary families, with about four hundred and fifty native preachers and schoolmasters, and some twenty-six

* Messrs. Stevens and Dawson are in charge of the Burman Department of Rangoon, and Mr. Vinton, son of the late Missionary Vinton, is a preacher in the Karen Department. Doctor and Mrs. Wade are the oldest Missionaries on the coast. They are at Maulmain working on with all their rich experience, as earnestly as ever, with Messrs. Bennett and Haswell, and J. Haswell, Jr.

There are also American Missionaries on all these rivers, except Pegu. Messrs. Kincaid and Simons at Prome, Messrs. Thomas and Crawley at Henthada, Messrs. Beecher and Vanmeter at Bassein, Mr. Harris at Shwagyn, and Messrs. Mason, Cross, and Bixby, at Tounghoo. Others connected with the missions are in the States.

thousand baptized converts. Of these about five hundred and fifty are Burmese and Talaings, and twenty-two of the preachers; the others are mostly Karens. The population of Rangoon is about thirty thousand.

Now, reader, would you believe these Pegu waters and lands to be the veritable Ophir of the ancients, and the real old Byssinga of the Alexandrian geographers? My word-loving husband says so, and you will find some pretty strong proof in his "Burmah."

I can almost see the strange old Phenician craft and banner floating still before me; King Solomon's boys chasing over the ridges after peacocks for Queen Belkis, and King Hiram's sailors plying up the rivers after Almug trees. Yes, truly, I have to look round to see if these old Tyrians are not now washing out the gold for the basins, the tongs, and the pomegranates. Who knows but the Tyrian king did send a colony over to these rivers. The Talaings look enough like the old Theban mummies to be their brothers. I saw mummy heads from Thebes in the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, that in form were as near as possible like Talaings. They are known to be the oldest race on this coast, and Mr. Mason makes them related to the Koles of Hindustan by their language. Evidently their first simple faith was rock worship, like that of the Koles, the Santals of India, the ancient Peruvians, who set up an emerald as a goddess, and the Arabs.

Going over the mountains once near Siam, we were passing a cairn like those of the Highland Scots, when I noticed that every Talaing with me stopped and threw a stone on to the pile.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing. A spirit lives here." This was all the explanation.

(If it takes as long to Christianize Burmah as it did to turn it to Buddhism, it will be a work for the millennium. Twelve hundred years they had to work, according to their history, before Buddhism became the national religion of Burmah.)

For the real enchanted ground we must go over to Maulmain. Here pagodas! pagodas! shooting up on every mountain peak from twenty to three hundred and sixty feet high, like colonnades of gold in burning, prismatic radiancy. And such foundations! Terrace upon terrace, the highest plateau is eight hundred feet in circumference, and the lower more than one thousand eight hundred feet, tapering up so like old Belis' feet. Perchance some Layard may yet join them into international links. But just to think how tired these strict religionists must be to climb such long flights of steps to church—five hundred, seven hundred, and nine hundred steps! That of the Aing Pass is said to have nine hundred and seventy stone steps.

Some of the pagodas are walled, others not. One in Paghan was barricaded with a wall upheld by stuccoed elephants, after the style of that vestige of a ruin called the "Diamond Gate" in western India, indicating a relationship between the architects of the two countries.

There are two kinds of pagodas, the common one is a sacred structure. This is octagonal, and built of solid masonry, with a small gold or silver god and charmed scroll morticed up within. The other is a monument in honor of some prince. This is arched, generally of a quadrangular form with four gateways, a dome in the centre, and vaulted galleries running round the interior.

Syms tells of the ruins of one in the northern part of Burmah, with walls seventy feet high, and aisles eighty feet in height. There is a smaller one in Tounghoo, which it is said contains a royal urn; but the royal god that graced the dome now sits in the Hartford Museum in Connecticut.

Look upon one of these illuminated zadees, as I have done, at evening. Listen to the soft breathing of the wind-bells on the *tee*, the umbrella of the top; think of the mysterious scroll, the hidden god, the enchanted hieroglyphics. Watch the lights and shadows of the burnished spire, glimmering and mingling with those of the vaulted aisles, which come flashing out upon the glaring, enameled eyes of griffins and lions, lighting up the many-colored scales of serpents and dragons, then vanishing in gloom as the winds rush through the corridors, and you will not wonder that the natives are awed by the strange, dreamy effect.

Directly over Dr. Judson's house in Maulmain was Mt. Rama. This is the Pali name for Maulmain, and the mountain is a lovely, undulating line of slate and sandstone, which divides the old and new town. On a plateau, many hundred feet in circumference, rises Payah Pu, the principal pagoda of Maulmain. Opening up to this are four gateways, fifteen feet in width, guarded by nuge lions with enormous glass eyes.

Upon the north stands a Tomb temple, with an image of Gaudama larger than the Virgin Colossus of Rome. It is crowned with Mosaic work representing an antique tiara or royal horn of magnificent emeralds. His godship is lying upon a mosaiced catafalque, his head resting upon twelve mosaiced pillows over a large lotus, held as sacred here as in Egypt. Around him six crowned

apostles, twelve feet high, standing on elevated pedestals, like so many stylites all in gold, with the right hand laid reverently upon the breast. Peering over the feet is the sacred hydra with its dilated hood, while the immense coil of the serpent glistening with enameled scales, serves as a pedestal for one of the statues.

In a niche at the entrance of this temple is a female figure in a sitting posture, and Eve-like, is covering her person with her long black tresses.

Just under the shadow of the cliff stands another temple with the Foot of Gaudama, which everybody knows.

The roof of this foot-shrine is a perfect forest of pinnacles, a real little Goth; while over the low oriental portal stand two supernatural warders, with terribly big, searching eyes; and protruding their long heads forward, just like a certain Customs Officer, who charged me a fine of eight English shillings for having in my portmanteau an old copy of Cruden's Concordance; one that I had carried with me for seventeen years, all through Burmah, Calcutta, Madras, Egypt, Germany, England and Scotland; and then have to pay two gold dollars for the sin, just because it happened to be a reprint, though with the cover off; I thought he was the most like these ghostly, big-eyed warders, of any shade in human form that I had met.

The vaulted roof, of what might be termed the nave of this little temple, has a representation of the zodiac, which struck me as very like the pictures I had seen of Dendera. The roof and cornices are, like the old Greek temples, adorned with tracery and vermillion, and the low pedestals are modeled into lilies, some of them lettered with the donors' names.

I have seen in a temple of Tavoy an oriental tableau

of Gaudama previous to his becoming a god. He is represented as prostrate on the ground, humbling himself into a flag stone, while Dobindea, the former Buddh, with his troop of begging boys, is walking over him. This act of deep humility was one of the principal deeds of merit that secured to him the divinity. There is another temple there shaped precisely like the famed "Paradise" of Western India, and containing a statue of the last Buddh Dobindea.

Go up on to this plateau. A poem—a very poem you exclaim at once, made up of natural stanzas with the music all set. First comes Martaban, with the lofty Zingabat mountains, the classic vale of Thadung, the Dong Yahn fortress looming over its mourning river, wide forests and savannas, and the temple mountain of Damathat, shooting up in natural Gothic. Then comes the Atteran, the Salwen, the Gayng, linking among the cliffs, and silvering the prairies; far-stretching Thanee all buried in half tints; while Maulmain lies in the foreground, forcing its way up the hills amid groves of palms, cocoanuts, bananas, tamarinds, mangoes, citrons, papayas, and pumpalows; and every face of the mountain is alive with convents, temples, pillars, turrets, altars, idols and pagodaettes, as if multiplied by a Lysippus hand, bristling among ever-blooming avenues. Here and there also, rises a guarding group of statues, or the hideous Belu, which, history states, was Gaudama's body-guard; and one can believe it, for they are forever present—the real Scandinavian Memming or the Beerseeker of the Scalds. Everywhere winding up the mountain are trains of priests with their bald pates or tonsures, with here and there a priestess in her floating white mantle, counting

her rosary, gliding in at some monastery, or half-concealing herself behind the lemon trees.

It was the festival of the New Year and the Pagoda Bath Day, which interested me particularly. This festival occurs annually, like the Grecian days for bathing the statues of Minerva.

The young men were clad in their long silk patsoes trussed up over their tattoo-imitation pantaloons, or thrown gracefully over the shoulder, while their long hair, black and glossy, was neatly braided with white muslin fillets so as to quite pass for the eagle-plumed bonnet, and with their scarlet sandals, they seemed to look upon themselves as perfectly irresistible.

Each carried two small jars of clear water nicely covered with fresh plantain leaves, on each of which lay a small silver goblet. A curious sight it was to see the whole city, men, women and children, doing battle with all the fierce ardor of Trojans, and all with the same dashing weapon—cold water. The young women, I believe, had come off conquerors, and taken the young men prisoners, who were compelled into the service of the gods; and while they carried water, the maidens bore a web of sacred cloth, extending a quarter of a mile in length, like a line of golden cloud. They were going to drape the large pagoda, or give Payah Pu a new turban.

At night the whole city was magnificently illuminated. The great Pagoda was encircled with rings of little festal lamps from the base almost to the summit. Mount Rama was covered with colonnades of lights, every street bordered with flame, and illuminated arches rose before every door—for the same reason that the ancient Britons made bonfires on New Year's Day, to drive away

evil spirits, as the Jews, Sabians, Vestals of Rome, and other nations have done.

These decorations continue fifteen days; but the grandest illumination follows the regattas in October, after the ninety days' lent. Then, soon after sunset, the cannons fire, serpents run through the air, colored lanterns are wafted overhead, while innumerable tongues of flame are floated on bits of plantain stems down the rivers, quite covering the surfaces, clear from China to the Indian Ocean, offerings to Shen Oboogoke, the Neptune of Burmah. It is doubtful if the old god received any grander honors from classic Athenians than the Talaings and Burmans give here among their illuminated rivers.

Sometimes there comes sailing down a little pagoda fancifully lit up, constructed of delicate wicker-work; and once I saw passing, on the Sittang river, a sitting Gaudama, braided up in the same manner, like the old wicker deities of the Druids, of life size or larger, with a beautiful tiara imitative of colored gems, and holding in his hand a wicker rice-pot, which shone in the dimness like a great bowl of gold.

Shen Oboogoke dwells in a leaden palace under the sea. He receives special homage from the Burmese and Talaings; and their sailors, when embarking on a voyage, offer him a turtle. So, one season in a time of drought, in Tavoy, he was honored with a fountain and a pair of leaden fishes, at the side of the court house, where the people poured water daily, and offered prayers for rain, sending up showers of cotton flakes.

This grand water festival is closed with entertainments and music, when the wild, varied harmony of their numerous instruments is blended with the crying, thrilling kyzoup, with the glee-maidens clapping their cas-

tanets, with the screaming of the minstrels, the shrieking of the trumpets, and the pounding of the drums, all mingled in one tremendous detonation.

The Burmese call music the language of the gods, but from the bubbling, shrieking, crashing sounds of their festivals, one would suppose it must be the language of the Dii Inferni, yet there are passages in their softer airs melodious, pathetic, and subduing.

The Burmah maidens were certainly attractive on this festival day, amid festooned arches. Their graceful forms were set off by yellow silk robes of circling stripes, with crimson cinctures and black lace jackets fitting close to the bust, with rose satin scarfs, and exquisitely wrought gold chains; just such, according to antiquarians, as were once worn by the honorable women of the British Isles in the days of the Druids. They also wore gold ear knobs, bracelets, and bangles, brocaded sandals, and their coal black hair wreathed with the golden champac, rose-buds, or the delicate mimusops. Altogether they presented a most picturesque *tableau vivant*. Many had made free use of cosmetics, and were chalk white, others would rival the purest bronze antiques, while in the fine chiseling of the features some of them would lose little beside the classic models of Greece.

To the cultivated eye the Burmese robe is highly offensive, being a single breadth open in front; aside from this their costume is graceful and pleasing, and they have natural ease and politeness, but alas, are wholly corrupt and corrupting.

It was in passing down from Mount Rama that I met a coffin—a very little coffin—followed by a Christian mother. But a little way off was a group of heathen women also burying an infant. I could but contrast

the emotions of the two mothers, the one believing her little one forever wandering in unrest, lost in dismal swamps, tired and hungry, while the Christian mother could look up to the pure blue sky. I could but ask: Who hath made us to differ? But thought followed the little spirits upward, until there came these low, tremulous murmurings from the Infant Paradise. It was long before I could catch the song, for it came only in snatches, or the faintest trillings upon the air; but I wooed the little white wings, and finally the murmurs fell like tiny dew-drops from a heaven-blossom.

AN INFANT TO ITS CHRISTIAN MOTHER AFTER ONE DAY
IN HEAVEN.

What beautiful music is waving along!
It trances my senses, it bathes me in song;
Now around me, now o'er me, again and again,
Now its low rolling cadence steals over the plain.

Is this the sweet tuning of seraphs who sing
While crowns are fast showering the feet of their King?
Is this, ma, that heaven afar in the skies,
Where so oftentimes lingered your sweet, loving eyes?

Yes, yes, this is heaven I've entered to-day,
For th' angels are singing wherever I stray;
It was only this morning I found I had wings,
Yet I've seen, oh I've seen, ma, such wonderful things!

My soul when unfettered from that little clay
That now you are laying so gently away,
Oh, how it expanded! what speech too I knew
As with gladness and wonder far upward I flew!

Yet long before reaching the deep azure sky,
A convoy of spirits appeared from on high;
And "Hail, little brother!" cried one very bright,
As embracing, he clasped me in robes of pure white.

'Twas Calla, dear Calla, 'mid that smiling band,
With a wreath on his brow, and a harp in his hand ;
Oh, that you, darling ma, could have seen his bright eyes,
Looking down so loving, like stars in the skies.

Quick speeding me onward, said he : " Come, behold,
High floating in blue, the great City of Gold ;
With its walls of pure jasper, and all precious stones,
That around it lay quivering in radiant zones.

" And a throne of blue sapphire, on which sits above
Th' Adorable Saviour, all shining in love ;
Yet with manner more regal than mightiest king,
And oh, how the rainbows around him do cling !"

Then opened the portals, and up to the throne
The good angels bare me—I wasn't alone—
And He spake to me kindly, and welcomed me home,
Saying, " Yes, little spirit, yes, yes, you may come."

Now pealed from the harpers a triumphal strain,
" All worthy the Lamb who for sinners was slain ;"
And now it rose softly from newly born powers,
On a mount ever-blooming, o'erwoven with flowers.

O sweet, they here tell me, earth's murmuring shades,
And pure the still waters that silver its glades ;
Yet sweeter, far sweeter, these blest spirits say,
Are the zephyrs and streamlets here warbling away.

But hark ! did you hear, ma, the little ones' feet ?
'Tis the Saviour ! the Saviour ! they're running to meet ;
I'll go then, and wait for you, sweet mamma dear !
And you'll come very quick, we're so happy up here !

The bell had rung for prayer when I reached the chapel. Dr. Judson stood in his black gown, looking, to me, with his majestic brow, like a very Saul, among about a hundred Burmans.

CHAPTER III.

THE DONG YAHN CONQUERORS, MY HUSBAND'S PEOPLE.

LOOKING from Mount Rama toward the north we see shooting up a limestone peak, called by the English the Duke of York's Nose. I don't know how it came by this strange title, but the Talaings haven't done much better. They name it Zwagabang—the Boat Mooring; and tell a tale how there was a time when the waters came up over that peak; that there was just one boat seen on the waters, and when they began to go down the sailors tied it up there to this great nose.

This mountain is in Dông Yahn, on the Salwen river, twenty-five miles north of Maulmain, a place which became our home for four years. It is a land full of wild and truthful Sagas, one or two of which are embodied in the following lines, written on the banks of Mourning River, which has for long, long years rolled its silent tear-drops right out from under the high rock fortress of

DONG YAHN—THE WEEPING CITY.

Peguans bold ! Peguans bold !
Old champions of the Zingat Height,
O'er Martaban, th' ancient Hold,
Once hung their banners proud and bright.
'Twas then two royal chieftains came,
Khan Louk, Khan Ming of Highland fame.
From the Mopaga and Red Karen,
They wended down the Yunzalen,

The moon was up, and sweetly shone
O'er mountain-cliff, and cavern lone,
And the Pleiades, that "happy band,"
Seemed to sing of an angel land,
While reveled gay the mountaineer,
Nor dreamed he aught of danger near.
The Highland dames no longer spin
At footless wheels the house within,
Nor can the maids their shuttles ply,
In the banana grove ;
The green birds sing, the green birds fly,
They dream, and dream of love.*

The pipe ! the pipe ! Now great and small
Are winding round the Water Fall,
While maidens rise in Tyrian hue,
Or circling stripes of red and blue,
With bangles wrought with quaint device,
Curious shells, and moon-shaped coin,
With amulets and armlets gay
And beetle-wings with lustrous ray ;
As in the dance they blithely join :
While turbaned youths in stripe and plaid,
Bedecked with flowers, all wild and glad,
Admiring stand, admiring sing,
Encircling them in a golden ring,
Pouring loves so merrily,
The wild Improvisatori.

* The green pigeon carries a spell in its song. A young man having been several times refused by a loved maiden, he took the form of a fiery red bird, and every day hovered around the loom of his loved one, until she looked and longed for its coming intensely, then he flew away and left her. The disconsolate maiden mourned until she was changed into a green pigeon. The Karens believe this story because, they say, the green pigeon never eats paddy like other pigeons, but lives on wild figs.

But on this night of sylvan sport
Amid the charms of nature's court,
Ah, where their star—the blooming bride
Who late had chanted by their side?
There, there, beside that silvering rill—
That temple's murmuring chime—
Like a moonbeam falling on the hill,
On the heart like a nursery rhyme,
Just as the glance of love will still
Lighten the rocks of time;
Ah, yes, but 'tis the Mourning River,
Whose legends make the stranger quiver!
But hark! a loud, shrill, clarion blast!
Now clash of steel sweeps quickly past!
"To arms! to arms!" the chieftains cry,
"Our foes are near—fly! maidens, fly!
On! scale the mount, quick be it done,
Nor let our fortress e'er be won!"
And on they fled—man, woman, child,
Seeking the bosom of the wild;
Then clambered o'er the dizzy heights
Far upward toward the stellar lights.
"Up!" shouts the rear, "haste! brothers haste!
The Siamese press o'er the waste."
The tower is gained, and down they rush
Amid the rocks and purpling bush,
Till the "Golden Band," a hundred bold,
Have 'scaped their foes, and reached their hold.

But list the dreadful battle cry!
See the elephants tossing high!
And all the mounted "war dogs" nigh,
With Burman jingall, lance and spear,
That make the bravest quake with fear;
While fiercest ranks of shielded men
Burst forth from every wood and glen,

With swords, and slings, and sharpened stones,
That fill th' air with awful groans ;
While others speed the poisoned darts,
With deadly aim to Tartar hearts,
Till voiding all their direful quivers
There roll around dark bloody rivers.

* * * *

The battle's past, and all is still
While lurid mist coils up the hill ;
And hushed are all the woods and waters,
Yet weeping still the Dong Yahn daughters.
But guarding well the terrace strong,

On this high, castellated crest,
The warriors raise a pæan song,
As on the mount they sink to rest.

* * * *

Long days and nights sped slowly by,
And looked its last there many an eye,
And many a maid from high rocks fell
While trembling o'er that famished dell ;
The weeping children cried for bread,
Around their parents cold and dead,
And oft the maniac's weird laugh rung
As o'er the rocks she wildly hung.

Gone—gone those spirits bold and free,
They gained at last their liberty !
And now whene'er the traveler spies
Those shaggy hills that sweep the skies,
And points away to that pagod spire,
He hears alas ! of that funeral pyre ;
And oft is flung the tear of pity
O'er old DONG YAHN—THE WEEPING CITY.

The scene of this memorable siege was the natural fortress of Dong Yahn, described by Mr. Mason in his

"Burmah." It is a basin in the Zwagabang Hills opposite the Zingabat Heights of Martaban.

Besides the path where Mr. Mason ascended, he says there is but one possible place of ascent, and that is still more difficult, so that half a dozen men could defend it against the stoutest foe. The fortress is furnished with a never-failing supply of good cold water, but not sufficient for a hundred men. It was here that a band of one hundred warriors perished from hunger and thirst, and have been mourned ever since by the bards of Dong Yahn.

Some say the Siamese had come over to aid the Talaings in recovering their country. If so they failed, for the Pwos held the fortress and the lands, and occupy them at the present day. The country is really the Canaan of Pegu, one of the richest rice-growing valleys in Burmah, full of fish, fruit trees, and charming hills; and covers over a large extent of territory, all of which is called after the fortress.

The irruption of these Pwo conquerors into this region took place as near as I could learn about the time of Alompra's successes. At any rate these shielded archers struck so much terror into the surrounding nations, they gave up and left them in possession of their hard-earned territory.

It was from Guapung and A Wah, the chief, that I learned these scraps of Pwo history. She was the immediate descendant of Khan Ming, one of the invading princes, and her husband of the other. It was under the fortress that I penned these lines about it, with Mr. Bullard there and our little girl not two years old. I took at the same time a sketch of Guapung, who sat there also, and her interesting niece who bore the frightful

name "Halter." Halter's mother was taken captive by the Siamese in a skirmish which took place about the year 1811, between them and the people of Khan Koming, when the enemy carried nearly all into captivity. Her mother was corded by the neck to another, as all were, two and two; their hands bound behind them, as she gave me the account herself, and all were goaded on without mercy. Seeing that this woman could not possibly proceed they left her upon the road, where a few minutes after the infant Halter was born, and so named to commemorate the dreadful scene. The little brother, an only son, the mother saw pricked on by the robbers, the poor little fellow frantic with grief and terror. She never saw him again. Indeed there was no end to the sufferings of these poor Karens, who were always hunted by the Burmese, Talaings, and Siamese, until the English, their "Sons of God," gave them peace and protection.

There is another tale connected with this wild home of ours in the wilderness.

One day Guapung was in a shanty by the Salwen river, when she saw a "Flying Ship" come up the river. It was about the year 1827. She ran down to see the "Flying Ship," when a tall, handsome, white foreigner stepped on shore, and coming right up to her, extended his hand, asking in Burmese if she was well.

"Ma, th' kyen—well, my lord,"—she replied with native grace. The stranger had only time to ask after her business, and say "Go in peace," when he returned to the Flying Ship, and she stood gazing after in mute amazement.

Soon her brothers came, and she says:

"I've seen one of the sons of God!"

"Did he speak?"

"Yes, and he gave me his hand?"

"Did you take the hand of a foreigner?"

"Yes, for he looked like an *Aing*"—angel.

"Would 'Worship-Face' had been here with his golden arrow."

"Nay, but I'm not ashamed," insisted Guapung—"Aunt or Lady Pung." The name indicates a notable housewife, as she was, and so were all her daughters after her.

The brothers took her home to A Wah—"White Patriarch"—the highest chief or king of Dong Yahn. He was a heathen, and though he adored his beautiful Guapung, his jealousy was aroused and he beat her, as he often did in a fit of drunkenness. That night she was called to attend the ceremony of the "Dead Bone burial."

"No," said this modern Semiramis—for she was one indeed in majestic beauty, with one of the finest brows and richest eyes ever created—"no, ever since I was a child I have served Satan and Shen Gaudama, yet they have never stopped my husband from beating me once. This white man spoke to me kindly, and gave me his hand. His God must be *The* God. Hereafter I worship Him."

True to her purpose, she began that very night to pray to the Unknown God of the white foreigner, and this was her prayer:

"Great Aing! Mighty Judge, Father God, Lord God, Uncle or Honorable God, the Righteous One! In the heavens, in the earth, in the mountains, in the seas, in the north, in the south, in the east, in the west, pity me I pray! Show me thy glory that I may know Thee who thou art!"

This prayer she told me she prayed for several years, I think five years, never once again making offerings

to idols or demons. After a long time another white teacher visited her village, when she ran and sat down at his feet for nine days. Then a white woman appeared, that indefatigable American Phebe, Eleanor Macomber, whom Guapung hailed as a goddess and escorted her home, as, she said, their Venus right from the heavens, come to deliver the women of Dong Yahn from their oppressive masters; and indeed she did, under God, for the arrack pots were soon cast out, and the men, from being a whole village of bacchanalians, became a sober, God-fearing people.

Guapung, with Miss Macomber, was the means of raising up in Dong Yahn a flourishing Christian church, that became the parent of two other Pwo churches which Mr. Bullard organized in that province. All this the result of a little human sympathy towards woman. Guapung knew that in her land woman was regarded as a slave, fit only to bear burdens, and never walk beside her husband or brothers; and this was why the simple act of giving the hand left such an indelible impression. Verily, this was Dr. Judson's Great Sermon, for it was he who gave the hand; and if his ransomed soul could now speak down from the spirit land, would he not say to his brethren: "*Pity Heathen Women.*"

This church in Dong Yahn was the first to build its own chapel, which was once or twice burned by the heathen. It was the first to support its own pastor, to send forth a missionary, and the first to sustain a school mistress; indeed the only district school reported in the Maulmain province for 1860, was taught by my dear old pupil Nang Ko Wang, and has been sustained all these years through the perseverance of Guapung. This re-

markable woman, more than any other person, brought about my husband's great plan.

DOXTON

It was the Rev. Edwin Bullard, then in charge of the Pwo Karen department of the Maulmain Mission, under the American Baptist Missionary Convention, who first introduced and established a Self-sustaining Ministry among the Karens of Burmah, a plan which has already saved the Missionary Union more than a hundred thousand dollars.

It was a bold move, the recommendation to support their own preachers, and was met by a shower of indignant reproaches, for at that time all pastors and preachers were being regularly paid by the mission; in Maulmain seven rupees the month, in Arracan, Rangoon, and Bassein the same or more; and in Tavoy four, the lowest of all.

I well recollect the morning when this subject came up. Mr. Bullard had been preaching in Karen a very searching sermon on the subject of presenting their bodies a living sacrifice. The next morning good old Mong Chung came in, saying he could not sleep, he had thought all night about the sacrifice. We suggested to him that when the churches should come to understand that Scripture, they would no longer ask American Christians to support their pastors; they would do as Christians did in other lands, support their own.

"Teacher," he said, with a look of extreme mortification, "teacher, this would ruin the cause in Dong Yahn. The heathen would reproach, and ask if we didn't beg just like their priests. Teacher, would you make us Poongyees?"

It was a painful task to convince the old man that it would be right even to ask the Christians to support

their own preachers.* He was deeply grieved, and I am sure we sat there full two hours arguing the point, Mr. Bullard pointing out Scripture which favored it, he reading it in Burmese and trying to turn it differently. At last the old patriarch seemed to get some idea of the history of the church, and the sacrifices of Christians in America and England. He shut up the book, rose very solemnly, as if full of a mighty determination, and went out. The next day he and Guapung were out all over the village, teaching the people their duty concerning a self-supporting ministry. It was voted to attempt it in Dong Yahn, and that church has ever since supported its own pastor, now the general practice among the Karens of Burmah. My dear husband lived only three years on heathen ground, but if he had done nothing more than this one thing, this alone was enough to compensate for all expense of going, and acquiring the language.

This very man, Mong Chung, was converted through Guapung's persevering efforts in bringing others to labor for him. Mong Chung's case was peculiarly interesting, and I will describe the place where he rehearsed it to me.

We had reached the shore of a small still lake at the base of a limestone cliff which loomed up perpendicularly several hundred feet. Here a very old Charon himself took us into a skiff, and we glided over to an aperture low and narrow, in the base of the mountain opposite. On we went right under the mountain, when there opened out a large rotunda with the deep, green waters lying still as the Sea of Sodom. Everywhere, above, before, behind, the huge black masses of rock loomed up in misty, grim, colossal forms; just visible by the few streaks of light shooting in from the distant

orifice. Just as we reached the middle in ghost-like silence, like a true Charon boat-load, my consamer or cook became restless, and came near overturning us.

"I'll hurl him over, Miger!"—indeed! shouted old Charon leaping up, and darting a stick of sugar-cane at the fellow's head.

"Hurl him over, Miger!" thundered the Genii of the cavern as if close upon us, all around and underneath.

"Hurl him over, Miger!" eagerly answered all the powers above, and it seemed as if they were responded to by ten thousand behind, and those by ten thousand more, until the whole cavern bellowed it out there in the darkness like charging artillery.

"They'll swallow him up," said the steersman with a wicked laugh. "Swallow him up—hi—hi—hi!" gurgled up ten thousand hoarse voices from the regions below. "Swal—swal—low! hi—hi—hi!" laughed out all the furies in their upper halls. The poor Malabar, half dead with fright, cowered down flat on the bottom of the boat, and we paddled on in impatient silence, not daring to arouse the threatening Genii again. The angry Gin abated somewhat their wrath, but still kept on grumbling, and even when we had emerged from their haunted precincts we still heard them growling after us: S-w-a-l-l-o-w, and laughing with a malicious glee in their dark abodes. Very glad was I to leave that Styx and enter once more the light of day.

Just as we struck out from the gloom there issued, from behind a jutting cliff, a strain of wildest music, and immediately a boat full of sportsmen swept past and fired right over our heads. In a moment down dropped three beautiful teal, when the flute-player again struck up, playing both right and left on a tube which looked like

that old antique flute seen on the ancient paintings of the Olympian games. Just at that moment his music was very welcome as it completely silenced the croaking fiends under the mountain.

Next we glided round to a Cave Temple—a large, lofty amphitheatre, brim full of idols on every side.

Round shoots their bark, then up they bound
Into a cavern's dark profound,
And range along the tufa bed,
While in the vault high overhead
Ten thousand bats awake to life,
And make wild, horrid, hissing strife ;
But soon they find by trace of line
Gaudama's subterranean shrine ;
And there their vows and offerings pay
Where never shines the light of day.

A few moons wane, and look again
What forms peer through the glimmering glen ?
Mong Chung the brave, leads on the van,
A noted chief of the warrior clan,
Again he seeks that hidden fane,
Groping around with deepest pain,
But with resolve, that will not falter,
He tears the god from the hidden altar,
Then down the stream the hated thing
He plunges deep while th' Angels sing :
“Honor to God th' Almighty King !”

“I asked the teacher,” said Mong Chung, when relating the story to me, “what I ought to do, take off the silver from the god, almost forty rupees worth, and use it, or cast it all away. He could give me no answer, so I thought it the safest way to sink the hated thing that had caused me to sin, with all its treasure, out of sight.”

CHAPTER IV.

SUCCESES, MYSTERIES, AND SORROWS.

OVER slippery heights and dismal hollows, with torches and ladders. On, on, on! the dark recesses resounding with ten thousand bats rushing, chasing, soaring, chattering, until we come to a dead halt, in a grand, pantheon-like chamber, with an arched, columnless portico sixty feet in height. Here is a curious, throne-like stalagmite shooting up fifteen or twenty feet quite in the centre, with natural steps leading up to the top, as pulpit-like as possible. The audience, too, were provided with semi-circular seats one above the other, and the rotunda lighted by an aperture right over the pulpit or throne seat, while the roof is jeweled with pendant stalactites, some of them clear as crystal. The Talaings say Gaudama preached here, and consecrated the temple from this quaint, self-made pulpit. At any rate it has been consecrated to God, for at the request of the Karens we called to prayer there, the Karens taking the seats the grotto-Builder had made for them, and the whole cavern resounded with a hymn of praise to the Deity. This was in December, 1844. After singing, Kowong and Halter spread us a pic-nic in an enchanting little oriel under the portico, overhung with the greenest ferns and the sweetest air plants. Here the Consamer fried us little fishes right from the lake at our feet, roasted

us rice in a bamboo joint, and spread tea on wild palm leaves. The Karens had their repast of sour leaves, red ant nests, bamboo shoots, and a young cormorant that they caught fishing in the lake.

While at the pic-nic Guapung, Halter's mother, and big Worship-Face, amused us with tales of the genii inhabitants of this cavern, the very ones that had played such pranks at our expense in the river.

There were four regular orders of ghosts, Worship Face said—the Tarataka, Taprai, Jah, and La. The first is a terribly malignant genus, the spirits of bad rulers, false prophets, and such like. The grasp of this demon was certain death, and no mortal could deliver from this kind. This is the same spirit which the Hindus think lives in the tiger, in the lightning, storm, &c. ; the Dearga of the Gaels. The dress of the Tarataka is also green, like that of the old Dearga of Ben Ledi. The names, too, seem to be the same.

Next to this invisible they fear the Jah, which means the same, and is the same word as the Saxon Gast, English Ghost. These are the restless spirits of drowned persons, infants, and all who have perished from contagious diseases. The Jahs live in the caverns, and like gnomes, under the caverns. They have been denied the rites of burial, consequently each

“Flits to some uncomfortable coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost.”

They are heard too in the forest,

“Faint like broken spirits crying.”

“Hark! don't you hear it?” asked Halter, and that moment the gigantic bamboos bowed their tall, hairy

heads, and wailed out the most ghost-like tones that ever came from forestry. The moan of the bamboo is more mournful than any thing heard in Burmah, except the wailing casuarinas upon the sea shore, and they would almost make one believe they were indeed haunted with spirits.

The Taprai is a spirit, as tall, said Halter, looking up, "as the teak tree." They are seen stretching out their long arms to clasp the belated traveler, from which we may imagine them to be spectral illusions. The Karen Flying Ship, which the Elders sung of centuries ago, was perhaps another Flying Dutchman.

"But did you ever see a La?" I asked Halter's mother.

"Oh yes, mama, once when going home from this very cave."

Every individual has his la, and so all animated nature. Some call it a so, which, with la, makes soul. It has a wee throne in the crown of the head, as the Greeks thought. This is man's tutelar divinity, the same, it would seem, as the Highland Scots had, for they believed the shadow to be a sort of Banshi or guardian, and the Karens call the shadow by the same name la, or the light of the body.

Sometimes the la goes wandering about, and gets caught in a thorn bush. Then a great seven-headed demon enters into the person, perhaps the same as the "Seven other Spirits" mentioned in Scripture. The Karens tell of one being whom they call Paba. It seems to be Ceres. They make offerings to this name, and build her a lilliputian house in their rice fields, in which they put two cords for her to tie up the straying la, if she catches any in the rice field.

This, of course, is one school of transmigration. They have also another system more ideal than real with them. With the Burmese the spirit at death flies away in the form of a butterfly, as the Greeks believed.

With the Karens it forms a globule of life, and after a time bursts, when the ethereal vapor (or gas, of course, attendant upon the decomposition of bodies) falls upon the opening flowers, thereby imparting to them the principle of life. Then whatever devours the flower imbibes the soul.

We may smile at the heathen, but a well-bred lady told me a few days since she believed horses would be raised up again! and even theologians can talk about Adam's soul having taken such a long journey, transmuting down here through almost six thousand years! I should think the Hindoo Pundits would regard this as the strongest proof possible of their doctrine; and so the Karens, if they hear it, will surely think we haven't traveled much farther out of the fogs than themselves.

In sickness the Karen soul has either been tied up, or has gone on a visitation, so they try hard to call it back. One of the ceremonies is almost sister to the Beltane feast of their Celts. This is the Moon-Cord festival. A prayer is said over a string. If the individual is born in January, I believe it is, it must be scarlet, which would seem to indicate some connection with the stars. The cord is first carried round the offering several times, then tied to the wrist with a secret charm, like the rattlesnake's tooth of the west. A pretty little tree bulinus is often used for this talisman. The offering is finally deposited, a part in the jungle for the truant soul, and a part is laid very secretly upon the house top, and a prayer offered to Grandfather Moon. They then set

up the greatest knocking upon the ladders, houses, and every thing. I have heard these spirit rappings from thirty houses at once. They also chant or utter some formula like the following

CALL PRAYER.

“Soul come back, come back to me,
 Watch not things disgracefully!
 Come from the Calling bird,*
 Quick, quick, come!
 Come from the Tiger bird,
 Leap, leap home!
 Hither from the fierce bear,
 Turn, turn away!
 I too am fierce, oh,
 Hear me I pray!”

They sing on :

“Back from the tiger soul!
 Haste ere I die;
 The tiger is a wild thing,
 And oh, so am I.
 Come from the mid sky,
 Far, far away;
 Come with thy sounding foot,
 Fleetly I pray!
 Come to the white roll dry and done,
 Come away soul, run, run, run!
 Eat of the rice all hot and done;
 Come, come soul, run, run, run!”

I was glad to leave these haunted precincts, and the

* The Calling Bird is the black hornbill, *Buceros Cavatus*; and the Tiger Bird is a smaller species, *Buceros Albirostris*.

next day went out with Guapung on a tour among the women of the land.

It was Guapung who attempted to teach the women of these Golden Waters to make children good. For three months I accompanied her over the plains of Dong Yahn, one season, mostly for this purpose. So much cruelty to children was seen all about, my whole soul was stirred. Often my little boy has been unable to remain in the house, but has sometimes demanded the ratan, and taken it from them. I recollect going to one mother, after enduring the scene long enough to have punished a dozen Five Points children, and found she had a bundle of ratans beside her which she was deliberately using upon the naked body of her own little girl six years old! I never was so strongly tempted to use one as then myself. The poor child was covered with wales and cuts. I saw one mother in a fit of weariness fling her nursing babe from her bosom out upon the bamboo floor, and that mother a chief's wife, and among the best of them too. The little one died, I think, the next day, and I dressed it in flowers for the grave with my own hands, for the father was an excellent Christian man, and was inconsolable. This woman was not naturally cruel, nor are the women generally, but passion, passion rules.

Guapung had great power with these Dong Yahn women. Indeed she had with every one, for she was one who lived on the Word of God, and seemed to catch the tones of the "Better Land." Sometimes our way lay over Swiss-like bridges of slender bamboos or single logs, then over the prairies where I could never have endured the heat, but for a turban dipped in cold water. Once we were lost upon the prairies, and followed a lone taper for three hours. We got into a

wide morass, Mr. Bullard, myself, and babe, and all our party. Darkness came on, and no one could tell which way out. It is a dreadful thing; did you ever know it, friend, to be out in a prairie marsh in the black night, with only a few glimmering torches, sinking deeper and deeper at every step, turning and turning, and finding no solid foot of ground? I think the feeling that comes over one is about as horrifying as any thing I ever experienced. It was long we followed the wicked ignis fatuus, but finally emerged from the fathomless bogs and reached home, the taper glimmering still just as far away, like a lone star in the farthest space.

At another time our boatmen, who were strangers among the creeks, lost their way, and insisted on remaining out over night. The next day was the Sabbath, and we were going to meet the women of Dong Yahn. We had made no preparation for the damps of night, expecting to reach the village before dark; but there was no alternative, my babe had to be wrapped in whatever could be found, and put to sleep on sweetened water, while I stood all night upon deck to point out the landmarks. Many a night, indeed, during these wanderings I was compelled to lay my little girl to sleep on rice water, and hear her moan out in her unrest, "Ma, mic, mic." It almost broke my heart, but not a drop could be obtained for any price. After the first year we learned to supply our boat with a goat, and little Rasa had the pretty creature all to herself; but for years after she would grasp her cup of milk and sip it for hours, holding it with all her strength, as if she remembered—little thing—the sufferings of those dreadful nights.

Indeed these labors were not prosecuted without severe pain, weariness, and even suffering, to Guapung

as well as to ourselves. There was one season when I could obtain no vegetables, not the slightest of any kind whatever for six weeks. The work was too urgent to be left. Mr. Bullard had just called out a company of lay converts, and was traversing all the plains preaching to the heathen, while Guapung and I were talking to the women from six o'clock in the morning till ten in the evening, in the bungalow, for they thronged us continually, so that although I remained with them four months at a time, I never could command time to touch a needle, or take up an English book; and several times returned to the city, so utterly exhausted the boatmen were obliged to carry me from the landing to the house.

Of course we couldn't go in search of food, and our means would not allow of sending twenty-five miles to market. It was a season when my health was delicate, and my darling boy was born a few months after. It was not the season for vegetables, and I positively did that year suffer. Finally, Guapung declared she would find something. She went five miles to the Salwen in search, and succeeded in buying some mustard greens. She came home delighted, with her arms full, and cooked it herself. I had wished for something so long every leaf looked like a silver leaf; but when she brought it not five sprigs could be eaten, the remainder was as hard as buffalo hide, and, for once in my life, I shed tears over tough, old mustard stalks.

But then all weariness and pain were forgotten on seeing those poor mothers seeking so earnestly for light:

"My husband loves me now."

"My boys bring me fire-wood now."

"My little girl don't run away now."

"There," exclaims a fourth; "you see that boy? He

was the worst child in the world. Would hold his breath till almost dead, and all my beatings did no good. Now see, I haven't struck him for a week, and he's just as good as *chepoke*—sugar cane."

Then others were thronging round, anxious to learn how to make home happy. One day a woman in great distress came some five miles to Guapung for a charm to cure her husband from running away. Guapung sat down, listened to her sad tale, then said: "Yes, sister, I have a charm," and repeated to her the story of Christ, of his forbearance, his humility, and his love for his enemies.

"Now go," says Guapung, "and ask your husband home, and then don't scold him again, and see if he don't love you."

About three weeks after a man came over from that woman's village to see "Guapung, the big teacheress, who had the charm;" for he understood that Jesus Christ's religion didn't allow women to scold their husbands! The unhappy woman, he said, was living quietly with her husband, and the men of the village were all anxious to have their wives join the Christians.

"Ah," said Guapung to me that night, "if Jesus Christ's women only make home happy the men won't oppose them."

Was she not right? Yet how sadly has this truth been forgotten.

Preachers are sent to the men, and teachers are sent to the men, yet if women are left idolators, scolds, and gamblers, how slowly the work moves on!

In this department of mission labor woman has yet a great work to do—woman in Christian lands and in pagan lands. Let our brothers marshal their forces of preachers and books, but we will be the coral-workers,

out of sight, under ground, and though we strew our works with our own poor forms, yet the wall will surely go up—a wall of virtue cemented by Christian love. Mark that assembly of cultivated men and women under the impassioned eloquence of some master spirit. What sympathy will be elicited, what intensity, what indignation, what suffering, what determination, when the great soul rises and falls, lightens and darkens—now pulseless, now trembling? Even so have I seen it in the Mothers' Meetings at Dong Yahn, under the inspiring lessons of the Bible. Yes, the missionary woman who has the native language, and the confidence of the people, wields a wand as magical as the orator of London or New York; so does the Bible woman of Christian lands. Nay, mightier still, for her instructions are not for the whirling, changing mass. She goes behind, and tones the secret springs that tone the mass. It is no light thing, Christian sister, this lofty privilege, either in heathen or Christian lands, to move the heart-wheel that is to roll and roll, and send out links doubling through eternity.

When we see such wants, such women as Guapung, and such results, what think you is a lonely life, burning heat, withering winds, cramped-up thought, stretched-out energies, cankering care, loss of health, loss of knowledge, loss of friends, or loss of *name*? All, all sink and disappear before the opening vista of eternity. Every hardship, every suffering, every sorrow is transmuted into joy as we feel the rainbow of hope springing from the heart and Gethsemane.

There was a lady, the editress of the "Mother's Journal," in New York, who often sent these Dong Yahn mothers a few sweet crumbs of strength and comfort.

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Oh it is dark—dark—dreadful dark ! What is that gloomy cavalcade ? Ah, do not ask—do not ask—silently—silently we wind along. Oh, who—who can pity but God ? Who but the Almighty give strength ? Why does the rain pelt so ? Oh God, the grave is full of water ! Will they put him there ?—the loved, the husband, the father, the heathen's friend ! I cannot see—I cannot see !

Alone ! Was the crushing burden on the air, floating over the pillow, pressing upon the eyelids, and sinking upon the heart like the sound of the first turf upon the coffin lid, on awakening after an hour of feverish sleep, almost in the arms of dear Mrs. Stevens. That moment my little boy of six months nestled closer to my bosom, looking up so pitily. It was his father's blue eye—a tear gathered under the silken lashes. I knew it—accepted it—his father's glance of sympathy—and it nerved the heart and hand for future strugglings.

“Are we not to be like the angels ?” And are they not “ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation ?” Did not Jacob see the angels ascending and descending ? Do not “their angels behold every day the face of my Father ?” and did not the angel father come to his darling girl, then four years old, when she planted her tiny foot firm beside me, and with a faltering voice, yet with the determination of age, said : “Don't cry, ma. Don't cry. I'll be your comforter !” wiping off my tears with her infant hand ? Never shall I forget that voice—that glowing eye that spoke so thrillingly of peace. It was the father's great

heart coming back through his little one. Blessed child! They were inspired words—faithfully kept, thank Heaven.

Nobly my dear husband strove, nobly he died. May the father's mantle fall upon his boy!

Dong Yahn was the centre of Mr. Bullard's field of labor—our loved Jungle Home—where he labored with an inspiration that inspired all Dong Yahn, and linked many a Karen heart to his for eternity.

Although my dear husband compressed the labors of a long life into three brief years in India, yet his ministry had been twenty-two years, for he was but twelve years old when a deacon of the Rutland church, in Vermont, sent for him twelve miles to come and preach in his own house, and he, ever after, bore the title in his childhood of the beloved little John for his peace-making gifts at school, gifts for which he was remarkable through life. He was always studious, and indefatigable in overcoming difficulties. He mastered the Pwo Karen language within a year; preached in it a thousand sermons, baptized thirty-eight Pwo Karens, taught nearly a year his Theological Class with great devotion, organized two churches, gave them their first discipline in their own language; left them a rich legacy in a Karen Missionary Sermon, and translated for them the Gospel of Matthew, with Explanations; besides ministering to them from door to door nearly all over the Pwo Karen territory of the Maulmain Province.

He carried up to his Master a crown of a hundred stars, his own dear converts baptized by himself. He was ordained three years before going to Burmah, and two precious revivals followed his preaching in Massachusetts, and how many converts he found above, or meets coming up there now, no one here may tell.

He was, too, the tenderest of husbands—the fondest of fathers.

The following lines were written on leaving this our first home in the wilderness :

FAREWELL TO DONG YAHN.

Kind forest-child, away, away !
Oh urge me not, I may not stay ;
But on your breast this tear-drop lay,
While now with heart all torn I say,
Farewell, Dong Yahn !

Farewell, high rocks, and caverns gray !
Farewell, sweet flowers that smile so gay !
Farewell, my birds in bright silk clad,
Ye who have sung my lone heart glad,
In sweet Dong Yahn !

And must I leave that Inga grove—
That bower of prayer we loved to rove ?
Ah, yes, sweet bowers, your drooping flowers
Sigh with me now o'er by-gone hours,
In bright Dong Yahn.

Leave too, that stream, that blessed stream—
O'er which a star now seems to beam—
Where ransomed souls have lowly bowed,
And strong in God, have firmly vowed
To save Dong Yahn ?

How oft on this secluded plain
We've smiled and wept o'er joy and pain ;
How often angels hovered near,
Over the penitential tear,
Here in Dong Yahn.

And can I leave that temple there,
Where once your *teacher* knelt in prayer ;

That teacher who, with pitying eye,
Would ever soothe the mourner's cry
In our Dong Yahn ?

And more than all, my pupils kind,
Round whom the cords of love are twined ;
Must I then never, never see,
These eyes that beam so tenderly
In my Dong Yahn ?

Entreat not child, with that sad tear !
It pains my very soul to hear—
Oh look not up so grieved and pleading
For my crushed heart is also bleeding
O'er lone Dong Yahn.

Dear ones, farewell ! I go, I go !
Though sorrows brim and overflow ;
God comfort thee in all thy woe,
And span thy hills with heaven's bow,
My loved Dong Yahn !

After many moonlighted hours of bowed grief, I trust sanctified, over these partings, I turned to the Indo-Britons, a large and sadly neglected class in Maulmain.

A very pretty, intelligent Anglo-Indian young woman, became my Bible Reader. Her name was Jessie. She visited more than a hundred and fifty Burmese women with me, besides many of her own people. Jessie had known sorrow, and was therefore fitted for the work. No person, whose heart has not been bowed by grief, is prepared for it. Lessons in sorrow are just as necessary to the Bible reader in heathen lands, and in Christian lands too, as discipline in language or arithmetic.

"Miss Jessie, have you brought your Jesus Book to day ?"

"Yes, Rabbi."

"Well read, Miss, read. Don't speak. I'm sick, read."

It was Mr. Ezekiel of Maulmain, the favorite Hebrew there. Jessie could read the tone. She was much surprised at the command, for he had always forbade her opening her New Testament; but she obeyed at once, asking no questions. Slowly, distinctly, she read on, the fifth chapter of Matthew, then the story of Nicodemus, then of the young lawyer, then the parable of the sower, the husbandman, and much more. The Hebrew had turned his face to the wall, and uttered not a word. His wife sat by and listened, swinging her infant. She, too, so silent, they could hear every drop of the pattering rain. Finally Jessie closed her Jesus Book, pressed the sweet Jewess' hand, and went out.

It was soon after that I left Maulmain, and heard no more from my Hebrew friends. Jessie married, and we both had new cares.

It was in 1860, on my way to the States, that I again met Mr. Ezekiel in the steamer *Burmah*. He had with him his wife, a son and daughter, and a friend with servants. He was going up to Calcutta to take a wife for his son—the babe the Jewess was tending when Jessie was there. They were very happy, for the alliance was to be with a powerful family, one that had worked itself up I suppose as they had done.

The Jews are the Yankees of the East, always managing to make their way upward if it is only one step a month, and they do it in the same manner by the Song of the Shirt—work, work, work, morning, noon, and night—and by watching men's eyes.

When I first knew Mr. Ezekiel he was a poor man, just beginning as a small shop-keeper in Maulmain.

Abraham, Isaac, and all the patriarchs had reappeared in the bazaar there, and it was amusing to hear them; if you inquired of Mr. Ezekiel for an article not in his shop, he would go through all the bazaar calling up Samuels, Moshas, Daniels, and Davids, till you would begin to ask if his mother lived in Endor. But it didn't matter what you thought, he would be sure to bring you the article desired, whether satins, nails, or pickles.

Now, Mr. Ezekiel was said to be worth twenty lacs of rupees, or about ten hundred thousand dollars.

The son was dressed on this wedding tour in blue silk pantaloons, with the finest linen—a long tunic of the richest blue silk brocade over a white linen robe, and a Fez cap with a rich heavy crimson tassel. He had a costly ruby upon his finger, but no other jewelry.

The sister was beautiful. Her dress generally was of silks, cut very much in the style of our present gored dresses, only a low bosom of entire wrought muslin. She wore no veil, but a delicate mantle thrown gracefully over the head of exquisite gauze, and around the waist a chain of gold, with a heavy talisman or scroll of gold. She wore rich bracelets, and a Burman necklace of gold threads flowing over the white muslin bosom, with diamond earrings and rings. The Jewesses in Burmah do not veil themselves within doors any more than Sarai did, but I have met them returning from the synagogue veiled much in Persian style, bareing only their fine large black eyes.

The Hebrews of Maulmain are very light, almost white, indeed. They have not the transparent rose and white of Erin and the Norseland, but they are white Asiatics. They are cultivated people, well read, and very polite, except that Ezekiel and his lovely family

wouldn't eat with us Gentiles. They kept their own cook, and had their meals served by themselves on solid silver, with silver spoons, and I think forks.

Mr. Ezekiel was a fine singer, and I wanted him to sing me a Hebrew Psalm, but he didn't like to there. This led to a long talk about the Scripture prophecies. He seemed unwilling to hear them, but led off continually on to the genealogies and histories of the Israelites. Here he would silence me very quick, especially on the genealogical line, for it is as much as I can do to remember who my grandfather was. I had to give up that. I could trace Abraham's only to Terah the Gentile, and knew nothing of the Levitical lines, Aaron's, or Eleazar's, only Melchisedek's. He didn't like to touch on the hundred and tenth Psalm, but could chant the whole of the hundred and fifth. Finally, after indulging him and all his companions in a victorious laugh, over my obstinate ignorance of the Chronicles, I succeeded in getting him to read attentively the twenty-ninth and fifty-third chapters of Isaiah, when a pious intelligent officer joined us, and I left them. The discussion was prolonged until a very late hour, and after all others had retired, I saw Ezekiel standing with his friend Mr. Cohen, apparently preaching to him Jesus, the Holy one of Israel, while Mr. Cohen's excited tone, eye, and manner, expressed all the scorn of the Pharisee. They were speaking in Arabic, but I could distinctly hear Ezekiel saying the "Mesheah," the "Mesheah," and pointing him to Isaiah. It was a moment of the deepest interest to me; and the officer told me that Mr. Ezekiel did acknowledge to him alone that he had a New Testament in his own house, and had read it twice through. Moreover, that he did sometimes doubt, and scarcely knew what to believe

about their long expected Messiah. But he added, "Suppose we believe this Book. What can we do? We are dependent upon our business. If we confess Jesus to be the Christ we shall surely be cast out of the Synagogue, and then not a Jew will do business with us."

Do people think what it was, what it is now to be put out of the synagogue?

As I looked on my friend, Ezekiel, in the saloon of the *Burmah*, thought went back to Jessie and my Eurasian friends in Maulmain. One eye after another rose around the cabin beaming with hope, love, and high resolve, till I laid my head down and wept for Jessie and my old Sunday-school. The pupils and teachers of this school were very dear to me, and Jessie was my principal helper. Thrilling scenes and discoveries did we meet in our visitings among the Eurasian children and their heathen mothers in Maulmain.

One Burman woman insisted that she was married, that the white man eat pickled tea with her, which is the same as joining hands in English; but a third, the mother of three little children, looked up and said: "My mother sold me when thirteen years old. The father of my babes will never marry me, I am not his color. I dare not ask it. He never promised it. What can I do? If I leave him my children die. Lady," and the big tears stood in that heathen woman's eye, "lady, it was a Christian who bought me, will not the Christian's God pity me?"

One time I saw a poor girl who had come to Maulmain, all alone, in search of English books. She was born in the jungles of Tavoy, was bred there with her wretched mother, knew nothing of civilization, but by some means she heard of a school in Maulmain, where girls like her could be taught. She left her mother, and

wandered all the way up to Maulmain through the forest, two hundred miles, in search of a golden land of books.

At another place we found a woman sitting upon the grass beating her bosom, and moaning most piteously. Her curly-headed, blue-eyed boy had been taken from her—stolen from her in the night—and sent across the ocean for an English education. She would never see him again, or if she did only to be cursed by him. She was a maniac.

I was told of another poor creature, who went tearing her hair, rushing wildly up and down the streets calling for her two little girls. Their father had taken an English wife, a perfect stranger to the children and to their mother; a dashing, working woman, just come out from Scotland. She would want help, so to save other expense the two sisters were taken by force from their mother, who idolized them, and put under this hard foreigner, with a father who only cared for gold. This was my Jessie and her little sister. Their poor mother, I think, never saw them again, and their sad story is too harrowing to relate. Many of these children inherit their father's high spirit, scorn their Burman relations, and are equally scorned by them. So that the condition of this class is truly pitiable; and I don't see how any father can live himself and know that his own children are in such degradation. In Burmah there is no provision made for their elevation. If they seek education they must either go to a Burman school or a Roman Catholic. If they go to Calcutta, the expenses are enormous, so that there are no prospects held out to them. It is very, very sad. They do sometimes struggle up, many do, but it is a struggle such as few can realize. Many are worthy of help, and all of our tenderest sym-

pathy. They need a real Yankee school in their midst—that is, one giving them a sound English education, mentally and physically. One that will teach them to scorn the oriental fear of work.

When I began teaching the Karens of Dong Yahn, they refused to wash their own clothes, but insisted on my hiring a washerman for them. I insisted on their doing it themselves. Then they wouldn't bring their clothes at all; so I was obliged to go to the rooms of each pupil, for I had then men, women, and children. Finally, it occurred to me that they held it as degrading because we hired a dhoby. So one Saturday I called all together, placed the children over the fires and the well, and took the mothers to the wash-tub; I got out my children's clothes and went into the soap suds in earnest. "There," I said, "you see how book women can wash."

"Mama makes herself a *cooley*," said one of the preachers, with unutterable scorn.

"And what, Bahme, did the Son of God make himself?" I asked, when he walked away. The example moved them all, and proved a decided success; so that from that time no more washermen were called for my school, and ever after I found they washed every week regularly in the jungles. One had gone so far as to get a flat-iron, and even ironed her husband's jackets.

Their subsequent habits of cleanliness seemed to change them every way. One boy who was very lazy, and would sit right down at play hours, after he began to wash his turban, became all at once the most industrious fellow there; and subsequently learned the printing business, and became so efficient he was called for everywhere. He dated his conversion from that time;

and so did a fine little girl, now a preacher's wife, as her pastor wrote me subsequently.

Another young girl had troubled me much with her bad temper and language. Suddenly she changed—and from being hated by her companions, became a favorite. One day I called her aside, and inquired how it was she had kept from saying bad words so long. The tears started.

“Mama,” she said, “when my dress was dirty my heart was dirty. Now I want to keep my heart clean. So when the bad words rise I pray to God, then shut my teeth tight, and choke them !”

Six of these young washer-women became Bible readers and teachers; one married the highest chief in the land, and another the Head Teacher in the Theological School of Maulmain.

Another time one of the women remained out of school, because her child cried. I called for the child, and found it covered with *itch*, from the crown of its head to the soles of its feet. I ordered an ointment, and gave her a cake of castile-soap.

“Mama,” she exclaimed, with all the disgust she could express, “it smells !” And no persuasion could induce that mother to put her delicate hands to the ointment.

“Very well,” I said, “give me the poor little thing,” and dashed him into the water; then anointed the little tubercle of humanity with my own hands. The next day he was so much better the mother was encouraged, and ventured to follow; and from that time her children were the most cleanly in her village, and have risen up to honor their parents. These were Karens, but

“Will Mrs. Bullard please send her servant?” asked a

poor Eurasian young woman, who had applied to me for sewing. She was living with her Burman mother alone down among the huts. I made her up a small roll, and handed it to her as we do at home; but she was the daughter of a Baron, and a high military Officer. It would degrade her to carry that little roll of cloth. This is orientalism, and one of the greatest hindrances to the education of eastern nations.

"No, Julia," I answered, "I don't think I could send Sammy. He's gone to market, and he has no one to do the work for him. But I'll take it along; I would like to see your mother."

Julia's eyes opened as never before: "Oh, no, no, madam;" but I took the roll home. Julia never again asked for a servant.

Now these Indo-Britons need to be taught after the Yankee model, to put their hands to all work, and to regard all work as honorable if honest. Then they would rise up and become the elevators of the heathen, and the strength of the Government.

The following lines were written for my Eurasian Sunday-school in Maulmain, and sung the last time we met together:

TO MY MISSION SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Dear children, when assembling
In classes bright with love,
And the gushing soul is trembling
To mount on wings above,—
When smiles and tears are blending
In joy o'er sins forgiven,
And heart with heart is sending
Sweet chorals up to Heaven—

O then, can ye be weary
While pagans round you cry?
Can mission work be dreary?
And will ye let them die?
Forget their pagod mountains?
Their garnished, idol-plains?
Their templed shades, and fountains
Where Buddha proudly reigns?

No! by these Eastern Mothers
For light so sadly crying—
By sisters and by brothers,
In shame and error dying—
By all the souls that languish
Round India's bloody fanes,
Heed ye their groans, their anguish—
Haste, break their fearful chains!

Ah! think of sorrows bleeding—
Of thorns and Calvary—
Of Christ, in anguish pleading,
For thee, dear youth, for thee!
Oh, never tire of labor
While souls in darkness pine,
On—work till every neighbor
Forsakes th' idol shrine!

Yes, little sons and daughters
Can lend each one a ray
To hush sin-nighted waters
And speed the stream of day.
Then roll the Saviour's story,
Obey his Golden Rule,
And may we meet in glory
All, all this Sabbath-School.

CHAPTER V.

BEGINNING OF THE TOUNGHOO MISSION AND OUR JOURNEY UP THE COUNTRY.

WILL you take a sail now in "the rains" down the Bay to Monmogon, on the coast of Tavoy? It is an awful kind of beauty that nature puts on here, but come, it is inspiring. Yes,

Come to th' East, to her desolate plains!
When the West monsoon like a war-dog reigns;
When he drives in his wrath o'er the weak land breeze,
Shrieking through the glens, and the mournful trees;
When he stalks along the hills with his visor of cloud,
Hurling o'er the land his mouldy shroud;
Or works, 'mid the rocks, and ocean isles,
Rearing up his storms in awful piles.

Now he growls in the grots, and the high water-falls
Till mountain to mountain in wildness calls;
Now wars in the sky with vengeful ire,
Shooting round the heavens his bolts of fire;
Then rides on the blast from shore to shore,
Tumbling out his floods with a grinding roar;
While the tiger-bird screams o'er the lone, green sea,
And the waves talk round so mournfully.

Wild, sublime, and lovely as ocean, sky, rock, and flower can be, is this Monmogon, our home by the sea; especially when a storm broods over the islands, or draws up in a line of water-spouts. At times I have seen

a long colonnade of these glorious water-columns reaching far up toward the zenith, and now and then lit up by a crossing sunbeam into prisms of indescribable grandeur. Indeed, the lover of marine scenery always finds Monmogon enchanting ground.

The dark graceful avenues of feathery Casuarinas, the two lonely mountains north and south, the frontage of rocky isle and green sea, and the knowledge that there is a village a mile behind in the mangoes, makes it all the lover of wild romance can want in scenery. The orchids are flowering all the woods, the creepers carpeting the alluvial plain, and the darling little pink and white shells embroidering the shingly beach. It is exciting, too, when the fisher monkeys come scampering along the sand, digging out the shells, cracking them as boys would their nuts, and helping themselves to breakfast. It was exciting to see our boys chasing them, or tending their great baby monkey. One day a Burman brought them a young, white eyelid monkey, of a pretty flesh color, that did truly look like a little baby boy. They were glad to send it off to the woods again, for they had another pet monkey, and the moment the pet saw them touch the white one it sprang at it, and would have killed it, as another one did which got angry one time. Claspings the smaller one around the waist it gave the little monkey one hard squeeze, then threw it with all its might on to the floor. This pet monkey was a real little torment, always leaping upon their shoulders, where it would play all manner of pranks with their hair, and they were glad to part with it.

The boys amused themselves most by running after the sea-cocoanut along the beach, and watching the cunning scarlet-colored crabs; but one time they came

bounding into the door in breathless haste, and a few minutes after a barking deer leaped, almost flew past, through the jungle, and the children fully believed they could hear the hard breathing of the tiger over the imploring eyes of the pretty deer. There were tigers all around us we knew; for they had devoured two men in the neighborhood after we went there, and we sometimes heard their dismal "peo, peo," ranging round the mangroves.

It is in August, 1853; Mr. Mason lies on his cot in the centre of the bungalow, too weak to speak loud, or raise his hands.

"Husband do get well, and we'll go to Tounghoo!" I say playfully.

He looks up a moment earnestly, smiles, and drops into a calm sleep. Strange to say, from that very hour he begins to mend.

One week passes—a light cot of bamboo, covered and inclosed with thatch, stands at the door.

"Gently—gently—Moungyen," and they lift him in on to his little bed. He is nicely tucked up and covered from the rain.

"Who are to carry the Sahib?"

"These, ma'am," pointing to six of the smallest men present.

"No, no, these men can take me, but the stoutest ones must be master's bearers. Stand up together. Let's see if you are the same height."

The natives think nothing about this, and generally put tall ones on one side, and short ones on the other; then go trotting on, regardless of the constant anxiety it gives the persons borne lest they should be tipped out.

Turning a bend in the path, I see my little daughter

swinging over a slippery precipice, in a basket borne by two Burmans, on a bamboo. The poor little thing is drenched with the pouring rain, for her umbrella, like mine, had been smashed by the bearers. Beyond, on the verge of a high perpendicular cliff are my two little boys astride of men's shoulders. One is on the neck of a tall, sleek Coringa, clinging with might and main to the fellow's long black hair, which was streaming Absalom-like, a part in the wind, and a part tangled in the jungle branches above.

He is a votary of Kali, I think, as my eye glances down the rapids beneath. But at that moment there appear half a dozen red, checked, and white turbans from below.

"Ho, ho! Stop, stop, Moungyen!" Useless hallooing. They're too far on to stop, and I hold my breath as they cross, for the bearers are dangling my husband's cot right over a deep gulf as black as night, and they stand on a single log, thrown as a bridge across the ravine.

"Now, Allay, these Burmans are not to do such a daring thing again," and I leave my chair, and walk before to watch the road.

Stop now and then to wet my husband's lips with wine, and say a word of comfort—full of terror, lest he should expire on the road. Nothing but a faint hope that he might live through such a journey, could have induced me to go at such a time. But he was so nearly gone, I felt sure he could survive but a few days if he remained. No physician near—no white face.

On they go, tugging up the steep ascent over tottling crags, and through the dripping, pinched-up fissure beyond. We had crossed the submerged, unreaped rice

field, with much effort descended the steep, falling bank, and crossed the Tavoy river. A stout Burman, with only his patsoe trussed up, caught me in his arms, and plunged at once knee deep into the mire, and kept plunging to the top of the bank. These men have such a way of walking one feels quite safe ; and they never dropped me, although they have carried me many a time through swollen streams, and up steep precipices, clenching their naked toes to the rocks like the mountain goat.

I have crossed these mountains in painful anxiety and fear at midnight, by torch-light, almost fleeing before my bearers, who plodded on with their empty chair, fearing lest we should be left in utter darkness with the tigers ; but this time it was more fearful still, for the whole seemed like a funeral march.

Nothing was heard but the roar of some hidden torrent behind a crag, the scream of the peacock eagle as she plunged down the tiger-haunted abyss, the surge-like sounds of the hornbills' wings soaring around the splintered pinnacles, and the mournful requiem of the congregated wauwau monkeys, calling and answering from mountain to mountain, or hurling rocks right over our heads. The craggy precipices loomed up from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet on each side the gorge, almost shutting out the light ; and not a blossom looked out to cheer us, except now and then the blue thunbergia, which I have loved ever since ; but instead of flowers immense creepers swung over the lonely ravines ; and along the cliffs like mourning weeds draping a cathedral.

In the same manner I had carried my husband to the sea shore nearly two years before, and the change restored him for a time to health.

A nine mile march in the heaviest rain, over rocks and crags, rivers and gulfs, am glad enough to reach Tavoy.

"Husband, dear, are you still alive?"

"Please go quick!" I entreat of the missionary brethren, "and see if we can get passage to Maulmain in the steamer just to leave."

All shake their heads, and fingers are raised in token of warning.

"She's crazy," they say to themselves—I put some wine to his lips and hasten out.

In the steamer—"Captain, captain! will you take my husband? Please do; he'll die here."

"The captain is not here, madam; can't engage."

"Oh, Sir, do take my husband. Say he may be brought."

The second officer has a human heart.

"Well, madam, I've no right. The captain may be displeased, but I'll venture. We leave in an hour though. You can't get him here?"

"Only say the word, we'll try."

In the streets, not a bearer left, hungry and wet, all have run away to their homes. No time to lose, hasten over to our old Burman, bazaar woman. By a few words and more gestures make her comprehend. Out she goes. In half an hour my husband's cot is alongside the steamer. Good, kind Mr. Gray lifts him up, cot and all, on to the deck.

There I knelt beside him, telling him earnestly he would not die, for he was called to Tounghoo, and all the time my own heart knocking as if it would burst through. Thank heaven, he lived; and on arriving in Maulmain, the change of air, diet, and medicine set him in his chair again. We were much indebted here to Quarter Master Craig, an officer then in Maulmain. This kind friend of

Mr. Mason came in one day with a bottle of the best old port wine, and a paper of charred cork. He begged my husband to try it—a wine-glass of wine and a teaspoonful of the cork at once, three times a day. He did try it, and it cured him of the most obstinate chronic diarrhea, which had baffled the skill of his physicians and all others.

A week has passed—Mr. Mason is still very weak; but he calls me beside him—

“Ellen,” he says, “don’t you think it may be duty for us to try and go to Tounghoo?”

“Most certainly. Haven’t a doubt of it.”

“But you can’t——” Before he could finish I was gone.

In the streets of Maulmain. Call an extra servant.

“John, will you go with the Sahib to Tounghoo?”

“Oh, no, mistress. Plenty robbers. Me very ’fraid.”

After three days lost a servant is engaged. But it was nearly a week that he and I traversed those streets, hour after hour, and day after day in search of a boat, and men who would dare make the perilous attempt of going to Tounghoo. Pegu had been taken by the English, and the country was overrun with dacoits.

Finally, on Saturday, in answer to prayer, I am sure, a few volunteers appeared at our door. Among them a boatman Karen, a Christian, who could speak Pwo Karen, the language I was familiar with. Mr. Mason says: “Take him for your Tutauman, or interpreter.” I did so, and wonderful indeed has been this man’s career since that day. The daughter of our friend Craig, a noble-minded woman, takes charge of our children, and after a few days we are on the way for that unknown land of song, old Tounghoo. Almost every body then

condemned the undertaking, or at least thought it a wild scheme, and a most perilous exposure of life.

Imagine us in a small Burman boat, with a queer, hood-like cover of thatch over the centre; a corps of six native preachers in another boat, and we row a few miles up the Salwen. I couldn't help wishing that our way led up as far as Trockla, for I do love trees, and this is the land of that queen of trees, the *Amherstia*. I have seen several in full bloom in Maulmain, but could only talk to its native glories in imagination.

Ho! Trockla, thy tide,
 Hath a beautiful bride,
 The child of an iris-wreathed shower;
 With a vail flowing down
 From her emerald crown,
 While its fringes unfold
 In scarlet and gold;
 A glorious sight,
 Ever graceful and bright—
 The Queen of thy Salwen bower.

Tall, sweet-blossomed trees
 Are wooing the breeze
 O'er every Indian glade;
 But though they allure
 With their fragrance so pure,
 The *Amherstia* is fairest,
 The noblest, the rarest;
 Nor all the rich flowers
 Of Albion's bowers
 Can vie with its purpling shade

The *Amherstia* is something like an umbrella in form, with light drooping branches of lively green. Its blossoms are of brilliant red and yellow, which float down

more than a yard in length. Doctor Wallick first discovered it, and named it after Lady Amherst, wife of the Governor General of India. The tree is said to be worth fifty pounds in England.

The most delicate compliment I ever received was the next morning after Mr. Mason's "Tenassarim" came out with this little description of the tree. A young gentleman called at the door with a branch of the *Amherstia* in full blossom. Handing it in with a very polite bow, he immediately withdrew. It was Edward Stevens, Jr.

Turning into Belin Creek, and on to the prairies of this Golden Land, we pass near the ruins of old Thadung, the oldest city on the coast, about twenty-five miles north-west of Martaban, accessible probably by a canal. The Pali people called this place *Suvanna Bumme*—the Place of Gold; and this is the name, my husband says, that it bears still, in the Pali books of Burmah. It is this place that gives the name *Ophir* to this country. The Sanscrit form of *Suvanna*, Mr. Mason says, is *Su-verna*, and this, when the final syllable is dropped, as is often done, becomes *Souphir*, the Greek name for *Ophir*. And Josephus says, speaking of the place where Solomon's ships traded: "anciently called *Ophir*, but now the *Aurea Chersonesus*." This looks like pretty strong proof for the Burman *Ophir*.*

* This city, Mr. Mason thinks, was founded by a colony of unlettered Hindus, probably the *Koles*, who, mingling with some aboriginal tribe, formed the *Talaing*, *Moan*, or *Peguan* nation. This conclusion he draws from the *Talaing* language, whose roots are not allied to any other language in Burmah; or to any of the cultivated languages known in Hindustan; but which are very similar to that of the *Koles*. Their physiognomy too, and their color, indicate a relationship with Sanscrit In-

This great Suvanna Bumme, or Thadung, the Pwo Karens also claim as their ancient city; and there can be no doubt but there is some mysterious connection between the two nations; because the Pwos have adopted so much of their language and religion, they are nearly as hard to convert as the Talaings, and are called throughout the country the Talaing Karens.

Thadung flourished until A. D. 593, and was very powerful. Nobody would think it now, looking over these desolate ruins; but history states that it could muster a hundred thousand warriors, and had a great queen also, whose sons founded Pegu.

The Talaing rulers may have built this Thadung, or Writing City, for the Pwo Karens and Tounghthoos, who must be closely united, as their languages and customs prove. But if so, it was probably when they were the One God Worshipers, as they appear to have been, until several hundred years after Christ.

They have now one singular book among their philosophers. Mr. Mason discovered this book among them, in the Shan language. He had it translated, and it was printed in the Journal of the Boston Oriental Society.

dians. This nation has been the most powerful of any on the Burmah coast, whose dynasty continued, with occasional interruptions, for two thousand years. Among the many Indian curiosities seen in the Museum of Calcutta, I thought the most interesting which I saw, a rock of granite with an inscription made by order of the great King Asauka, who ruled from the Indus to the Burampooter, between two and three hundred years before Christ. This inscription shows that King Asauka sent two hundred missionaries into foreign lands. Two were sent to the country of *Suvanna Bumme*, and Talaing history states that they came immediately to Thadung, which rather confirms the supposition that the land had been peopled by Hindus.

It is called the Moola Moole, from which I should think it some of the Zend writings about the great Light of the World.

About fifty miles north-west of Martaban Gulf, we passed in sight of a land I had many times visited. The last time I went in search of a pupil, whose mother had called him away from school. The family lived quite alone on the skirts of a forest, and we had to walk some three miles over the bunded paddy fields, with feet almost blistering, and head nearly bursting from the noon-day heat. A Karen girl carried my babe, and on reaching the ladder I saw two women cutting up fish on the verandah. I called to them, but they gave me no answer. I ascended, but they gave me no mat. I took a stone for a seat with my babe, all of us utterly exhausted. Not the slightest attention was bestowed, nor any recognition of our presence. The house was quite full of young men and women; but one looked at the rice pot, another at the fishing net, another at the water bucket, and another played with the dog's tail, making him keep up a continual yelp. All seemed determined not to know us, and kept on their loud talking and jesting, both girls and boys.

Clack, clack, too, went the knives, and for a moment my heart sunk within me. Never before nor since did I receive so much rudeness, or see so much scorn in the countenances of heathen men and women.

Finally, the school girls, who accompanied me, struck up a Karen hymn; clearly, slowly, sweetly they sung on about the Saviour, and as their plaintive notes floated round among the lime trees and over the bananas, it seemed to fall upon the boisterous company like a gentle shower over tumultuous waves. For a moment there was a calm, and I began to explain the words of the hymn.

Clack, clack, faster and faster went the knives. Soon another loud, contemptuous laugh.

We sung again. Another pause, and again we addressed them. So the scene continued until at last, when we had sung nearly through the third hymn, they began to drop one after another as if mesmerized. All sat down *a la canaille* but one, a tall, handsome, light-colored maiden, whose rolling eyes and mischievous tricks greatly troubled us. She was the daughter of the mistress of the house, one of the choppers on the verandah. Gradually, just as we've seen the dawn opening, the surrounding eyes began to lose their wildness, the lips their scorn, the manner its gayety; and, finally, the mouths all around began to open, wider and wider; while the glance of the eyes grew sharper, steadier, more penetrating.

Clack, clack, went the knives. We continued, and the heavens seemed to open above. They looked up for the angels, listened for the trumpets, for the voice, the song, the doom.

Earnestly we entreated the Great Enlightener to descend, and I do believe He was there, wicked as the place was. Suddenly it occurred to me that I didn't hear the knives. I looked round, and there lay the two women, the very personification of two great porpoises, stretched upon the floor behind, their chins propped up by their hands and elbows; but their eyes were full of tears. Yes, those savage-mannered women had human hearts.

I found my pupil hid behind a rice basket, where the chopping women had put him on seeing my approach. On questioning him about the Sabbath, he said he remembered the Sabbath day.

"And how do you spend it?"

"I read this," he answered, taking out the Gospel of Matthew from under the basket. He had paid two annas for it. After Mr. Bullard had printed Matthew for the Pwos, he suggested to my school that they pay each sixpence apiece for it. Books had always been given them before, and the idea of buying books was wholly new to them. "It hit their minds" though, as they said, and they came forward to purchase in great numbers, and went and covered them the first thing they did—what I had never seen them do with any book before.

It was in 1846 that I made this trip to the Prairie Women. In 1850, I think it was, I went to visit my old school. I was passing round the room, feeling mournful that I couldn't recognize any old familiar faces, when suddenly a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I confronted a large elderly woman, who gazed into my eyes with a depth in her own I could not account for.

"Mama!" she exclaimed, "I'm not as I was! Don't you know me? I'm not as I was;" seizing both my hands in her brawny palms, and leading, rather hurrying me up to a desk—"My daughter, Mama! My daughter!" Both had been baptized.

Oh, did not the angels weep tears of joy with me that morning? Did not their loved teacher in heaven look down with unutterable delight upon that scene? Oh, thanks be to God who giveth us victory—

"Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

As I thought of these scenes crossing the prairies my eyes peered toward the misty north, and the veiled future; and I heard—yes, it seemed like a voice saying:

"Only Believe."

Then the sun shone out brighter, the birds sung sweeter, our boat glided on, and we rejoiced in the glad-

coming day of Tounghoo. It seemed as if every thing else rejoiced too with us, even the water fowl on the way.

These prairies are the home of innumerable water fowl. Adjutants nodding their floating marabou plumes among the red lilies and crimson leaves of the nelumbiums; cormorants, teal, and thousands of snow-white herons with black legs, mingling with the white lilies as if blossoms themselves. In a cove here I saw a hundred pelicans netting up the fish like skilled old fishermen. A hundred more swept through the air above, with several magnificent cranes; and down came from a distant pinnacle the fisher-eagle; while the wide plain was flanked with more than a hundred great black buffaloes, standing like a line of cavalry drawn up around the horizon.

Then comes the "Guiding Island" in the midst of this desert. The canal here enters a small lake, encircled by little lights glimmering among the morning shadows as we float under the lime trees, reminding us of what children sing of

"—One of those beautiful islands,
Away in the tropical seas,
Where flowrets blossom all winter,
And oranges hang on the trees."

But right beside the oranges is a poor, wo-begone peasant plying his skiff through the prairie—now up, now down, while his wife keeps two small bamboos working on the sides. They are gathering grass seeds for their children's breakfast.

In times of famine the natives of India use grass seeds for rice.

Next comes Sittang bursting upon us like a fairy-land, lying in a tranquil mirror-like semicircle a mile or more in width. Rows of cottages and avenues of trees on either side, with the dim battlements of the ancient city in the distance, these make the place so lovely, and look so civilized, one feels for a moment that the inhabitants cannot be heathen.

Old Sittang was founded about six hundred years ago, by the Talaing monarch of Pegu, about twenty miles west of this place. It was designed by nature for a stronghold, and such it has continued to be, passing through innumerable changes; now sacked by the Shans, then by the Burmans, and by how many more nations I know not, but at last taken by the English in 1824 or 1825, given up again to the Burmans, and retaken by the British in 1852.

Modern Sittang has a very tolerable bazaar lying on the river, which here flows round a crescent-shaped precipice of laterite, rising just back of the principal street, forming a natural rampart from one to two hundred feet high; perpendicular, and covered with brilliant green shrubbery, it presents a very striking and beautiful front. On this hill the English have planted their cantonments. The place is garrisoned by a small force, the town at present numbering only from one to two thousand inhabitants, mostly Burmans, and I believe all heathen.

Passing up this river the boatmen tell us many a tale, among them the following.

While the British troops were on their march from Shwaygyn to Tounghoo, a party of horse one day galloped off some distance from the army, and came suddenly upon a skirmishing party of three or four hundred Burmese

soldiers, all armed ready to do battle. As soon as they saw the Colahs, they all cowered down and *shekoed*, except one, who was dauntless enough to fire a musket. He had no sooner fired than a sepoy leaped to his side and caught him by the hair, calling out :

"Who are you, you rascal?" Whereupon somebody, who knew him, muttered "Rajah."

"Rajah !" shouted the sepoy. "Who? Where?"

"Hoga, Rajah ! Rajah !" cried the caught man, pointing fiercely to a Burman who was galloping off at full speed.

"So, ho !" shouted the sepoy, starting with all fury after the flying rider, when, to his great chagrin, he learned that the man he had let go was the Rajah, the robber Governor of Martaban, and the one he was after was his servant. In the mean time the Rajah had run for his life.

So, you see, many scenes have been acted along these waters—many shockingly tragic, and some tragi-comic.

"Saya, Saya !" came in subdued tones through our boat curtains the morning after we had slept at Sittang.

"What—what is it, Kodote?" hurriedly questions the missionary, rousing from his sleep, for it is scarcely dawn.

"*Thane nat! thane nat!*"

"Ha ! What? Where the guns?"

"Gone, Saya. The *demiahs* have got them both !"

It seems incredible, for the missing muskets are both loaded, and lie on each side of our head boatman, under his curtains. But gone they are, and thankful are we that the dacoits have not turned them upon us as we lay helpless before them.

We have been repeatedly told that our way is infested by robbers, and that a notorious brigand has posted his

followers not far from this place ; but having an old soldier to lead us, and our boats well armed, we have felt comparatively safe. We now see more than ever how weak is man, how strong is God.

Imagine one vast plain stretching to the west as far as the eye can reach, its bank fringed with luxuriant cucubine reeds and the long purple tassels of the saccharine grass. Here and there, too, is a village, for then comes a green field of waving rice instead of the forever glaring yellow. The spirit is cheered, too, by human sounds which tell of a heart-tie. When traveling far among deep forests and burning plains we forget nations, and feel so grateful to grasp any human hand or hear any human sound ; no matter what is said, even a curse would sometimes be thankfully received from a brother man.

Our right shore contrasts finely with the left in its magnificent precipices, which occasionally loom up all of a sudden from their level basements, overhanging the river with great boldness and beauty. On our right is a grand range of mountains, the same chain as seen at Martaban, which separates the Salwen and Sittang valleys, and extends far above Ava. And here we are at Shwaygyn, the City of Gold, one hundred and thirty-six miles from Maulmain.

'Tis an old town, and if you wish to know how it looks, you must think of two broad rivers meeting up here, a little way from the foot of these great mountains. Right at their junction lie two precipitous ledges of laterite rock, like terraces, one above the other. On the highest of these hills, which presents a broad space of table land, the British troops are cantoned, mostly within the old Burman stockade.

The lower terrace of Shwaygyn presents the aspect of having been in its day one of the loveliest spots in India. The beautiful Abbey Hill here opens over a perpendicular precipice of forty or fifty feet, on the verge of which stands a line of fairy-like pagodas, and then a line of ancient abbeys. In Burmah, monasteries are perched on the cliffs, like the Romish Convents of the Levant. Below these hills are about a thousand houses, bordering each fork for about two miles, making the city some four or five miles long, and perhaps one mile in width. The houses are nearly all low huts of bamboo, or teak and matting; but the monasteries are principally of teak, strongly built, some of them richly carved, and with roofs of five gradations in height.

Shwaygyn excels in the grandeur and elaborate carving of its public buildings. But a queer medley is Burman architecture; every where of a perfect chameleon order. Look at these huge sea-serpent spouts, which join the roofs, and you think they ought to have come from the Cyclopean, or old Phenician land. Glance again at these fairy temple-spires, the acute arch, and the persevering perpendicular, and you cry, "The Goth! the Goth!"

Look at these monastery combs, the pavilion roofs, these relics of sun idolatry, and you say it is Chinese for sure; but just then you glance at the arch turned into a horse-shoe amidst flowers, and vines, and mosaic, and you cry "Arabian!" but another look and you declare it is no Arabian, and nobody's order at all; any more than their capitals which are little pagoda tops turned bottom upwards on their heads; or any more than their shafts which are sometimes sixteen diameters in height, and sometimes turn into pedestal all the way.

They are neither Doric nor Corinthian, neither fluted nor spiral; but stuccoed, painted, lacquered, or gilded. Now they have no pedestal, and again they seem to have borrowed from Carli. Now low, moorish-looking portals constructed of allegorical carvings in basso-relievo, and again entrances opening with advanced banistered steps like the temples on the Indus. I saw one in Tavoy, where the low, antique door was carved so as to represent almost perfectly an olive-branch. It was not in relief, but all cut out, so as to leave only the branches, fruits, and leaves, and "upon each post were palm trees, cherubims and palm trees."*

Symes tells us that the King of Paghan destroyed one thousand arched temples, and four thousand square ones, to obtain bricks and stones to build a contemplated wall of defense against the Chinese. From this we may conclude that the Burmese formerly built of stone. The most curious little temple perhaps in Burmah is the Peepul-Fane of Tavoy, where the branches of an old

* These temples are usually an oblong square, the height equal to one half the breadth, particularly the most ancient, with walls of brick and stones about four feet high, sometimes loop-holed as in the Island Temple of Goungzagune, in the Martaban river. The reliefs of the roofs are carved and colored, and the pavement is of brick with a fine polish of chunam. The columns are double, the outer one engaged in the wall, around which are arranged the idols on stylobates. By the most sacred colonnade stand the Ten Apostles, and in the posterior centre sits enthroned the divinity with the sacred fire ever before him, and incense rising continually around him.

The roofs of these old shrines are often adorned in imitation of gem-mosaic, which seems to point to north-western associations, as it was in the Byzantine empire that there was the greatest rage for gem adorning in temples.

peepul have taken root close around the idol and completely embower it. I thought it mated very well with the Yew-tree fane which I saw near Fountain's Abbey. The old Cistercian oracle went into a profound sleep centuries ago, but this Buddha oracle still makes strange ~~moans~~, and groans, and revelations.

I was much struck while standing for the first time in the nave of Westminster Abbey, at the exact similitude which I saw to the central court of the old convent of the Buddhists, in Maulmain. There was the great altar and the Holy of Holies beyond, which no woman's foot may ever defile.*

One of the monasteries which I visited was ornamented with paintings, among which were the four Buddhs who have already blessed the earth, three represented upon thrones, but Debendea, the third, as always pictured, sitting upon the sacred lotus. Three nuns were bowing before them, and when I begged them not to worship: "I'll worship, worship, worship!" one repeated till I left.

Burmese paintings seem to be all of one type. But

* This court, in Maulmain, is colonnaded upon each side with double rows of pillars, one hundred and fifty in number, and forty, fifty, and sixty feet in height. There too is the elevated library and scriptorium like a temple within a temple in ten, twenty, fifty, or even a hundred gilded chests on immense mosaiced pedestals, with symbolical hieroglyphics, towers, and tutelary angels in bold relief. Here too are the cloisters and the Lord Abbot's cell, fronted by a perpendicular of some forty feet covered with arabesques, dentals, and morescoes. Then add the gold trays of palm-leaf books, the scrolls, the rosaries, the silver goblets, the sandal-fanes, the tassellated punkas, mats, crimsoned cushions, and golden-robed priests, and you have a view of the Burman Monk's *Sanctum Sanctorum*.

there is a barbaric inspiration in it after all. Perspective, foreshortening, chiaro-scuro, graduating tints, and the softening outlines they leave to the gods, yet they make eloquent pictures without them. Their figures are often struck out quite in proportion, with the boldness and freedom of a Correggio; yet they don't seem to have a glimmer of wit in cutting off the feet, and don't know what in the world to do with them. When they get to these they are in a terrible quandary, so they usually pack them up on one side like mummies on the shelf, as much out of the way as possible.

I once met a Shan Master who had a school of art in Maulmain. He had been painter to the King of Siam, and had received from him the title of *Wetikhopa*—"Professor of Painting." As I looked upon the old Shan, with his half-shut eyes, his faded, shriveled locks sprawling out under the vestiges of an old turban, I thought of Southey's picture of Borg when toiling upon his Pandora. He had just completed the siege of Baumo by the Shans. The canvas was only seven and a half feet by three, but on the left was the Burman palace with the young prince on the throne, the whole handsomely walled with what appeared to be ferruginous sandstone. On the right, high up in the picture on a mountain, was the Shan capitol, built of blue stone, richly ornamented, and of an exquisite polish. Descending from the palace by three or four terraces of stone steps, a lake is reached full of fish, sticking their heads up from the water in the funniest way, as if on the most friendly terms with the boatmen in their midst, like the tame god-fish of Lochyen in Tavoy.—There I have fed them when they would cover the surface of the lake near me, and eat right from my hands, being sacred fish.—Behind the lake there

opens out an orifice from under ground out of which issues a troop of triumphant soldiers, each leading captive a beautiful young woman, the Burmese having mined a passage to the Shan capitol, and captured the ladies of the Shan court. Down come the Shan soldiers pressing close behind, and invest the invading army. There is the planting of jingalls, the firing of muskets, the ringing of gongs; the clashing cymbals, the screaming trumpets, the flying swallow-tails, the dropping soldiers, with all the fearful excitement of war. One poor, headless fellow lies stretched across his gun, the blood dropping as fresh and positive as if a real life scene.

This last was a mournful exhibition of something like that subtlety of art which once held me an hour fascinated over a *tear*. It was in Wraske's Daughter of the Cid, which I met in the Hamburg Gallery. A most beautiful young creature, simply attired, fastened to a tree in the deep forest, with one arm bound behind her and the other to the branches above, and on her pure white cheek lay a single, transparent tear. It looked so un-ideal I could scarcely refrain from bending forward to kiss it off.

I couldn't help feeling a real sympathy with the old painter struggling so hard to make his pencil realize his own powerful conceptions.

In Burmah, paintings of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent are valued according to the *size*—one rupee the cubit; but this Shan painter ventured to step over the prescribed bounds. He asked for his piece one hundred rupees.

He wanted me to sit to him for my portrait, which to encourage the old man I did, but when he got to the eyes he couldn't make them turn, so one morning I said

"Let me take the brush," which he did, but as soon as he saw the picture was looking at him he gave such a cry of terror as if it had been an "evil eye," dashed down his palet, and fled. I never saw him again.

Burmah has a genius for painting as much as Italy, but this base valuing of art as chips and blocks suppresses any attempt at rising, and so they drudge on by the old monastic rules of Mt. Athos. The wall paintings of the temples are usually the best. The most antique are monochromes executed in gold bronze on wood. I have seen a panorama of Gaudama's lives sixty feet in length. In a nunnery in Tavoy I found the Burman or Pali Amenti, very old, yet still brilliant, and beside it hung all the horrors of Michael Angelo's Pandemonium, with Nats shooting darts from mid sky upon their victims, like a shooting spirit I once saw in Angelo's Bartholomew Massacre in the Berlin gallery, that looked as if it might have been cousin to our Burman nat, from which I suppose the Italians and Burmans had very cousinly ideas about the "Powers of the Air."

Here the young artists all aspire to paint for the temples, and as if they had come from the catacomb land they surround the embalmed priests with their richest paintings. But then the Burmese always expend a great deal over their dead. I took pains one time to enumerate the articles borne to the grave. The deceased was only a carpenter's wife, yet there passed five maidens with flower pots, five with bamboos, two with harps, six with oil-jars, eight with water jars, eight with pillows, six with mats, ten with jars, twelve with cocoanuts, ten with bananas, all followed by some three hundred people. The house was crowded with invited guests, all chatting in lively groups, and feasting. The young men were

attending outside to two immense cauldrons of rice and curry; the old women were making confectionery, and the young women preparing loads of betel-leaves. The married men was the only class allowed to be idle, and they were looking on enjoying the scene. The festival cost the poor man many hundred rupees; but the pillows, mats, etc., were borrowed from the Kyoungs and returned, a common practice when one is unable to meet the expenses. After the burning, a sheet was held over the ashes by seven persons who perambulated the pyre seven times, each time elevating and lowering the sheet. The few small bones remaining were then deposited in an urn.

With a few slight changes, and the exception of human sacrifices, Homer's Burial of Patroclus would equally apply to the funeral obsequies of a Burman hero. Here as there :

———"The blast is driven
To bear his blazing honors high to heaven,
Next the white bones his sad companions place
With tears collected in a golden vase."

In Burmah various kinds of vases are used.

Anciently the Karens always buried their dead. They have the old Welsh custom of lighting tapers at the head and foot of the grave, and their wail-dirge sounds much like the coronach. The chiefs place small darts around their pyres to prevent the spirit from returning home. They also tie strings across the streams as bridges for the dead, or ghosts of the departed to get conveniently over to their graves.

At their funerals they engage in a game prefiguring the struggle of man with evil spirits and then chant a dirge, recognizing the truth that sin brought death.

In the plastic art the Burmese exhibit some degree of skill ; and if not purely portioned, I cannot help thinking Tertullian himself would have looked a little kindly on their sculptures. Like the ancient Greeks the statuaries of Burmah color and drape their figures, and frequently provide them with imitation eyes. Burman bronzes have some of them as delicate a green, and appear to be quite as skillfully cast as the bronzes of Egyptian museums. Papier-mache work they carry on in Tounghoo, and some of it is executed with taste and skill. They understand a coarse kind of mosaic in running vines, flowers, a lion, peacock, or other simple subject, but fine mosaic I have never found of Burmese execution.

Painting on glass and ivory is done to perfection by the Mussulmen of Delhi, but not much understood by Burmese. Their chessmen, however, their ivory-hilted knives, and cocoonut-shell work, show a good degree of skill in delicate carving. Frescoing seems scarcely to have crossed beyond the Ganges. Symes tells of a brilliant fresco in a temple of Paghan, but no doubt they sent to Madras for painters, for it is said there is no race in the East can fresco like them.

Among the beautiful trees on the Sittang river is the *Nauclea Kadamba*. It was Sunday, and Mr. Mason had just closed his services under the wide-spreading branches of this tree, when a little skiff came gliding along silent as a wavelet.

"Ho, brother ! take mama into your skiff?" cried my boys.

The man is a highlander in his mountain tunic who has never seen a white woman. Quite frightened he pushes on faster and faster, then Shapau hails him and

finally succeeds in bringing him to shore. The skiff is only big enough for three to sit safely in. So giving my Tutauman the bow, I take the centre. Shapau reads to the boatman the gospel of Matthew for an hour steadily, carefully explaining every word until he comes to the account of Christ's healing the lunatic. Upon this the stranger stops, lays down the oar and taking up a small joint of bamboo very carefully deposited, he empties the whole contents deliberately into the river.

"There! brother, I have been twenty miles after this *Ootee* or charmed water, and paid a rupee for it, but henceforth I worship this Yasu Kriek who healed the crazy man?" Lo,

"The Sword of the Spirit!"

It is far inland, this hidden hamlet, a deep glen flanked with mountains. Find all the women like Ruth gleaning in the fields, and a high time these buccaneer brothers are having over their great fires on the shore of the creek, where they are drying their jerked deer, having just beat up a huge stag in the thickets, and killed him in their bamboo traps, made like a bow and arrow loosely covered from view.

With great wonderment all dropped their work and stood gazing as I stepped down the precipice right over their heads.

Both men and women listened with attention and astonishment to the message of a Saviour's love, and a few followed me down to our encampment, promising to learn books. I have never seen them since but on returning from America two years after we heard to our great joy that they had a flourishing little church in that place.

"The Lord hath spoken."

Another Sunday morning we turned to the west, a mile over the unreaped rice field full of water to a hamlet of Pwo Karens. Not one would receive us. We sought shelter with a poor woman in a stable. Very reluctantly the woman consented, for she evidently feared some dire calamity would befall her in consequence.

We talked and read to her about the poor in body and poor in spirit. The woman seemed interested, and I quite forgot that there were buffaloes beside us. Suddenly she screamed :

"Flee ! flee !" I had just time to glance round and saw the buffaloes had stretched their noses on a straight line, as they always do when about to charge, and their eyes burned like coals of fire.

"Flee ! flee !" cries the woman, snatching her babe ; but just at that moment the leader breaks loose, dashes past us so near his awful horns graze my hat.

"Thank God we're safe !"

"Come in, friend ! come in, friend !" shout all the women at once, and every heart is open. Mats are spread, and they are now disposed to regard us as gods.

"Look here," says an old woman, who passes for an eldress, after I have been telling her that God is always near :

"Why, the Elders told the Karens the same thing ! and my grandmother used to say, Yuah was like this"—waving one hand just above the other. The Omnipresence of God known to this wild heathen woman !

Moored again farther up the Sittang. A woman appears on the shore with an eye I cannot mistake ; I am sure that is a Pwo Karen though she is dressed in the Talaing robe.

"Sister," I say, "have you any husband ?"

"Lady ! white lady ! you speak Pwo ?" Instantly she was at my feet entreating me to go to her house, and could scarcely be restrained from bearing me away. On reaching her house I commenced reading the Gospel of Matthew in her language. With the true Karen spirit she couldn't be content to receive so much pleasure alone.

"Teacheress, read ! read !" she says to me eagerly ; having assembled all the neighbors.

I read the Pwo, she interprets into Talaing, for a whole hour, the Talaing women quite as much delighted as the Karens, for they never before heard of Christ, and not one of them can read at all in any language.

Suddenly I stop and strike up in Pwo :

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed."

The men hearing the singing throw aside their dahs and baskets, and assemble around the house, pressing up the ladder.

Hark ! what's this ? Crack ! crack ! and crash, we all go on to the ground !

"Read on, read on !" cries the Karen woman : "Light ! light ! give us light !" So there I sit among the ruins, and read the stories of the crucifixion and resurrection, and certainly I never felt so near the judgment. We are in the middle of the account of Christ casting out devils :

"What's that ? what's that, lady ? Tell that devil story again. Yasu Kriek kill the devils ?"

We read it again when the man—a fine-looking Karen of some thirty-five years—steps out :

"Lady ! lady ! You see this cord (the nat-cord worn on the wrist) there !" wrenching it off, "never again

will I offer to any lord but Jesus Christ." This was really a very decided act, for usually the nat cord is the last thing Karens will give up.

On our returning two years after, we learned that this man had been baptized and was the leading deacon of a little Christian church in or near his own village.

"God is faithful."

"Oh, me dear! I am so tired and thirsty! Sammy, give me some tea, will you?" after returning from my inland excursion.

In traveling up these streams it is very dangerous for foreigners to drink water unboiled; and I ascribe it to care in this one thing that Mr. Mason and I, and our children, have usually escaped the fevers so common to these valleys. But we sometimes need more strength to wait for water when thirsting in this weary land, than we do to encounter marshes and buffaloes. So it was that night. On returning to the boat exceeding weary I found no water prepared, and immediately ordered a cup of tea, sitting down upon the bank to watch the tea-kettle. But just as I was on the height of expectation dash came a whole cooanot of water sending anticipations, steam, fire, and all up to Nicban! Down I sat again, more patient of the two than before; but fully resolved if ever I had occasion to travel again with a Jesuit servant I would have at least a cuneiform finial on the top of the tea-pot.

CHAPTER VI.

TOUNGHOO, AND WHAT WE FOUND THERE.

I HAPPENED to be the first white woman who ever entered either the city or the kingdom of Tounghoo, so that my poor face was as much of a curiosity as the mermaid a few years ago in America, and all the way up the villagers thronged us to see the wonder, and discuss its merits. The great point was whether it was a fair specimen of the race.

"Wa! wa!" exclaims one, "I thought them a great deal whiter—but then I dare say many are whiter than she is."

"No, I don't believe they are," joins in a prim young belle, sitting so as to look over the first one's shoulder. "I didn't think the colah woman very handsome."

"Hae!" grumbles a matronly chaperon as she sees some young men approaching: "You know nothing. They're not white like *jackets*. I dare say she's as white as any of 'em."

"Koungtha! koungtha!" cries a gay young fellow, jauntily flinging himself off after a furtive glance. "An-glaiik very pretty—Burman woman *taemathe*"—(very black), with a teasing laugh at the ladies. And it really does seem to tease them to see fairer women than themselves.

As Mr. Mason was not ready to go up into the city, or chose to wait for the cool of evening, I attempted to pro-

ceed, thinking I would have time to prepare a comfortable place for his reception. A native of the city stepped forward, and very politely volunteered his services as guide to the house, which he professed to know all about.

I followed the man, as it was only about a mile, and on he went till he reached the principal street, when he began to inquire of everybody where the white lady's house was? This, with my being the first white woman ever there, attracted such a crowd it was impossible to proceed.

"Don't you know the place, friend?" I questioned in dismay.

"Don't know Th'kyen," and vanished out of sight. Seeing a good road in front I escaped from the crowd to that, and meeting a Madras servant who could speak English, I tried to make him understand my wants.

"Did some carts go there this morning with tin cans?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Oh, then, I'll find it in a minute. Missus please come."

So again I walked on, on; and soon pale faces began to pass, one after another, all in the same style of dress—dark trousers, checked shirts, with military forage-caps loosely covered with white muslin havelocks. Immediately it occurred to me that we must be drawing near the cantonments. As quick as the thought flashed, I stopped short once more, with—

"Boy, where *are* you going?" rather sharply.

"To master, missus. Master knows all about it."

"And who is your master, pray?"

"Major H—, of the Madras Fusileers. He lives close by—right here. Missus *please* come."

"Oh, no, no," I replied; but before the words were half uttered he had whipped out of sight behind an old kyoung that looked as if it might possibly have been changed into a bungalow. Not caring to meet a stranger just there, I instantly turned and attempted to regain the wall. But at that moment my Burman servant took a fancy to leap off after the Madrasee, thinking he would find the house immediately. "Shwaho, Shwaho!" I called, but in vain. The last I saw of him was his yellow silk patsoe streaming on the air, as he flew, John Gilpin-like, up the street. Finally, I walked straight on, as if quite at home, back to the landing, and found Mr. Mason wickedly enjoying the sport, because he didn't care to have me get into the city before him. He had called a Burman cart, and I concluded to patronize that, although I had rather any time walk two miles than ride one in this vehicle. Wearisomely it dragged its slow wheels along, creaking, creaking, to the tune, as near as I could imagine, of the rack-engine. The driver was a malicious looking fellow, and was continually walking his bullocks up on to the bank so as to drive us along an inclined plain, pretty steeply inclined. The fellow was evidently a scamp or a blockhead, probably the first, as he was quick enough to feel the magnetic rap of certain phrases such as "pichong!" "kabeah!" and by perseverance in the use of these we at last got safely over the gullies, into the bazaar street, and turned off into a retired square, where we found an enclosure bounded by a bamboo trellis some fourteen feet high, and covered with blue-flowered creepers. A huge double gate was flung open to receive us, and in front of a pleasant green plat stood the keep of the former Mysaya, or city recorder. This building was our home

while we remained. It was a true native built house, probably a hundred years old; sixty-seven feet long, of teak, set up seven feet from the ground, built in three separate houses, three roofs joined together by huge water-spouts of teak. The verandah was strongly barricaded, and behind the reception rooms of the master and mistress was the donjon.

Now imagine this old city up here on the Sittang, where it has been shut up three hundred years from all the civilized world. Think of a wall five or six miles round, some twenty feet high, and thick enough with the inner embankment for a carriage drive. A large brick church now stands on the wall, with dwelling houses and palm trees. The wall is constructed with bastions and battlements, with four pagoda turrets, watch-houses for the guarding angels of the city.

The city must once have been very handsome with its towers, and spires, and statues; with its bunded palace, its broad regular streets shaded with palms; its monasteries, temples, and pagodas all surrounded by palms; its many huge gates; its encircling flagged walk, carriage road, bund, and moat extending clear round the city. The moat was said to be sixty yards wide, and was filled at any moment by secret channels from a beautiful lake within the fort. Then its grand bridges across the moat adorned with statues, rich carvings, and the national peacock-emblem mounted on pillars in every direction, sixty and eighty feet high; with its magnificent tanks, caravansarys, and rich rice fields. I don't wonder that old Tounghoo in its glory excited the cupidity of European adventurers, as Burman history says it did. The Portuguese navigators made their way up to this city and took possession, but the governor lost his life in con-

sequence. The Burmese then held it as a principality of Ava until it fell into the hands of the English in 1853.

The palms around it prove that Tounghoo has been a city of great beauty and worth. A very Tadmor in the desert. When we entered Tounghoo, there were two thousand palm trees counted in and around the city; but one must have been bewildered among them in ancient days, for Tounghoo history says there were six thousand and over planted in this single city. Both the palmyra and corypha yield a sweet wine in great abundance, that is much sought after. When fresh, the palmyra wine resembles sweet cider, but is of a lighter quality. The corypha wine is weaker, and consequently less valued. This is sold in bazaar, or wherever the venders choose, at two annas the viss, or about two cents the pint; but the palmyra wine is here a government monopoly. Part of the palm wine is dealt out to the troops in daily rations, but the greater proportion is used for bread. For this purpose it requires no preparation, but in twelve hours after it is drawn from the tree it makes the very nicest yeast ever known. In Tennasserim, the nipa being more abundant, the juice of that palm is generally used for yeast. So you see we have no hop-brewing or "emptyings" roasting in this country.

A large portion of the palms are planted by the priests, and are of course attached to monasteries, especially the corypha, which supplies the book leaf for the priests and schools. The wine is obtained only after the season of flowering. The corypha dies immediately after it once blossoms, but the Burmans affirm that it is a real Methusaleh tree, being always a hundred years old before it ever blossoms at all. The palmyra after fifteen or twenty years flowers annually.

I saw in Tounghoo, in 1853, five or six hundred coryphas in blossom, all at once, a sight seldom seen, and of course as the *Tanyaka*, or "vintage of the palms" approached, there were grand times in Tounghoo. Every where women were going, children running, and men walking with business-like rapidity, tugging bamboos to secure their trees. Palm wine, as everybody knows, is not obtained like maple sap, from the trunk, but from the top of the palm. The tree is ascended by a ladder, and just as the fruit begins to form, the flower is cut off. The stem is then turned down into an earthen vessel, or into a bamboo, which is secured to the place by means of a slight frame around the tree. When the juice is drawn into an earthen vessel it is sweet; but if drawn into a joint of bamboo, as frequently done, it almost immediately becomes intoxicating; and if it is not sufficiently spirituous, the strength is increased by dropping in a few broken areca-nuts, when one glass of the liquor will intoxicate.

It is curious to see these Sillero-like men and boys go up the tall palm trees. The long ratan or bamboo ladder is made about a foot wide. The climber has only a patsoe, or cloth, girt around his loins, to which is attached his knife, threads, ratans, and every thing, with a dah or short sword thrust in behind, and two little earthen chatties. He begins to ascend by cording the ladder strongly to the trunk for a few feet up, then goes up and ties again, so continues tying on the ladder, and ascending at the same time. Of course it is very slender, and looks most hazardous, but one ladder would hold up half a dozen boys.

Each palm yields about seventy-five quarts of sap in a season, valued at six rupees, or more, so that two thousand

trees would yield a revenue of twelve thousand rupees, or nearly six thousand dollars. Now, many of the palms have been destroyed to make room for building sites. Indeed whole avenues were burned down by the priests on the approach of the English. The palm-gardens are sold annually at auction now for, I think, ten thousand rupees.

Each tree yields about one hundred and fifty fruits, used mostly for sweet-meats; but I have made tarts or pies of the pulpy part, quite as good as pumpkin pies. The leaf, of course, is highly valued for writing, especially the corypha; and scrips of palm leaf, with government orders, are common still among native officers.

Modern Tounghoo is mostly without the walls, extending some three miles along the river. The cantonments are beautifully laid out with a green maidan, where the band plays twice a week.

The residences of the officers are kinds of Anglo alhambras, magically fascinating, as every body says who comes to Tounghoo. Then the gardens are perfectly charming; the drives, too, are very pleasant, and the ladies of the cantonments daily enjoy them with their Shan ponies.

Tounghoo is a famous mart for ponies, which are brought down in great numbers from Monay, a large Shan city, a month's journey to the north. They vary in price from twenty to five hundred rupees. I have seen very good ones bought for thirty rupees, and a pair of splendid iron-grays for five hundred.

The officers keep a pleasure boat, and a moon-light sail up the Sittang is one of the pleasantest pastimes for the English gentlemen and ladies. Game is abundant in the region east of Tounghoo, and the officers often go out shooting, while the ladies spread their pic-nics for them

among the caravansarys of the celebrated Seven Pagodas.

Tounghoo is well fortified, and the place is strongly garrisoned mostly by English soldiers, so that an enemy could scarcely take it, except by stratagem, cutting off the commissariat boats in the river, or by coming in stealthily in disguise from the north.

This city is about two hundred and forty miles north of Rangoon, two hundred miles south of Ava, one hundred west of Siam, and eighty east of Prome. Tounghoo is the capital of a province about eight thousand miles square. History says the ancient city was founded six hundred years ago by the Karens, and even now the province is pretty nearly divided between Karens and Burmans. The population is estimated at fifty thousand Burmese and Talaings, and thirty thousand Karens, but there are two hundred thousand Karens adjoining these, in a state of independence.

Evidently the Karens once occupied the plains of Tounghoo, but the Burmese had a knowledge of books, consequently drove them back and took their lands.

Mr. Mason thus humorously describes the climate of Tounghoo :

“ We have a delightful climate here on the mountains. It is nearly March, and the thermometer was to-day, at sunrise, 58° , the hottest part of the day 84° ; and while I write, 10 o'clock, P. M., it is 65° . It has not been higher than 87° since my arrival, and with one exception the mornings and evenings have never been hotter. Then we have a fine thermal spring at the foot of the hill, particularly good for liver complaints, good for consumptives, good for people who have coughs, and good for people who have no coughs ; ‘good for fevers, ner-

vousness, erysipelas, impurity of the blood, inflammation, melancholy, sick headache, pains in the chest, back, side, and limbs; bilious affections, and all other diseases !' What more attractive place for an invalid ? Then for those who are not invalids, there are the steepest mountains to scale that can be found in this empire.

"After leaving the alluvial plain, near the river, not an acre of level grass is to be found any where. The whole coast is a pile of mountains rising to steep ridges, at an average angle of 45° , oftener more than less. Sick or well, then, happy or melancholy, send your patients to Tounghoo—the sanitarium of Burmah !"

Teak, rice, and betel-nut, are the principal articles of export in Tounghoo. Silk is cultivated in some parts by a tribe of wild men called Baings, among whom it might be very desirable to introduce Christianity. The Karens bring in sesamum seed, cardamom, turmeric, tobacco, beeswax, honey, swine, oranges, mats, baskets, ratans and bamboo; but the most valuable production brought by the Karens is betel-nut, the best in all Burmah.

We had been in Tounghoo a short time, I don't recollect precisely how long, when two Sgau Karens came in from the western hills. One of them decided to learn to read, and stopped with us. His name was Sau Kamoo.

It was only a few mornings after I took him, that he came up in great agitation, crying out :

"They'll kill me ! They'll kill me !"

"Who'll kill you ?"

"The Myuthugyee, or city magistrate."

"Do right, Sau Kamoo, then trust in God."

"Oh, mama don't know these Burmans."

At last I found out his story. He had been waylaid by a Burman head-man, who inquired what he was doing at the foreigner's.

"Learning books," he answered.

"A Karen dog learn books!" exclaimed the Burman with profound scorn.

"See here, wretch. If I catch you round in the city after to-morrow, you see this!" brandishing his sword over the trembling Sgau.

Morning—"A peon, ma'am."

"A peon!" Go myself to meet the officer.

"What is it, peon?"

"The Karen."

"Well, what of the Karen?"

"The magistrate calls."

"Show your paper."

"Not here, Th'kyen."

"Then begone. Tell your master to bring his authority; but when the Karen goes to court, the white lady will go too."

Send off to the commissioner and acquaint him with this persecution.

"Have no fears, Mrs. Mason," he replies, and sends me the following note:

"MY DEAR MRS. MASON.

"If you find any slaves in my province tell them they are free to go where they please, and to learn what they please.

"E. O. RILEY,

"COMM'R TOUNGHOO."

Transmit a copy to the magistrate, so hear no more from him; but of course, if we had been under Burmese rule, there would have been a very different ending of the matter

After taking in the Karen, he one day applied for two children held in bondage by the Burmans. They had heard Karen books had come, and being bright children, they had an intense longing to see them, and learn themselves. I told our principal assistant to look into the matter. The next day there came the native governor to pay his respects, followed by all the women of his household, all in court costume, with their richest attire, each bringing a trifling present. Speaking of the laws and the people, I remarked that no good man would keep slaves there then contrary to the laws of the new government.

"No, Th'kyen, we had forty-five, but we've liberated them all."

These were mere passing remarks as we sat conversing about the country, and I thought no more of them.

"Shwa MOUNG, did you get the children?" I asked, the next day. "What success?"

"They are here, Th'kyen," he answered in his laconic style, with an eye that said so much I couldn't understand a glance. What was my surprise, on stepping into the receiving hall, to meet face to face the very same great governor, and his wife, who had called the day before, and to find in them the owners of the two young slaves.

They had appeared so courteous and kindly the day previous with all their household, I felt now as if an immense weight had fallen upon me.

Shwa MOUNG, the Talaing preacher, was a shrewd man, and knew what to expect, so, on going for the children, he immediately read off the proclamation standing in the door. As he expected, the children were ordered away with great ferocity.

"Nay, nay, my lord; they must go to the white teacher's house."

"Never! What do you want of these dogs?"

"It is the will of the great governor that all his people learn books. These children wish to learn also."

Finally, after much ado, the slaves were allowed to come to our house, but with them came magistrates, writers, and peons, making a most imposing display of tall, hawk-eyed, powerful officials, all headed by the governor and his wife. I now saw why they had paid so much court the day before.

"What! *you* Thugyee?" I said in surprise.

"Teacher," whispers Shwa Moun, drawing me aside, "this is the man who sold the slave girl last week for fifty rupees, the sister of these children."

This poor young woman had fled to me in the night in great distress. She had been sold to a Hindu trader, ostensibly married to him, but he immediately brought out his real wife, and the Karen girl was made to understand that she was only a slave. In the eye of the law she was the man's wife, but she had only exchanged a good master for two overseers. This farce had been played by the governor, and the real wife was a member of his own household. However, ordering mats, I attempted to conciliate by telling them that the Eternal God commanded all nations to learn his commandments, and to love each other as themselves.

"Do you wish to learn to read?" I asked the boy, a lad of fourteen, who appeared uncommonly clever.

He has on a light red turban, which the Burman has thrown round his head on their way to our house, and the master is continually handing him cigars over his shoulder.

The girl is his sister, twelve years old, and has been six years a slave, was made a slave for a single basket of rice, and had quite forgotten her own tongue.

The boy looked up as if earnestly longing to speak, but no answer.

"Don't understand—don't understand," muttered the governor.

"Don't you, MOUNG?" I ask again in Karen, turning to the boy.

Only a smile, and an anxious glance.

"If you want to know books you must speak, or you can't be liberated."

Immediately the lad gets up, creeps along behind his overseers, and cowers down behind my chair. Oh the daggers that shoot from those savage eyes!

"But he shall speak," they cry eagerly, "or go back with us!"

"You have menaced him. He is afraid to speak."

"Ay, let him speak. Let him speak;" and knowing winks pass round the circle.

"Shwa MOUNG, just take the Mengs' names," and Shwa MOUNG begins with all the "pomp of state."

"Stop! Stop lady! These children are not slaves. They are our son and daughter. We keep them because we love them."

"Is it so?"

"Yes, Th'kyen," in great excitement.

"Then there's no transgression."

"No, there is not. There is not."

"Then the gentlemen can leave, if they choose."

Biting their lips, and looking back imploringly at the boy, they pass out, when the children seem beside themselves with delight, especially the lad. Of course they

never returned, but the family several times laid plans to take them by night, and I was obliged to keep an armed guard over them till we left the city.

The reasons for liberating these captives were these.

It was contrary to the law of the land to hold slaves, for everybody knows the English flag always floats freedom to the captive. Their masters were heathen idolaters, and if they remained in servitude they would worship idols, and could never learn the Word of God.

What good came of it? This. Through the kind help and hard labors of Lieut. Maud, Mrs. Wade, and Mrs. Bennett, who educated them in Maulmain, the boy became a Christian and a valuable printer. The girl, Mary Maud, became an ornament to her nation, made herself highly useful and beloved, married an interesting missionary preacher, and is now, I trust, folded a lamb in her Saviour's bosom.

It is the boast of Burman slavery that it is only debtor slavery, but the shrewd Burmans know ways enough of increasing the debt to any extent, and making it utterly irredeemable. So fraudulent and violent were they in their dealings with the Karens, that the English commissioner, soon after taking Tounghoo, issued a proclamation forbidding any Burmans to enter the hill settlements without the permission of the head men, and then to leave whenever he chose.

The governor and recorder had fifty or sixty slaves, most of whom were driven off to the north when the English were approaching. Some of them had heard that the foreigners liberated slaves, and refused to go; but they were caught, and barbarously tortured by cramping the hands until the pain was unendurable, and so they were forced to flee into perpetual servitude.

There was a case occurred near the city soon after we reached Tounghoo. A poor fatherless boy was passing through a garden, and being hungry plucked an ear of corn, and eat it. The owner saw him, and thinking he would make a good field hand immediately had him caught, and taken before the head man of the district, and having slipped a bribe into the hands of the man's wife the case was decided according to his own pleasure. The boy was fined twenty rupees, and as they knew he could not raise it, he was sold to the chief's son for the amount. On hearing of this cruelty we immediately sent a writing to the gourg, warning him that if the boy was not released within two days, he would be cited before the commissioner. The boy was sent home.

Although four young slaves had fled to us, yet only two adult Karens had appeared, and not one from the eastern hills, the real Karen land. Time was passing, and Mr. Mason began to feel greatly solicitous about it. Finally I told my tutauman to go and stand in the main bazaar road and watch, for I knew the Karens must come to the bazaar or market some time for salt. He went and watched all day with no success. Went again the second day, none appeared. Again the third day:

"Well, Shapau, none to-day? 'Three times and out,' we used to say when school-children."

"But I'm not out. Here they are, though dreadfully afraid."

He had stood till he saw, on the third day, a small number coming with their bamboo spears, fierce, wild and savage-looking. They approached very timidly, going round half a mile out of their way to avoid any of the English or sepoys.

"How do you do, brothers? A white teacher has come—a Karen teacher," Shapau said, grasping their hands.

They saw he was a Karen, but they couldn't make much of him, for he spoke a dialect different from any they had ever heard. They understood a little Burmese, and he made them comprehend that a foreign teacher had come from the west.

"We know," they answered. "Did he come in a big boat?"

"Yes, a long way. He wants to see you."

"See us! We know. He wants slaves to put in the flying ship. No, no, we don't go. He'll carry us off where the sun goes down."

"But there's a white lady come, the teacher's wife. She won't let any body carry you off. Brothers, see! Did the Burmese make slaves of Karens?"

"Yes, stranger."

"Was there not a girl and a boy, our brother and sister, Karens, held by the big governor yonder?"

"Yes."

"Come and see. They're at the teacher's."

"Oh no, no. Where the flying ships?"

"Why, the ships are gone home again."

"Aye, gone?"

"Yes brothers, don't fear. Come and see. You'll love the teachers."

At last he succeeded in coaxing along three, and there they sat, canine style, before the gate. I went out, offered them my hand, but they had no idea what for. Finally they ventured into the house, and oh me, how their eyes did open when they saw the slave children learning to read, and Karen books too. They seemed like beings

wild with delight, yet their emotions were visible only by their eyes and rapid talking with one another. They gazed at me as if I had just dropped down from the moon, and when I made them up each a little roll of salt they quite forgot the flying ship.

We asked after their home, and they pointed to the distant hills. We inquired how many days it took them to come, and they counted three fingers.

We asked how many houses in their village, and they held up one finger.

We asked how many in the house, and they spread out all their fingers and toes, then clapped their hands twice, then held up all their fingers again. "*Knaza*, fifty," I said in Burmese, when they nodded, much pleased that I comprehended them.

Suddenly, as they were about leaving, I felt impelled to send out the little book which Mr. Mason had prepared in Karen many years before—the "Sayings of the Elders." I told Shwa MOUNG to write on the fly leaf in Burmese: "Yuah's Words come back to the Karens," and bade one of the young men go over the mountains and show it to all his countrymen. Mr. Mason stood by smiling approval, but neither of us had much idea then of the results, yet I felt a hidden assurance that God would bless it.

Days passed however, and I believe weeks, and no Karens came. Once or twice Mr. Mason rallied me about my "Faith book," but finally it was quite forgotten, amid the deeply interesting scenes with the Burmese who filled our house daily to overflowing, and kept Mr. Mason preaching from morning till evening.

Every Burman officer, great and small, from all the region round, came to pay respects—not, however, until they

heard of the proclamation given regarding the Karens, when they concluded that I was "the queen's sister!" their expression for a favorite with the government. This perhaps led the nobility to come; but the poor also flocked in, and we had reason to believe from a true desire to hear of the new religion. Some of my interviews with the women were thrilling, and excited me so that I could scarcely sleep or eat. One day I was talking to a house full of women, through my interpreter, for I couldn't speak Burmese, when a tall handsome man rose up from the door where he had been sitting unnoticed in the crowd.

"Lady, lady, let me tell that," he exclaimed, and he began and narrated a history of the creation and fall, as perfectly as any Christian could.

Mr. Mason was deeply interested in this man. He stated that he was an officer in the last war with the English and Burmese. That his son was killed by a shell on the taking of Shwadagon. He was seeking for his dead boy on the battle field, when he saw a white book on the ground. He clapped it into his bag, and after interring the remains of his son he started back in his boat for Tounghoo. There, lonely and sad, the white book recurred to him. He took it out. It was the first paper book he had ever seen, and he was led to notice it on account of its whiteness, and its being there so like a spirit, he thought, beside his boy.

"Wonder if Mounge read this?" he says to himself. Throws aside the oar, flings his mat down on the bottom of the boat, and there drifting on the river alone with his God, he read that Christian tract. It was "The Balance," by Dr. Judson. He reached home. His wife and daughter came, eagerly inquiring for the son.

"Gone—gone with the dead. The god let him die. Why should we worship?" and then he took out the book and read to them. It comforted them too, and so whenever they felt distressed about their dear boy, they would take out the white book, which seemed almost to take his place in their affections.

To our great surprise and joy this man's wife, and a beautiful daughter, I should think of sixteen, came forward and corroborated all the officer had stated; and he immediately said, like the Ethiopian officer: "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" I have ever since wished that they had been received, but it was so sudden, and Mr. Mason just leaving, he counseled them to study the Scriptures and defer the ordinance until he should return. The wife and daughter, too, came forward right there before our houseful of Burmese, and applied for baptism. The daughter had learned to read on purpose to read the white book herself, and I have no doubt is now a hidden Bible reader in the interior of that dark empire.

On our return we found the family had gone; had been driven away without doubt on account of their new faith, for the magistrates well remembered the man, and spoke of him as that Yasu Kreik man.

We heard of him in Baumo trading, but he still had the tract, and went every where reading to the people, so that he was known as the "White Book man."

I think it was some three weeks after I sent out the little Karen book that we were assembled for prayer with the Burmese, when a company of Karens appeared. They came up at once on to the verandah as if sent for, and seeing us at prayer, they bowed down with the rest. At the close the leader, a white-haired, majestic chieftain,

came forward very respectfully and laid before me a roll of plantain leaves. Then, after gazing into my face very intently, he began slowly to unroll. Fold after fold was laid aside, and at last he came to a dry leaf, out of which he took the identical little book that had been sent out!

"Will the lady explain?" he asks, reaching forward.

"A real little dove!" Mr. Mason said, after his quiet intense manner, his eyes brimming with emotion, while my own ran down with tears of joy and thankfulness. Mr. Mason immediately brought out the Karen Bible, and read to the chief the first chapter of Genesis; and although it was a different dialect somewhat from his own, he understood that it was in Karen, and told their own traditions. He clasped the book to his heart, and bowed down before it three times, exclaiming:

"It has a spirit! It talks Karen! It talks Karen!"

He then brought out a little roll of beeswax as an offering to the spirit of the book; beeswax, or candles, being a most sacred offering there to the gods.

This chief was an old nat worshiper, and had been a kidnapper, but he returned to his village a preacher of righteousness. His people never again made offerings to the nats, and the first Christian church organized in Tounghoo was, I believe, in his village, where, and in the adjacent villages, there are now a thousand redeemed heathen sending up their anthems to Jehovah.

Of course, the tiny book had very little to do with the matter. It was an olive leaf, as Mr. Mason said, and no more; but God used such a small thing just as he did the clay and the spittle, to show forth more mightily his own power and godhead.

"The Morning Star of Tounghoo!" Mr. Mason said,

with his quiet thoughtfulness again, as the chief departed.

We had gone up amidst great unbelief on the part of our friends, but hearing the voice :

“Go up. Ye shall not fear them, for the Lord your God he shall fight for you.” And now, in this visit of the highlander, we recognized the bow, and

THE ANGEL OF THE COVENANT.*

*It was to Dr. Morton, then Civil Surgeon in Maulmain, that under God we were much indebted for the privilege of going up to Tounghoo, for not a single friend could be persuaded to sign the paper which Mr. Mason had sent round for approbation, until his physician had signified his consent. I went to Dr. Morton and entreated him to favor it, and he did, thanks to his kind heart.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TOUNGHOO MINSTREL AND HIS BATTLE-SONG DESCRIBING THE CONQUEST OF SHWADAGON AND THE LIBERATION OF THE KAREN CAPTIVES BY THE ENGLISH IN 1852; WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO TOUNGHOO IN 1853.

THERE came in one day a tall, light brown chieftain, with large melancholy eyes, and an uncommonly pleasing countenance; habited in a striped cotton tunic, girded around him like a highland kilt. His costume and bearing were not very unlike that of a highlander I once met on Loch Lomond. His long, black, shaggy hair was half confined by a narrow red turban, and a curious tunnel-shaped basket was hung over his back. He carried a long bamboo spear which served both for a weapon and a staff. Eight or ten swarthy, six-foot mountaineers, attired like himself, accompanied him. These men had none of the ingenuousness visible in the leader; but their eyes were ever restless as if on the alert for a foe.

"Has God's Son come down from heaven, lady! A man told us so on the mountains, and we've come to see him."

"Yes, brother, but—"

"Where is he?" interrupting with eager eyes. "Is he here? In Rangoon? In Bengala? Tell us quick, lady, for we've come to see him!"

"He has come—sit down, brother—He has come, but He's not here. He's gone back to heaven, but—"

Instantly the tall chieftian turned and strode away with all his followers.

"Stop! stop, brother! He's left a letter for you," I called after.

No answer—on he goes, and disappears. In about a week he returns.

"Lady! good lady!" he calls, putting his head in at the open door. This time he accepts a seat, and throwing off all reserve, tells me his country's history. There is something peculiarly striking and original in his words and manner. He is all soul and fire, mingled with the most persuasive grace and a handsome figure, with a very high brow.

As I sit listening to his painful romance, the palm shadows fall in colonnades around me, the distant lines of maidens bearing home their water-pots upon their heads grow more and more vanishing—the tinkling of the æolian bells on the pagodas grows fainter and fainter—the waving of the cylinders on the henzais softer and softer—the cocoa plumes fan gentler and gentler—and the sky and earth meet and mingle in one deep, golden glow, encircling, covering, enveloping all in its own mesmeric dreaminess. All is still, save the low, murmuring voice of the Highlander. I lean back under the palm trees in my low ratan morah, and fancy throws together the tales of the Chieftain, uttered now in prose—and now in hurried rhyme.

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN MINSTREL.

PRELUDE—A VISION OF TOUNGHOO.

Under the Corypha shade
In old Tounghoo,
Visions around me played,
Time's wheel was slowly stayed,

A horoscope was laid,
Then rose a view.

First came a deep profound,
Next faintest day—
And then a heathen ground,
With shapes unearthly round,
By gods and altars bound ;
But no bright ray.

Soon gushed a promised light*
Wide flashing down,
Chasing the fiends of night,
As if with battle might,
(Making dim sagas bright,)
Till burst the glorious sight,
A Christian town !

Now heavenly peals out-ringing,
Our visions break—
And lo, new joys are springing !
New hearts to heaven are clinging !
And a minstrel wildly singing,
New strains awake :

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

“Cool swept are our woods, and our paddy hills gleam
And keenly they charm with the cascade stream ;
Beat strongly the hopes of the wild mountaineer,
But naught ever thrilled like this Gospel we hear.

Our valleys are glowing, our mountains are bold,
While their passes will shield us from heat and from cold ;
And our glens though narrow, and rugged and gray,
Re-echo the notes of our children at play.

* The Karens sing in their songs that salvation is to come to them by the “One God.”

The betel-nut orchards are best in our land,
And betel-leaf creepers are always at hand,
While reeds and bamboo, wood-oil and ratans,
Supply every want of our wild roving clans.

Our fishers are skilled, and they've cheer for all time,
And the tallest of trees can our bee-hunters climb;
And parokets too? Aye, brilliant and rare,
With fig-fruit enough to entrap every pair.*

Our archers are fleet, and their bow-strings are true,
With peacocks and hornbills for ever in view;
While our maidens can glean, and our maidens can win,
For like running thunder they weave and they spin.†

Oh, keen are the sports of the wild mountaineer,
Now leaps the red leopard, now bounds up the deer;
Yet better, far better than all we can name
Are the wonderful Words the new Teachers proclaim."

"But, teacher, hark!" he whispered low,
Glancing around with look of woe,
"These Burmans! one can never know
How soon they'll draw the hidden bow;
They bear an evil eye.

Teacher, 'tis now a sorry day;
These wicked chiefs all in array,
Up in the north with great display,
For boldest strife, and bloody fray,
Th' English power defy.‡

* The Karens sell parokets in great numbers in Tounghoo. They catch them by fig-fruits. When the tree is in full fruit they cover the branches with the gum of some tree, so when the parokets light among the leaves their feet adhere to the branches, and they are easily taken.

† In one of their songs they sing of their maidens "Working like the rapid thunder."

‡ Sixty Burman chiefs, it was said, fled away to the north and

Say they the Conquerors yet shall bend;
For all their loss shall make amend,
Their ancient flag they'll stout defend,
And even down their troops will send;
 Their strength again they'll try.

So teacher rest, in the fortress stay,
Nor from the town stray far away;
For scarcely yet dare we to pray,
Or sing aloud a heart-felt lay,
 For foes are ever nigh.

Oh, we Karens could tell a tale,
Would make the pale man grow more pale;
How sister's shriek, and brother's wail,
Comes in the trees and on the gale,
 With the mother's piercing cry.

And sometimes thought will darkly burn,
And then again we upward turn;
Of Pa Yuah we try to learn*
That lesson all think somewhat stern,
 To suffer agony."

This minstrel chief had often known
The pain that wakened sorrow's tone,
The pang that wrenched the bitter groan,
The suffering deep borne all alone,
 Yet borne it patiently.

"I've seen," he said, "my clansmen part,
Driven in chains to the debtor's mart,
Beneath the lash to toil and smart,
Or droop and die of a broken heart,
 Yet strange *I* did not die.

stockaded some sixty miles north of Tounghoo. These men were constantly threatening to retake their country; and indeed they send spies now every year to look into the strength of the English in Tounghoo.

* Father God.

One had a wife—a dark-eyed bride—
How did his heart beat by her side—
Or when she near would softly glide
Spreading repast at eventide
In her sweet, winning way.

He saw her look as she fondly smiled,
Suddenly changed to terrors wild;
He saw her limbs with fetters piled—
Her arms outstretched for her infant child,
Then snatched away!

He saw it all—O God! what pain
Upheaved, and burned his maddened brain,
Convulsive, fierce, he grasped her chain—
Vaunting, they flung him back again—
He senseless lay.

Deep sunk that wrong as a burning dart,
He could not from her image part;
At midnight still he'll often start,
And think to clasp her to his heart,
But clasp the air.

He'll watch each form with features fair,
Each beautiful head of raven hair,
Then round on all will wildly stare,
Or his own dark locks with anguish tear,
To find her never there.

He's sought her far, has sought her near,
Where tigers prowl he has no fear;
Will stand for hours and list to hear
The smallest sound of that voice so dear,
Then sink in dumb despair.

Time now has lulled this cankering pain,
And reason calmed his throbbing brain;
But still hot tears will pour again,
Which a heart like his can ne'er restrain
Over his lonely prayer."

Again the minstrel glanced his eye,
 To mark if any Burman high
 Should be behind, or drawing nigh,
 To hear the tone, or note the sigh
 Of wrong and misery.

And finding none but friends around
 With an altered look, and an altered sound,
 That spoke the Highland fire,
 Boldly he pitched his voice again,
 Boldly he sung of Shembuyen*
 Striking the martial lyre.

THE MUSTERING.

“But late Muing-Do-Mien over-brimming with pride,†
 Sent the war-cry and gong over every tide;
 From Prome and Pegu, Tounghoo, and Shwagyn,
 Burst the warrior clan, and the mustering din.

Up vomit the caverns their banditti gang,
 Rebound the ledges their cymbals’ clang;
 Red turbans fly, red ranks go by,
 With Burmah’s haughty chivalry.

Through reed, fen, and jungle unsandaled they fly,
 Now starting with fear at th’ owl’s boding cry;
 Then pouring, and roaring, tumultuously high,
 Shrilling the fancied victory.

Back! back, holy nuns! though the vespers have bound you,
 Back for your lives, for the savage is round you;
 Stay not for Gaudama, chalice, or treasure,
 For over your shrines, they’re tearing at pleasure.

O, teacher, ’tis shocking the story to learn,
 How the scabbard was lifted at every turn;
 Unsheathed too, by woman’s small, quivering arm,
 Filling all Burmah with direst alarm.

* The King of Ava.

† Title of the King.

Kyouk Long!—dreaded name—how th' echoes do groan!*

While the monk tells his beads in an under tone,
And if one ever dares the fiend's story to tell
Th' abbess hides quick in her cloister cell.

They say—I don't know—'tis a horrible story,
That puts to the blush all our legends hoary,
How he called a fair maid from the fairest Shan daughters
To join him on Ava's soft, murmuring waters.

'Do you love me?' he cried in a ruffian tone,
As she crouched at his feet there all alone;
'Do you love me, maid? speak quick and be free,
I am no lover of courtesy.'

'Yes, my lord,' she breathed with a stifled sigh,
Though tears almost blinded her beautiful eye;
'I will serve my lord if he bid till I die,'
She murmured so low and falteringly.

'Then up,' quoth the Chief, 'and come to my side,
I'll make thee my bride—my headsman bride—
We'll brim the red beaker, we'll brim it long,
And the nats shall join in our nuptial song!'

* Mounng Kyouk Long was the Commander-in-Chief of the Burman forces on the Sittang river, or east of the Irrawaddy, during the last war between the English and the Burmese. He was the queen's brother, a most cruel, awful tyrant, and all the stories related here are true. He did compel a Shan girl to follow him as executioner for noblemen, so as to inflict upon them the shame of dying by the hand of a woman. In Shwagyn the tyrant drove many Burmans to despair by taking from them their young brides. One swore revenge, and attempted to escape to Ava to report him to government. He was brought back and flayed alive, and his body impaled by the river, where the English found it on entering the city. The wretch was subsequently thrown into prison in Ava and, I believe, left to starve. The poor girl was at last set free, but she was almost a maniac, she had suffered so terribly.

Then opening a case in his low, thatched room,
 There clanking with armor, and frowning with gloom,
 He drew forth the bridals—strange suit for a maid—
 Red turban, and jacket, and a glittering blade!

On this, my maid, this never can hide
 The lip of my bride—my warrior bride—
 Then his baldrick he snatched from the beam above,
 Buckling it to her with: 'Love, maid, love!'

His swarthy arm around her was thrown,
 Her tresses fell back, and were loosely blown;
 'Oh, Heaven!' she cried, as backward she shrunk,
 And low at his feet in agony sunk.

'What? ho, slave, up! No tears with me!'
We're for foray and revelry;
 Look to your weapon, nor heed ye a groan
 If ye blench at blood it shall drink your own!''

THE LEGEND.

“‘The god loves *thwae*—blood,
 The sword loves *thae*—death,’
 Runs the legend of yore
 When the enemy roar,
 Or round you pour.”

Here the minstrel related how it was the custom of the Burmese anciently, and even now when hard pressed, to sacrifice a human being every day to the god of war; but his words were too dreadful for me to repeat.

“The legend is dire—yet the Burmans say
 'Twas thus that their fathers won many a day;
 When war shook the turrets of ancient Tounghoo,
 And its king overturned the great throne of Pegu.

Thus Alompra the Great struck fear in the Shan,
 Subdued the Beliners, took old Martaban;
 Maulmain too, with Ya, Tavoy, and Mergue,
 Founding a name and a dynasty.

'Twas thus that Bandoola, the stalwart and bold,
 Pulled th' Arracan lands from their ancient hold;
 Though they have to confess that for all the Payahs*
 The grim sacrifice failed with the Natgyee Colahs.†

That too, though each gunner was chained to his post
 And merciless prickers urged onward his host,
 Yet dreaded Kyouk Long, by such fearful oblation,
 Would the war-god rouse for his country and nation.

Oh, God! and can it—can it be
 Thine image once from sin so free

Thou didst bestow,
 Man noble, generous, kind and good,
 With greatness welling as a flood,
 Now sunk so low!

The being to whom unconscious turns
 Frail woman's eye when anguish burns;
 Th' arm on which she loves to lean
 When dangers brood, or lurk unseen;
 The step to which she'll gladly fly
 When others pass unheeded by;
 The breast she loves to soothe and cheer,
 To give the sympathetic tear,
 When griefs or pains are hovering near;
 The presence that she learns to love
 Oft more than all below—above—
 Th' eye whose glance awakes the light,
 Or sinks the day to darkest night;
 The voice—oh, who may sing or tell
 The power that lurks in its magic spell?
 Man's voice—nought else—nought else we know
 Can woman's heart so overflow.

* Gods.

† Great Foreign demons.

'Twill wake to life the inmost soul,
 Bid quick the tear-drop start and roll ;
 'Twill all the heart with gladness fill,
 Lull painful throbbings calm and still,
 Or bid its pulses sweetly thrill.
 And oh, 'twill rouse soul-frenzies high,
 Shaking the life-strings fearfully,
 Till torn they sigh—and sigh—
 Or break—and die.*

THE MINSTREL'S STORY CONTINUED.

"One stroke to the gong, and a hundred slaves†
 From the hareem glide like sun-lit waves :
 'On !' shouts the Chief: 'Let the larum ring !'
 And over the prairie he's scouring.

Tounghoo's red walls soon heave in view,
 Embrazure high, and battlement ;
 Two thousand palms of greenest hue
 Clatter mid pagods old and new,
 O'er bastion, tower, and soldier-tent.

Six thousand palms were planted here,
 Says voice of palm-leaf story,
 And many more were clattering near
 When glorying in its glory.

The fosse of sixty yards is passed,
 With flourish, yell, and bugle-blast ;
 The naked slaves are hurrying fast
 Through mire and inner moat ;
 And the city menials stand aghast
 To see the pageant float.

* I know some will object to this and think a lady should never confess to such weakness. I answer weakness let it be, but I trust I have a husband, and I am not ashamed to say that his dear voice has a magic power to me above all the world beside.

† It was said Kyouk Long took a hundred wives on his way down.

But hark! a moan, a moan!
Again! a stifled groan!
Five noble heads are on the ground,
Hot orphan-tears are bubbling round,
To Moung Kyouk Long a welcome sound—
The headsman bride is standing by,
Quivers on her lip the pleading sigh;
She dare not pray, she dare not cry,
Nor seek a pitying eye.

'Twas thus that passed this Ava chief,
Scathing the land past all belief,
Shooting, spearing, branding, flaying,
Every day some Burman slaying;
And this poor girl, the headsman bride
Cooped in his tiger den,
Was forced to travel by his side,
To sing and dance, and wander wide,
And slay her threescore men."

THE BATTLE OF SHWADAGON.

"Then downward they plunged over mountain and glen,
The peacock-plumed chieftains, and gay-plaided men,
A human tornado, on! on the Bo Gye,*
To hurl the barbarians into the sea!†

Now swiftly up-rattles the sharp cannonade,
Like lightning it flashes, the line of blade,
Roll war-clouds high over city and sea,
And the rolling boom of artillery.

Then tigers up-glared, and the deep thickets tore,
While thundering battle was shaking the shore;
While chargers were foaming and biting the ground,
And stags of the prairies loud bellowing round.

* Great General.

† The order from the Burman Court to the Commander-in-Chief, was to drive the English barbarians into the sea.

Swift jingalls whistled—swift elephants wheeled,
 Dread fire-rafts crackled, and clarions pealed;
 Broad falchions were clashing, death-arrows appalling,
 But the red man was falling—was falling—falling.

‘Pyesoe!’ now they cry, ‘for the song-nats wail!’*
 ‘Pyesoe! the rockets are wreathing the gale!’
 Then louder resounded the shrill battle-call,
 And the Lion leaped high on the Shwadagon wall!’†

THE FUTURE OF TOUNGHOO.

“Ho! Shwadagon, ho! thou ‘Mountain of Gold!’—
 What power in thy godships so wondrous old!
 What strength in thy hairs so weird and gray!‡
 Thine ægis departed, all vanished thy sway!§

Ye excellent Gods! how ye tremble and shiver!
 And old Shwalay Gyee! say where is thy quiver?||
 High rear-guard of empire! thy doom hath been spoken;
 Thine arrows are scattered, thy bow-string is broken.

* *Pyesoe!*—Flee! *Song-nats*—Certain spirits of the air supposed to watch the battle, and wail for the defeated party.

† The English standard.

‡ Some of Gaudama’s hairs are said to be enshrined in the Great Pagoda of Rangoon.

§ Shwadagon was the Burman watch-tower. It enshrined the guardian deity of the empire and the government. So thoroughly fixed was this in the public mind, and the emperor so perfectly understood that in losing the hairs of Shwadagon, his strength, like Samson’s, was departed, that he sent an embassy, Colonel Phayre, the Commissioner of Pegu, told me, to him, begging to be allowed to send his prime minister annually, as his representative to the shrine of Shwadagon.

|| *Shwalay Gyee*—The Great Archer or statue on one corner of Shwadagon, holding a bow and arrow, representing the Guardian Angel of Burmah.

Then away ye Natsoes ! ye wild Elfin stories !*
 Ye Poongyees and Zaidées, and all idol glories,†
 Meukaule is conquered, his banner is furled,‡
 The God re-appearing, encircles the world !§

The Christian has triumphed ! our nation is free !||
 Oh, hail it, ye brothers ! hail, hail liberty !
 Yes, liberty ! liberty ! sound it along !
 Out ! out with your banner, with trumpet and song !

No more shall we groan with our bondage and woe,
 Or writhe in the grasp of our merciless foe ;
 No more shall the slave-fetter tarnish our name,
 Or th' 'One God' prophet be branded with shame.¶

No, come now ye Wise Men and sing of salvation ;
 Redemption ! redemption to every nation !

* *Natsoes*—Demons.

† *Poongyees* and *Zaidées*—Priests and pagodas.

‡ *Meukaule*—The Karen for Satan.

§ The God—The Karen *Yuah*, which is Jehovah, and which tradition has taught them to look for again.

|| The Karens were, many of them, enslaved by the Burmese, and there has been during all the Burman rule a perpetual struggle between them, the Burmese seeking by every power, by craft, and by their superior knowledge of books, to bind them in servitude ; the Karens on the other hand fighting for freedom, and struggling to maintain their own rights and lands, or fleeing from them to inaccessible glens and fastnesses in the mountains. There was no hope left for them, and nothing to excite them to rise, for as soon as one obtained any property their sharp-eyed officials were down upon them, and nothing but ruinous bribes could save to them a single comfort.

¶ The Karens have ever had seers and wise men among them instructing them in their biblical traditions, and because of these traditions and these priests, they have often been made to suffer by their idolatrous rulers.

'The Book' is come back now! O, clasp it forever,*
And bear it triumphant o'er jungle and river!

And I see—oh, I see, to this glorious fountain,
They run from the valley, they leap from the mountain!
They come—for a Saviour for sinners is bleeding!
They come—for a Saviour in mercy is pleading!

Light! light down the future is rapidly streaming!
Th' East and the West with its glory are beaming;
All nations are looking—all nations are bending,
And praise to Jehovah from all is ascending!"

* "The Book" of the Karens, the only one they seem to have any remembrance of, and this one contained the words of Jehovah. Their wise men say there were seven brothers, and they, the younger, had God's word on skins. They were careless, laid it at the foot of a plantain tree, and the white brother carried it off, and by it became the favorite sons of God. This looks much like the story of Jacob and Esau. They fully believe the white brother is to bring it back to them, which points to northwestern lands.

Of course, the minstrel didn't repeat all this exactly as it is here written. He told it to me mostly in prose, and through an interpreter, but with such poetic fire and inspiration it moved me to pencil it right down that very night, every verse of it, and almost word for word, as I here give it.

This chieftain was son-in-law to the High Chief of the Mopaga tribe. He came to see me, I think, every week after this interview, and listened with intense interest to the Scriptures. He was soon after baptized, and has since been one of the warmest advocates for female education. In 1859, he was made Captain of one of the Karen companies in the Tounghoo militia.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST CHRISTIAN SCHOOL IN TOUNGHOO.

"KARENS have books !" says the minstrel and his warriors. "Wonderful ! wonderful !" He hears the children reading.

"Lady, lady, hear ! We like this. It hits our hearts. Give us rice ; just one meal. We will keep your holy day and worship. We wish to hear, but we are poor men. Lady, hear ! Yonder on those mountains are our wives, our little ones. Lady, we cannot buy. If we buy and stay here idle our wives, our little ones die. Pity us, good lady. We have only mats, baskets, and seeds. Lady, hear ! Give us just once, only once. We will fast the rest."

This pleading came from the lips of half a dozen tall, armed chieftains from the hills of Tounghoo. We had been telling them they should keep the Sabbath day holy, and not return on God's Holy Day.

What could I do ? "May I give them ?" I questioned eagerly of my husband.

"You cannot. There is not a rupee in the treasury for any such purpose."

"Husband, God will send it. Only say I may try." I plead again.

"It is certainly rash ; but if you must go to work on faith, then go to work."

Oh, how my heart bounded! How happy I was I shall not try to tell you, reader; but immediately I bought a basket, five feet square, filled it with rice, and also two dozen rice chatties or cooking pots. The next day I stood beside it and saw it all measured out, supplied one by one, until all the men had their rations, enough for one meal each. Also, a little fish and salt, and each group of ten provided with cooking vessels. Of course they cooked for themselves, and this first day cost me about ten dollars, or twenty-one rupees.

So it continued for four weeks. But, then, what was gained? This. Crowds of heathen men, some heads of families, others heads of houses and of villages, have listened four Sabbath days and nights to the Scriptures. Listened too, as few heathen ever do listen, quietly, solemnly.

At night they strewed the floor all over every room, every corner, but our bed-room, so that I was obliged to tell them to pull up their heels to make a path for me to go through, for they put heads together, and heels together, as close as they could stow themselves. The interest manifested was intense, burning, past all description. Our six native preachers were planted over the whole area, one in a corner, their own arrangement, and there they would lie and question, the assistants answering till it seemed as if they must be utterly worn out.

“ You say this wonderful man is God’s Son. How do you know? Did you ever see him? Did he come down in your country—in the Anglaik land, in Rangoon, or Bengal? Did you ever see any body that did see him? How do you know your book is true? You tell us God’s Spirit is like the wind, but is it one wind? We

have north wind, south wind, cold wind, hot wind—is God changing like the wind?” All these, and a thousand others just as strange, were asked in rapid succession. So that the last thing, when I lay down at one o’clock, and the first, when I awoke at five, would be these same wild, but close questionings, showing that the Holy Ghost was doing His own work on the earth.

Four Sundays have gone by—the most interesting, thrillingly interesting Sundays I ever knew, but my bill has run up to many dollars. I can not go on, small as it is; it is the little ewe lamb. So on Monday morning I begin speaking to every company that comes in, asking if they can not help me fill up the basket.

“It is so little,” I say, “that I have supplied, I am ashamed to mention it; but I have no more money.”

“What is it that has so touched those savage hearts? Why do tears start under those sun-crisped locks? Oh! sympathy, that blessed angel, has descended, and now the image of God comes out. If there is any thing left in the likeness of Christ upon earth it is sympathy.

“I have no money,” says one, “but would a mat do?” he asked very timidly.

“Oh yes, give a mat. Any thing will do.”

“I can give a basket. Will the white lady accept a basket.”

“Yes, brother, bring your basket?”

“Brother, bring mama that honey,” says a chief, pointing to a bamboo joint he had set up against the house.

“Here is a bit of beeswax,” says a fourth, fumbling in his wallet.

So the flame catches, spreads, and soon the report

flies over the hills: "Mama has got an eating basket, and any body can put in whatever he likes."

This showed just what the Karens wanted in Tounghoo—a head—a responsible leader to inspire them, plan for them at first; and step by step raise them upwards.

It was not a very pleasant thing, indeed, to have our house full of such filthy, vermin-covered figures as the Karens of Tounghoo then presented. I recollect a lady in the States couldn't allow a trunk in her house that had come from Burmah, lest it should bring roaches into her rooms; and it was hard at first for me to accustom myself to all the unpleasant sights and smells in our own house, and over our own *well*; but what are such little self-denials by the side of Kedron?

The four slave children were hard at their studies, attracting the gaze of every strange mountaineer that ventured to put his head in at the door-way.

Next comes the earnest entreaty:

"Mama, teach my son."

"And mine. Please pity us."

Again comes the trial of faith. "May I, dear husband, take a few?"

"How can you? There are no funds?"

"It shall not cost the mission a cent—a single cent. Only say yes."

"Well yes. Try, if you will, what you can do."

"What is it, lady?"

"You must promise to bring down the very best young men that you have, and let them become teachers."

Whispering—stammering—"Can't do that, good lady. Can't give my son for a Sahib."

"Nor I," joins another, and another.

Suggest to them to go and think over night, for I can take them in no other way.

The next morning, at early dawn, half a dozen heads peer through the lattice.

“Lady, white lady, very good. Very good.”

Giving them a piece of chalk, I request them to mark out their country on the floor. They do so, amid much merriment, of course. Then dividing it into twelve parts, I tell them they may bring twelve young men, one from each district, that is all I can take, and if they bring slow learners they won't do at all.

A few days pass, and the young mountain chivalry stalk up on to the verandah with their short tunics, their long streaming hair, and their baskets strapped upon their foreheads. I have to put them immediately into quarantine, until they have taken one thorough lesson at the bath.

Taking up the soap, one of the party, a wild Bghai, bites it, then flings it spitefully into the hedge. Finally Shapau succeeds by setting the example himself, in persuading them to try the soap, which, in the end, perfectly delights the whole party.

The young men are hard at work, but how? I have to speak to them in Pwo. My interpreter tells them in Burmese, which is all Latin to them; then they learn the Sgau Bible, while they themselves are Pakus, Mopagas, and Bghais. But strange truth, and as encouraging as strange, in two months these young men can all read quite correctly, and with a good degree of understanding.

The whole cost of the twelve young men, and of the four Sunday feedings, I have assumed entirely myself, and without knowing the least where I shall find a

penny. I ask for it though, every day of One who I know has it, and never for a moment doubt but it will come. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." This is my Bank Book.

A fortnight goes by. A Colonel calls with his Lieutenant. The younger officer hands me ten rupees, which calls forth this little answer :

"LIEUT. J. P. MAUD :

"MY DEAR SIR :

"Somebody says, 'Running streams are always clear.'

"I can readily see why you feel an interest in the salvation of the heathen, you have kept the sympathies of the heart clear by motion, and I am sure the hundred fold reward will be yours, for nobody ever yet lost by investing in God's mission bank.

"My husband has translated the Bible for the Karens, but it remains a sealed Word to them until they are taught to read it, and not one can yet read in all this Tounghoo province. I can but recognize in your thoughtful and kind donation the hand of an Over-Ruling Providence."

I then alluded to an incident in the life of one of the principal civilians then in Burmah, who took an orphan child, an East Indian, left to grow up in heathen ignorance, educated her, and thereby saved her from temporal and eternal ruin.

I believed it was one secret to that Officer's success which had been very remarkable.

What was my surprise to receive the following :

"MY DEAR MRS. MASON : Now that I know your work I shall use every effort in my power to assist myself, and get others to do the same. It is a sin to see a theatre

springing up in Tounghoo, where no temple has yet been raised to the God of our salvation. Many subscribe liberally to theatres and races from mere thoughtlessness, and need but a word to stimulate them to higher purposes. As I have a dear sister perhaps you will kindly name the little slave girl for her, and I will send you every month ten rupees for her and the boys.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Mason,

"Very sincerely yours,

"J. P. MAUD, 5th M., N. I."

Nor is it a sudden or idle start with this young officer. He sets to work, goes himself like a priest with his rice pot from kyoung to kyoung, for the officers then in Tounghoo all lived in kyoungs, raised a subscription, and relieved me of my pecuniary embarassments. Thanks to God, and thanks to his kind heart! I have never seen him since we left Tounghoo, a month or two after, but I cannot think of his unselfish, brave spirit without remembering that to him belongs the honor under God of establishing the first Christian school in Tounghoo.

"A hundred and thirty rupees!" I hear my reader saying. "Not much of an expectation that." May be not in *that*, nor was it much for the lame man to take up his mattress, but it was a good deal to walk off over mountains and countries without limping all the rest of his life, and he couldn't have done that if he had not taken up the mattress. Some one may say, too, "It was not much, those chiefs filling up a rice basket!" Not much, certainly, neither were the five loaves and two little fishes much, but the disciples had to bring them along before they received any more.

Mr. Mason was much struck with the reply of one of the young men in this school. The question arose as to

where each one should go to commence in teaching, when one laying his hand firmly upon the Bible said :

"I know where I shall go. *I go where the Holy Book goes.*" We had but one copy of the whole Karen Bible in Tounghoo. This man was a Bghai Karen, the first Bghai that had ever learned to read, and he did as he said, followed the Bible, and sat down beside it until he was baptized and sent to a foreign tribe ; and you will hear from him again by and by.

Until Mr. Mason went up to Tounghoo only two clans of Karens were known. Red Karens had been heard of, but travelers thought them Shans. Kah Kyens had been heard of, but they too are still thought to be Shans. Books had, therefore, been introduced among the only two clans known, Sgau and Pwo.

The Karen nation is broken into three great classes, each class comprising many clans, and sub-clans. Two classes are called the Pwo or "Mother Branch," and the other the Sgau or "Father Branch." The Pwo Class has more or less of the nasal sound in its language, while the Sgau Class has none. The Pwo Class embraces Pwos, Mopagas, Sanches, Hershoos, Gaykos, and all the mother Pwos above Tounghoo. The Sgau Class embraces Sgaus, Pakus, Mauniepagas, and Wewaus. The third and largest class yet known is the Bghai, embracing Tunic Bghais, Pant Bghais, and Red Karens, but it is probable that many more will yet appear as the country opens beyond and around the Red Karens and Baumo. The Kah Kyens are undoubtedly the chief Karens, as the name implies. The Kyens will, perhaps, be found to be an offshoot from this nation, and the Kemmees of Arracan another branch. These classes differ a good deal in their habits of life, the Pwos claim to be the princes

among them as their prefix *Her* implies. ✓ The round-about he, head of herdsmen, possessor, prince; as formerly herd meant the High Herdsman, and still farther back the High Proprietor, very likely from Eber himself. Princes anciently, as we know, didn't live in stone houses, but in tents in a grove of palm trees, with herd and pasture lands and much cattle. These possessions were what made Abraham a prince, and Job, and Nimrod the Great Round-about Name, as the title implies.

✓ The Pwo style of building shows that it originated in the tent, the roof and inclosure joining in that shape. Then the Pwos do now keep herds more than the Sgaus by far. A Wab, the prince of Tounghoo, was while I was there, "Chief of a hundred buffaloes," each buffalo valued at from thirty to sixty rupees, but this number embraced all in his patriarchy. The Pwos seek the plains, surrounding mountains, and are great hunters. They build mostly in separate houses, but in the Tenasserim mountains I found their houses built long enough for three families, divided into compartments, each division in tent-shape. This may have arisen from their old Syrian custom of demanding the services of the son-in-law three years for his wife.

The Pwos generally are better livers than the Sgaus, and bear in their figure, manner, physiognomy, and all about them, the air of princes.

✓ The Mopagas come next on the north in this class. They are a small clan or part of a clan so far as yet known, and they very closely resemble the Pwos in physiognomy and independent manners. They are not herdsmen but a race of hunters, especially bee-hunters, as herdsmen have usually been. I will tell you about the Mopaga house that I visited hereafter.

The other tribes of the Pwo class are as yet but little known, but we shall come to them.

The Sgaus in their songs boast that

“Sgaus have the words of Jehovah,
Sgaus will pay no fine for killing a Pwo.”

The Sgau speaking class is docile, peaceable, and much given to husbandry. Karens of this class live in separate houses, with gardens attached. They cultivate oranges and betel-nuts in abundance, with yams, beans, and cotton. With a little encouragement and patience they would supply all Old and New England with cotton, and judging from a little experience of my own, I should think a Yankee farmer would be able to adapt the soils to it so as to equal the Carolinas. This I shall speak of more before the end of my story.

The Bghais are the most wild and singular of these clans. No stranger is admitted into their villages without a guide, and even then he has his quarters assigned him, and must remain there and eat of every dish set before him. It is the duty of every family in the village to carry him something as a mark of hospitality, then to refuse it would be to declare war at once. Sick or well, hungry or satiated, it matters not, eat he must of every dish—dog-curries and all. If he refuses a single one, it is a slight to their hospitality, and he is a spy in the camp. But if he submits with grace to these feudal customs he becomes their friend, and the honor of the whole village is concerned in his protection; a custom common I believe among the North American Indians.

They had a place on the mountains where they brought blankets, betel-bags, mats, baskets, etc., to barter for

handkerchiefs, turbans, coin, knives, sugar and salt. The Burmans are particularly fond of using false weights and measures, but they never dare attempt it at this mountain bazaar. If they did, death was the penalty without judge or jury. At this place they used to settle all disputes, and compel the Burmese to do them justice, as Rob Roy used to the Lowlanders. I was reminded of the similarity of this custom to those of the ancient Scots, once on Loch Lomond, when a Highlander pointed out to me Rob Roy's rock. "Here," said he, "Rob would take the Lowlanders and say, 'An is it that ye'll gie me twenty black cos? An is it noo that ye say? Then say y'r preers quick and be aff,' and over they went," said my informant, himself a Macgregor in kilt and plaid and long stockings, "over they went into the deep black hole that ye see yonder." Many are the stories that the Burmans tell of the Rob Roy khans of their mountains, and they all certainly have much of the old Scottish clans in their bearing and feeling. They look up to the English as having descended from God, and during the late war with Burmah, in many parts they threw aside the sickle and took the sword under the command of the English officers.

✓ The Bghais have some peculiarities of dress not observed in the costume of the other clans. For a head ornament they wear a huge boar-tusk set in copper, with bells of the same metal attached. This is secured to a knot of hair, and worn on the crown of the head, the horn upwards. It is worn only by men, and just as white men adorn themselves with stars and ribbons to show the world their bravery. They also wear little bells attached to their pantaloons, and to their coon bags,

as the "High Priests of the Hebrews did—" A bell and a pomegranate, a bell and a pomegranate."

Bracelets and bangles are worn both by men and women. These are usually manufactured of copper and zinc, and one individual will sometimes wear several pounds weight besides eight or ten chains of beads, and forty or fifty rings of horse hair on the wrists and just below the knee like the old Welch knee-bands. I have seen Karen women with ear knobs of ebony as large as a silver dollar, so bright as to be used for mirrors; and I saw a Siam Karen chief in the mountains near Siam, with cylinders in his ears as much as two inches long, and I think an inch and a half in diameter.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUCCESS OF MY TUTAUMAN.

THE native Karen dress will in a few years become extinct like that of Scotland, for they have a great love, like ourselves, for foreign manufactures. With the Pwos it has been already superseded by the Burmese, but the tribes of Tounghoo are rapidly adopting a sort of Anglo Shan costume, very comfortable and dignified.

As the Scottish Chiefs had distinguishing plaids to mark their clans, so the Karens have clan emblems on their dress. The general costume of both the Pwo-speaking class and the Sgau-speaking class is simply a loose tunic, reaching just below the knee, but often for chiefs made down to the ancles. These tunics are simply two breadths of cloth sewed together, so as to leave holes for the head and arms, and are worn usually falling off on one arm with a handsome wrought bag, in which they carry the betel-box and purse. They are, as near as possible, like the tunics figured on the bas reliefs that I saw in the British Museum from Nineveh.

I am told that the Cosyahs of upper India also wear the same style of dress, and Major Biddulf, of India, who had traveled among them, told me they were striped with red, blue, and white, and sometimes with red and blue with fringes and tassels like the Karens. I have wondered if the Karen patterns were not hieroglyphical, a branch of the picture writing of Egypt and Mexico.

The Mopaga tunic is striped very narrow, and with very brilliant red, perpendicularly. The Tunic Bghais stripe wider, and with a duller or brownish red. The Sgaus and Pakus make theirs plain, but the borders are what look symbolical. The Mopaga border is from two to four inches in depth, closely wrought with silk in beautiful vines and characters. The Mauniepagas weave theirs in narrow stripes in a great variety of patterns. The Sgaus sometimes weave in a border twelve or fifteen inches deep, of circular stripes and labored patterns, and again weave a nap a foot and a half deep of entire scarlet silk floss. These are common on the western hills of Tounghoo. These borders are sometimes of our own old bird's eye pattern, sometimes much like the Bedouin and Persian rugs; and often real Grecian designs, with the most delicate little vines creeping round the neck and arm-holes. To us this seems exceedingly feminine; but just look at the pictures of our forefathers with their ruffled necks and bosoms, the orange silk jackets of the ancient Irish, and the gay plaids of the Highlanders. These dress designs show that the Persians, Cashmirians, and Karens must have been taught from one school of art, as they probably were.

The Karen woman's dress consists of two garments, a robe and jacket; the Pwo robe is striped circularly and watered over a deep border of blue, the Mopaga robe is striped perpendicularly with a border some fifteen inches deep of patterns and work that in design would vie with almost any thing in the looms of the west. The Karen robe is whole, girt straight around the waist and tucked in to one large plait, or fold. The jacket is very pretty. The Pwos and Sgaus embroider over a

ground of blue, the Bghais over white. The Pwo jacket is always wrought with brilliant silk floss, and usually a girl will be a year in embroidering one. It seems to represent a sunrise, and the shading and blending are most beautiful. The usual price for one in Dong Yahn is ten rupees. The Sgau jacket on the contrary, seems to represent evening, with all the stars coming out on the deep blue sky. These stars are made very perfectly of long white seeds, each one making a ray. The Bghai woman's jacket is woven, not wrought, with a nap of scarlet floss up to the armpits, then a crescent and seven rays over the bosom and down the back.

The Pant Bghai men wear loose pantaloons only eighteen inches long, of white, wrought with rich silk borders, and rays, usually seven rays in a cluster, as if also representing day, or the east; possibly the number of rays shows the number of their sub-clans or brothers. They certainly excel in the arts of dyeing and weaving, and they understand perfectly the use of mordants, so that they can make as brilliant and durable a purple as Lydia, or any of the dames of Tyre.

These relics of a higher state of the arts, point like guide boards to the northwest, and seem to prove that the Karens were once in a higher position than at present. Could we read clearly their symbolic dress patterns, I imagine we should find a good deal of nationality in them, and perhaps some astrology.

So their bamboo work seems to point to a higher knowledge of weaving and architecture. They weave into this a great many patterns. One I thought very like a figure I have seen in the Dacca muslins, in Cashmirian carpets, in the Pali character, and in the Grecian entablature.

One tribe of Bghais wear striped, red pantaloons and jacket all alike, and the Red Karens formerly made theirs all red, it is said ; now they have a red cord and embroider ; but the Red Karen women seem to have adopted almost the Bengalese costume, a long blue strip wrapped several times around the person, and a very short, tight vest just covering the bosom, that is as far as we at present know them.

I once met a chief on the Tenasserim river in Tavoy Province, with a real High Priest robe all tasseled. This man had three wives, all of whom refused utterly to go to the Christian worship till he gave them a sound beating. Then they went to chapel, and one was converted ! I think this was the old chief who became a Christian, and had to give up two of his wives. One, the oldest, was sickly, and the youngest very pretty. He referred it to the church to say which he should keep, and they decided that he had a right to retain the youngest, so he concluded to do so. Then his conscience troubled him, and he finally resolved that as somebody else might be willing to take the young, pretty wife, but nobody would pity the feeble, sick one, he ought to keep the old one ; so he did, and put away the younger. What but the real spirit of Christ could have done this ?

There was a poor childless Karen near this chief in Tavoy, who retired with his wife to the forest and cultivated a small patch of land there alone. After awhile a man died in the neighborhood of congestion of the liver. Dark suspicions began to be whispered that the old man of the jungle knew more than he ought to know of the matter. Soon he was openly pronounced a wizard, and his precincts enchanted ground. After this, whenever any singular death occurred in the neighbor-

hood, it was laid at his door. Finally, a child died of an unaccountable disease, and, lo, when its body was burned a portion of the kidneys was found unconsumed. This, to a Karen, is proof positive; the neighbors, therefore, went up from all parts to the magistrate, clamorous for the old man's death. They found out that the English law would give no help, so three stout young men, arming themselves with axes and knives, hastened to the old man's hut, and there in broad day they *hewed* the wretched man to pieces as they would a log. When arraigned for trial they at once confessed, producing the unburned kidneys as proof that they had acted only as public benefactors.

The Karens, like all demon worshippers, fully believe in witchcraft. I once heard a remarkable story when going up the Gaying river. Kamarck had lain down at night in anxiety concerning a difficulty then pending between himself and a neighbor. About midnight he awoke and felt impelled to pray all the remainder of the night. In the morning, behold, to his great dismay, there lay beneath his mat a piece of raw buffalo flesh. He really believed the flesh had been placed there by a wizard, and that God preserved him, and he often quoted this story as an irrefragable argument in favor of Christianity!

The Karen wizard is called by the Pwos "*Longcherthe*—the can-in winder," and by the Sgaus *Tahotathe*. This dreadful being bewitches by introducing noxious substances into the body, as bits of glass, flesh, leather, water, etc. These things are charmed by a wizard into demons.

A man died in Tavoy of dropsy. He was killed, they said, by witchcraft. The civil surgeon determined on a

post mortem examination. The friends were called in the hope of convincing them of their error.

"Ah," they said, on seeing the quantity of water; "there it is! there it is!"

"There what is?" questioned the surgeon.

"Why the water-demon which the wizard threw into him. We thought he was turning him into *drink*!"

I heard one man declare, with all sincerity, that he cut out of the side of a sick friend the veritable tail of a turtle, which the wizard had thrown into him.

One mode of bewitching is by producing dumbness, by modeling an image of the person from the earth of their footprints, and sticking it with cotton seeds. Here is certainly a relationship to the old Saxon witch that troubled England a few years ago.

Another wizard produces insanity with a hair suspended in a whirlpool. Others use a human skull concealed in the forest with daily offerings before it. The skull is often used also to drive away evil spirits, such as the cholera demon and the small-pox demon.

What witch scholars call *deceptio visus* is known to them, and they tell wonderful tales, one about a family being turned into toads.

Burman witches have power over the sea. A sailor, on coming home in Tavoy, accused his wife of having been the cause of all his trouble at sea, and gave her a severe beating.

The Karens have various modes of detecting witches, among which is the water ordeal. When detected and alive, the witch or wizard is shaved, set over a stream, and never again allowed to return. The same custom obtains among the Bodos of Assam, but they seem to have

the more sense among the Bodos, where the accused and the accuser are both brought to the ordeal. The Burmese laws decree that if the person rises she is guilty, if she sinks she is innocent !

The Nicobarians tie their witches to a tree and leave them to starve, and when sentence is once pronounced not even a daughter would dare carry food to her mother.

A singular case of superstition occurred in Tounghoo. A young man had been sent to jail, and died there. A year after the mother came to the commissioner with all her family, entreating him to sign an order for the boy's release.

"Why, he died there," the commissioner answered.

"Yes, Th'kyen, but his spirit is there yet."

"Oh no, he was buried ;" and calling up his officers they affirmed that they saw him buried, and his mother follow him to the grave.

"Yes, Th'kyen, but his spirit is there, she insisted, weeping bitterly. So out of compassion the commissioner gave the order.

"TO THE JAIL-KEEPER OF TOUNGHOO :

"SIR :

"You will open the jail and allow MOUNG SHWANO to pass out free.

" ————— "

"DEP'TY COMM'R TOUNGHOO."

Greatly comforted, the woman, with her train, proceeded to the jail, and the jailer went to call him "MOUNG SHWANO," he says, "why, I don't know any such prisoner," and so he wandered through the length and breadth of the jail, and at last she was satisfied that the imprisoned spirit had gone to its home.

"Who is this YUAH you tell of?" I inquired of the Karen minstrel, when he repeated a stanza of poetry,

perfect rhyme, embodying their old traditions, saying Yuah made the heavens, the earth, the sun, the moon. Yuah made man, and all things, just as we have it in Genesis. Passing strange, this, for the minstrel had never before seen a Christian teacher, or heard of Karen books, yet he had the very same traditions that we had found in Tavoy and Maulmain, two and four hundred miles distant; while his dialect was so different from the Karen dialects of those regions, he could not understand five words.

"Where did you learn this?" I inquired.

"Oh, far back anciently."

"Who taught you these things?"

"The Fathers. Old people."

"Who told them?"

"The Mau."

"Who were the Mau?"

"Don't know. Prophets; good men, inspired by Yuah."

This was just what the Pwo Karens had told us every where. When I first met Guapung she told me the same story, and a Pwo chief down in the Mergui jungles told me the same.

Turning to a Paku, I asked, "Do you have these stories?"

"Yes."

"And where did you get them?"

"*A-poo-a-pee*—grandfathers and grandmothers."

"Where did they learn them."

"The Wie taught them."

Who the Wie were, or where they were, he could tell no more than the minstrel could of the Mau, but this is

what all the Sgaus say, dating back to a very ancient time; it was the Wie who instructed them.

The biblical traditions of the Karens are singularly clear and pure. The story of the first man and woman, of the temptation, of God having dwelt with man, and of salvation by the One God, they have handed down, they say, from that ancient skin book.

Who these Karens are, to what people they are allied, and from whence they obtained their glimmerings of truth, are inquiries of the deepest interest, for this reason. God seems to have planted his footsteps through the nations just as he has laid the foundations of the earth in strata. If we strike upon a stratum of real precious ore we follow it. So it seems as if he would teach Christians to do in converting the world. If they hit upon a tribe ready for the gospel, then it would seem wiser to follow that stratum or dip of the languages, for we are sure, it appears to me, to find the same or a similar disposition in all allied tribes, however separated by other nations.

These terms, Mau and Wie, ought to help us in tracing the Karens, and before we are through it may be we will find them nearer to us than we think. I shall take up this again by and by.

Of all the Karens near Tounghoo the Bghais are the most warlike, and it was a question of a good deal of anxiety as to who should venture among them as a teacher of Christianity. Finally, I asked my Tutauman who should go :

"Don't know," he replied, and sat for some minutes in deep thought; then looking up very sadly and timidly, he says :

"I wish I knew enough to go to the Bghais."

"Perhaps you do, or if not, God can make you know enough," Mr. Mason answered.

This man, Shapau, had lost his wife and all his children but one. He looked sorrow-stricken; that was all that was remarkable about him. When alone upon the sea-shore with my sick husband, I had written a few Karen letters to the preachers' wives, published in the Karen "Star." One was giving a brief sketch of the Madagascar mission, and another exhorting them to stir up their husbands, and start out to the Red Karens.

Shapau said he had read this letter, and he felt a strong desire to work among them. This was why he came and offered his services for this journey to Tounghoo.*

We became much attached to Shapau, because he was always trying to improve as well as to do good to others, so when he made that reply I felt sure God was calling him, and therefore sat right down and began to catechise him in the Scriptures. He had studied but little, but was a pupil of the Rev. Mr. Vinton. I think we sat two hours, when he looked up delighted :

"Why, mama, I didn't think I knew half so much!" he said as innocently as a child. Finally I told him he could teach the Bghais, but asked if he could be willing to give up his child and home, and go and live with such kidnappers, and dog-eaters too.

"Don't know," he answered. Then besides, I had to tell him he knew the teacher was obliged to pay his

* Several preachers, and some women, came clear over to Monmogon, to talk about the feasibility of a Red Karen mission, and four of them did subsequently labor in Tounghoo and Shwagyn.

boatman fifteen rupees per month, but if he went to the Bghais he could help him only four rupees.

"Would you go for that?" I asked, after giving him a sketch of the old Gospel Rangers in Britain and America. Shapau took his Testament and went out. He was absent sometime; but when he appeared again his face shone with unearthly radiance, at least it struck me so as he came in.

"Well, Shapau," Mr. Mason asked, for he had heard our conversation, "what is the decision? Can you go to the Bghais for four rupees the month?"

"No, teacher," very solemnly, "I could not go for four rupees the month—but *I can do it for Christ!*"

And he went. I tell you, reader, there was meaning in that eye, and that grasp of the hand, when he said:

"I can do it for Christ."

That man has since been ordained, has baptized nearly a thousand Bghais, has established some forty churches, and has since gone on another foreign mission to the Red Karens.

"For I say unto you, that unto every one *which hath shall be given,*" saith the Faithful Promiser.

It was one day when the chiefs were in, that a letter arrived from Tavoy. It had been sent by the Christian converts of that province to Mr. Mason, entreating him to pity his children there, and not call away their teacher, Sau Quala.

"Read it, Shapau," Mr. Mason said to my Tutauman. He did so, standing up in the centre of the group like a Saul, for he was almost head and shoulder above them all. The scene was intensely exciting. They had no idea they had any brothers in the South, and now to find they were numerous, had become Christians, and had really,

truly written that letter themselves, it seemed as if the gods had come down to them. Then the question arose, would they take care of the great Karen teacher, if his people did consent to let him come up.

"Take care? Er, er! We'll feed him, we'll clothe him, we'll build him a house. Tell them, let him come," they answered in chorus; and then a strife arose as to who should have him first, but one chief, elbowing his way along through the crowd to me said, with a great deal of quiet determination:

"Teacheress, take my name."

Much amused, I told Shapau to write it down.

"And my wife's name," again very slow and with great dignity. We took his wife's name.

"And my sons' names," so down went the sons' names, when all seemed to think he had gained the victory. I believe this was the same chief who brought in the little book.

Quala came up, and Mr. Mason determined to make over the mission to his care entirely, during his absence home, and see what a native could do in carrying on a mission alone.

Soon after this I started, under the protection of an English convoy, to go down for our children in Maulmain, as Mr. Mason thought he must remain a year there before leaving. On the second night, about midnight, I was awakened with a violent trembling, and with the impression that my husband was sick. Something said to me: "Go back! Go back, or you will never see him again!"

I sat in dismay meditating upon this strange revelation some twenty minutes, when I determined to obey. So writing a hasty note to the Commanding Officer I

asked my boatman to turn back. It was midnight, and they were greatly afraid of falling into the hands of dacoits. I told them not to fear; that I would place my chair on the little deck, and I was sure no robber would shoot a white woman.

"Hoga! hoga!—yes," they exclaimed, and started off with alacrity. Sitting out so was not very pleasant, for my garments were drenched with the heavy dews long before morning; and, moreover, though I had reassured the boatmen, I could not help every moment listening for the balls of the robbers. As we approached Tounghoo we heard of them on all sides of us, of skirmishing, and of one or two most daring robberies just upon the shore; but after four such nights we reached the city again unmolested.

Singularly enough, when I reached our bungalow, I found Mr. Mason had really had another attack of his complaint, and was on the point of starting himself for Maulmain, so that my return was very Providential, as I could be with him on the way down.

Having arranged this matter the school was made over to Pwapau, one of Mr. Mason's old pupils from Tavoy. A cocoanut grove was purchased, the Sacred Oracles deposited, and then, amidst prayer and singing, Quala and I went out with the school and planted a Christian banner in Tounghoo, with these words inscribed:

"The Holy Book. Read—Hear."

Then came the pressing of hands, and the tearful good-byes, in which the poor Shans from Monay came up and joined.

When we passed down, the tidal wave in the Sittang was not strong, but it rose fearfully, and the waters rushed past our little boat as if they would instantly

sweep every vestige of us away. It was impossible to advance. Darkness folded around us, and we sat under our slender cover listening with no small degree of agitation to the rush of waters. Just then the boat was lifted suddenly up, and shot away with a velocity past all description. I screamed to the boatmen, who were already screaming to one another, and to the accompanying boats for help. Our anchor had given way, and had not the men put forth every nerve to secure her to a larger boat, we should have been lost. No sooner had they fastened the rope than the winds began to rise. Louder and louder they came roaring on, until they really bellowed along the waters, which lashed themselves, rolling, tumbling, and growling around our boats with the greatest fury; weltering under us as if they would instantly suck us into the seething brine. For an hour we remained thus, the billows every moment threatening to engulf us. That was an hour for thought—tossed in darkness amid the yawning waves and howling winds; to think that our anchor gave way just then, when the tide came—when it was most needed—awakened the most solemn reflections. In such a place, one can imagine a little what the feeling must be should the *anchor of hope* fail when meeting death's dark tide. With thousands it undoubtedly will fail, and leave them to perish. Oh! what an agonized moment will it be to feel *that* anchor giving way, and the soul sinking into eternity!

After the strength of the tide had come in, the men considered it safest to cut loose, and run before the wind, which, coming from the east, blew us with great violence farther and farther out to sea. We were in company with three or four other boats; but they were much larger, carried more sail, and consequently soon left us

far in the rear. According to Burmese custom, they now and then threw out signal lights from their boats, and with what anxiety did I strain my eyes for those receding beacons! Now, as our skiff rode up on a mountain-wave, we could just discern them far away, trembling for a moment, then disappearing; now another rises, faintly flickering, fainter, fainter, it is gone, and all is darkness. Hark! a grinding sound! a ploughing of the boat! and the men instantly leaped into the waters. But it was of no use; she had struck upon the sands in the midst of the sea, some eight or ten miles from land, as near as we could make out. The tide was fast falling, and it was impossible to move her. It was three o'clock. The men had been toiling for seventeen hours without food, and seeing nothing of our provision-boat, they all but one left us to go in search of help. The man who remained, wearied out, lay down and slept; but sleep was far enough from me, though chilled through with anxiety and cold; for I had stood three hours in the water, bailing out, during the fury of the tide.

Never but once did I experience so trying a moment as this. Mr. Mason was too sick to make any plan, or think of any proposed. He could neither walk nor sit up; and I knew the tide would be in soon after sunrise, when we should either be swamped, or driven out to sea without anchor, provisions, or boatmen. Not a craft, not a soul was to be seen or heard in all the surrounding distance. For a moment death seemed inevitable, and had I been alone I don't know but I should have yielded to the overpowering sensation; but my husband lay helpless before me; and I knew my little ones, whom I had not seen for nearly four long months, were anxiously watching for papa and mamma.

I stepped out upon the sand, and looked up to the Eye that ever watches over land and sea. The sun began to rise, and no one had returned. But just then I descried something like the mast of a vessel far in the distance, across the wide sandbanks. It was just discernible, but I instantly resolved to reach it. So, rolling up a small bundle, I placed it upon the head of a little Karen girl with us, and then tried to help my dear husband to rise. He made the effort, but was too weak; and with feelings indescribable, I was compelled to leave him. With swift feet Mary and I made our way over the sands and waters which were beginning to come in. When about half way over, we met the boatmen returning:

"We are all lost, mama!" they exclaimed. But without stopping, I charged them to run and bring the teacher, and hastened on. They did so, and soon we had the inconceivable happiness of seeing him lifted into a larger vessel, the master of which, not for love, but for *rupees*, would take us in. The men had barely time to secure a few clothes, and a handful of tea and biscuit, when the breakers came dashing over the sands. At that moment we discerned two objects apparently on the horizon, so far away that it was impossible to tell if they were masts or human beings. At last my little girl cried:

"Colahthu! Colahthu!" and we discovered that it was indeed the *colahthu*, or cook, with the Burman preacher in search of us. In their anxiety to find us, they did not seem to see that the waters were at their heels, and it was not without a multitude of gesticulations and exclamations, that they were made to comprehend their own danger, and flee to their boat. The craft we now occupied was a crazy old thing, destitute of every comfort, even to a ballast, and rocked about

among the breakers as if she would surely go to pieces, but it was a paradise to the other, because it was comparatively safe.

The remainder of the way, I made tea in a bowl, which was all the sustenance I could get for my husband, except a little dry bread, and the poor boatmen had not so much as that. For two days and two nights, I believe, they never tasted food, except a few dry rusks which I succeeded in tossing to their boat. It was then that I knew *why* I had been turned back to my husband in so singular a manner, for had not some friend been with him he would probably have died in the river. No one can imagine what strange sensations came over me as we rocked about in that old boat, when these words of my childhood came back to me: "You must go to Burmah and help Mr. Mason." Truly, stranger than fiction is one's own life.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

GOING TO INDIA—NOT OVERLAND.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE SEA.

AWAY! away! on the rolling sea

When the blue waves bound and curl;
Let the mariner's song pour loud and free,
And the canvas wide unfurl.

Away! away! where the Nereids sing

With Arion's harp of old;
Now tossed on the foam with the petrel's wing,
Now rocked on pillowy gold.

Yes, and away! on the glistening brine,

When the soft air breathes of love,
When mellow tints o'er the waters shine,
Crayoned by the heaven above.

And lightly float on the moonlight sea

Lying like a silver dome,
While the sails are falling gracefully,
And the dreamer dreams of *home*.

But the sun-light down—the night gods frown!

Growling, they're battering the stern;
Then hurling at the clouds o'er the shivering shrouds,
While billows in the darkness burn.

Now the surges boom 'mid the thickening gloom,
Making all the canvas rattle ;
But the bow drives low, and charges the foe
The ship and the storm doing battle !

Loud thunders roll, red lightnings fly,
And earthquakes vault in the waves,
While they heave up their mountains wild and high,
And scoop out their whirlpool graves.

Staggers on the bark in the maddening gale,
And the tall masts reel, and tremble ;
While the hurricane winds give a boding wail,
And the heart can no more dissemble.

"Now, Hard up the helm ! Let her run 'fore the blast !"
Comes, as we shuddering wait—
Then the loud trumpet roar : "Cut away the mast !"
"We're lost !" shriek Captain and Mate.

Lo ! yonder a Light ! a high beacon Light
Looms o'er the threatening doom—
'Tis the BETHLEHEM STAR ! ever, ever bright,
Guiding from an ocean tomb !

Now imagine us in the Jumna, the graceful Jumna,
that skims the billows like a light sea gull, or a stormy
petrel on the wing.*

* We left Tounghoo in January, 1854 ; reached England in May in the steamer Indiana. Spent the summer mostly in London, Mr. Mason too sick to see scarcely a friend. Spent August, with improved health, in Berlin, studying in the University among Bible translations, for which purpose he went over. September we were in Scotland, and in the steamer Petrel, in which we took passage to save expense, but were almost wrecked. At last we reached Boston in October, in the Europa.

We re-embarked for India in July, 1856, and arrived at Calcutta in November. Mr. Mason reached Tounghoo again in January, and I in April, 1857 ; the only time that Mr. Mason ever left India during his "thirty years' war."

Dear me, the gentlemen ! How tired these invincibles do get at sea. They go peering into the cabins, first on one side then upon the other. Under the tables, over the couches, and all after the news. Much the wiser are they, as their woe-begone looks testify. But now comes the Morning Chronicle of Latitude and Longitude with a general rush, often followed by a spontaneous "indignation meeting." Then another blank till after dinner hour, when we must all read the Evening Herald of Wind and Rain, after which comes the Daily Post of "Salt Water Bubbles," from the captain's kaleidoscope mail-bag—for he has positively seen a sea-serpent fifty feet long, a guana as large as a calf, and a turtle as big as the "booby hatch."

As we get into the Cape pigeon latitude the blue elf appears, and telegraph the officers must, so off goes a dispatch around the brain of an albatross; but as we draw up to the equator from the south, we meet here and there a gruff brother "salt." Then follows a brief conversazione in "water colors," and then as courtly a "good bye, sir," as if Washington himself held the stars. It is said it takes a Britisher to make a ship courtesy. I don't know how that is. I know the Jumna run up and down her little bannerets talking with all rapidity, and then dipped her colors three times with as much grace as any Victoria could, and it is a beautiful sight, worth going to sea for.

I wonder if anybody knows to what tribe old Æolus belonged. He must have been a Northman—perhaps a Scald.* He always goes to Calcutta screaming with fever and ague, and has either convulsions or lock-jaw

* *Le* is the Karen for wind, like *ling* in Thibet.

continually, while he goes home like a triumphant warrior the nearest course possible. He posted off with us direct for the Mountains of the Moon, and came near landing us in the crater of Fogo. Pretty soon he went into another fit, and rushed off like a foaming Durweesh for Noronha, purposing to hand us over to the convicts there. Then we had quite a naval engagement, and the old trumpeter finding he had fallen in with a Yankee, took the sulks, and sat ever so many days, like a booby, on the jib-boom, steering off for Trinidad as mopishly as possible. He wouldn't let us go near the Good-Hope land, and when we attempted to turn eastward he set up the greatest bluster—called up all the great whales to spout at us, and the sharks to gape upon us, while his troops roared and bellowed away as if they would blow our masts and brains out together. Then he pranced off caracoling in great glee right across the Indian ocean, until the captain saw the capricious tyrant was trying to throw us on to that Chinese nabob, the Typhoon. Failing in this, he attempted to send us down to Desolation Island, and upset us among the sea lions; but the officers let him know their crew were not *Guees*, so at last the growler gave up, and let us go northward somewhere near St. Paul's. Even up there on the equator he kept squalling around till black with rage, trying, I suppose, to drive us over to the cannibals of Sumatra or the Andamans. But the Jumna was a goddess like her namesake, and our officers belonged to the gods, so we made at last a safe egress from the seething cauldron.

Of course everybody has seen a hurricane, but a hurricane and a cyclone are just as different as a mountain and Mont Blanc. We were riding at anchor on the

Sand Heads passing congratulations, when a pilot brig scudded alongside, trumpeting us off to sea again with all possible speed. Our master paced the deck looking as if he could bite the wheel off, the first officer bellowed his orders, and Jack went to the anchor with head down as if going to be flogged. It was not very cheering to us passengers, for the Jumna and the Light Ship had been acting a hide-and-seek comedy for nearly two weeks; and we were so glad at last to see her blue and red lights streaming up the horizon. Then to go waltzing back into the deep black waters was certainly not very exhilarating, especially with the prospect before us of running our bow right into a Bengal hurricane. But off we went, like the poor Rajah who, pressed by land enemies, thrust his head into a rice pot, and rushed into the waters to hide himself.

By the time we were well under way the winds were blowing very hard, and our vessel close upon a reef. We had barely time to get off when they rose and roared most fearfully, sweeping wildly, wildly on. I had heard so much of the dreaded circular hurricanes of the Bengal Bay, that I could think of nothing but fire, so terrifying at sea. I noticed that the lightnings, fierce, hurried, constant and changing, without thunder, indicated a Cyclone as described by Piddington in his *Law of Storms*. The answers of the man at the wheel also indicated a circular motion of the wind. I was therefore fearing the worst when I heard the Captain say to the Mate in an under tone :

“The vortex is ahead there.”

“It acts like it,” replies the officer.

“I know ’tis by the action of the sea.”

“Can we do nothing?”

"Impossible, but I hope she'll outride it; she ought to; she's a new, strong ship."

It was true then we were in a cyclone, and rapidly approaching the vortex, the winds every moment increasing, and the barometer rapidly sinking. The sea was lashing itself in burning mountains, or sinking in deep, deep, charcoal-looking gulphs, while its significant seething, sucking, sepulchral gurgling, was very terrible.

Nothing was heard amid the war of winds and waves but the shrill trumpet orders of the officers, and the sharp, quick, shouting answers of the men.

Suddenly there was a cry: "Ship on the weather-bow!" Up went our helm, out went the trumpets, the captain, officers and crew, all roaring at the top of their voices. A French barque was staggering right down upon us apparently in utter bewilderment. At last the intrepid mate posted himself right over the bow, and shook his fists so frightfully the Frenchman caught a glimpse of them by the lightning, and put about just barely in time to clear us! Had she struck us then upon our weather-board probably not one had remained alive.

The hurricane had already raged its twelve hours—six of them threatening every moment to swallow us—when the joyful announcement was heard that the barometer was at a stand. This was at half-past twelve at night. Fifteen minutes to one o'clock it had begun slightly to rise, and the axes were put by. Five had been prepared to cut away the masts, and orders given to be ready, and had the mercury fallen fifteen minutes longer they must have gone, or we should have been engulfed. Suddenly again, there was a sort of dying pause in the winds while the motion of the sea became more alarming, heaving mountains of water upon us so as almost to capsize

the vessel. The lightning chains too, spanned the heavens in double links, advancing, receding, meeting, chasing, and battling. Then we knew we were in the vortex, but not in the centre, for if we had been there the agitation of the sea had been still more terrific.

We were lying "under bare poles" from eleven o'clock P. M., to four o'clock A. M., waiting to see if the winds would rage again so fiercely, or change about and drive us out of our peril. Often the last blow is the clarion wail of utter destruction in these hurricanes; but through the great mercy of heaven, in answer to prayer, the winds came round to the westward, and blew us suddenly out of imminent peril. It was a solemn thing to hear the watches called off there in our midnight horrors to see who was alive, and who was gone. It was a solemn thing—the awful stillness of our ship during that fearful pause, when all who knew their danger, must have been busy with their hearts and with their God.

It was Captain John Barnes who, with his intrepid men, under God, saved us from destruction. We thought him and his mate two of the most skillful navigators ever born.

CHAPTER II.

STARTING THE FIRST GIRLS' SCHOOL IN TOUNGHOO.

THE young men of the Tounghoo Karen tribes were fairly sent out as educators of their own countrymen, and many heathen chiefs had become enlisted as supporters of the scheme, for they were to go wherever they should be called, and depend entirely on the people for support.* This plan Mr. Mason had determined to carry out among the preachers also, and make Tounghoo an

* Quala had been Mr. Mason's assistant in translating the Bible for many years. He was then ordained, and became a general evangelist in the province of Tavoy. He soon acquired much influence and was everywhere sent for to settle difficulties. On these occasions he would assemble the parties with the church and preach to them Jesus, his love, his meekness, his humility, until every eye ran down with tears, then he would call on them all to pray, and "Now," he would say, "brethren, let us hear your difficulties." Of course they were already settled.

When he came to Tounghoo he resolved not to tax the foreign churches longer with his support. "I want to go," he said to me, "as the Apostle Paul did, to my kinsmen, all over these mountains," pointing through the whole province. And he did. Subsequently Government offered him high honors and a good salary, simply to accept a nominal office, but he refused and lives for Christ alone. See *Life of Sau Quala*, written by Mr. Mason, published in the *Missionary Magazine*, 33 Somerset Street, Boston, Mass.

example to all the regions beyond, as a self-sustaining mission. Quala favored it.

"Tell the white brothers," he said to me as we sat two hours conversing about all the interests of the mission before we left, "tell them not to forsake the Karens just yet. We are like children beginning to walk. We tottler, we fall, but we're *trying*."

I had now a great desire to enlist the chiefs in a movement for the young women similar to that of the men, to raise up a class of schoolmistresses who should take the elementary branches all over the mountains as fast as little churches could be formed, and thus leave the young men free to go forth as pioneer preachers to the heathen.

Toung-hoo was a great country of itself, isolated, almost excluded from the unhappy influences of seaports. We might mould it as we would if we begun at once. To make special effort for the men and not the same for the women, would be doing just what others have so often done, confirming the heathen in their prejudices that woman was only a slave to work and bear, not to speak, or sit with her brothers. But make both teachers side by side, make the education of young women just as prominent as that of young men, start the elevation of these nations through young mothers, and it would tell upon them through eternity. Then, what weighed heavily upon my mind and would not be thrown off, was the fact that whatever type of civilization or Christianity was introduced into Toung-hoo, that type would be carried up through all the mountains of Burmah, and perhaps farther still, through Thibet and Tartary. No one could tell where it would be stayed, for it is certain that these numerous clans of Toung-hoo are to be the educators, the inspirers of the North.

While in America I could do very little for the Tounghoo tribes. As a wife, duty called me first to my sick husband, then as a mother and *step-mother too*, to our children, to look after their education, to *try* and incite them to high and holy consecration and activity; as a daughter and sister to comfort and cheer; as a friend of the poor student and schoolmistress to sympathize; as a neighbor to show kindness; as a Christian to be at the prayer meeting, and as a housekeeper with small means and eight in family, to bake, sweep, and attend to coal-washing. These were my duties and labors while in the States, but those Tounghoo women were ever on my heart. What could I do to begin the work among them? I had no time or means to go about to interest friends. Then again the public feeling forbade it. It could make no distinction between mass-schools which take in every thing at foreign cost, and leading *aid-schools* which take only for teachers and are helped only enough to develop native strength. It would require months to explain this matter, and some kind sympathizing helper. One such friend came forward, the Rev. Doct. Beadle of Hartford, and with his ladies, raised fifty dollars and a box of clothing and stationery worth fifty more, with what was more precious still, *sympathy*—a stranger too, whom I had never met but once! Noble, generous friend! May the Almighty send him sympathizing hearts and helping hands. Undoubtedly others would have done as nobly if the subject had been presented to them, but as it was, this with five dollars from a lady through the Rev. Doct. Westcott of New York, was all that I had to begin with.

I remember well they sung at the services on board ship that morning :

“The morning light is breaking.”

I didn't sing that hymn. It seemed to me Christians had been mesmerized by the *breaking* light, so that they had no power to think about the sunrise. There was a grand morning light in Tounghoo, such as had never sprung since the day Judson set foot on the shores of Burmah, such indeed as the world had scarcely seen before, but who would fan up the rays? We couldn't sing any thing about the morning light. Mr. Mason and I knew how the light had sprung there, and an inner voice told us what must be done to bring the day.*

These trembling chords down deep in the heart of hearts—these were all I could hear vibrating from the saloon to heaven.

“Jesus I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,
Naked, poor, almost forsaken,
Thou from hence my ALL shalt be.”

Not a dollar had I to carry to those poor, young school-masters I had taken up, and scarcely a ray of encouragement to their sisters begging for instruction. My heart sunk, and this with partings—for I had climbed Moriah and left my Isaac there—altogether laid me low for weeks after leaving Boston harbor.†

Many sorrows had encompassed us during our stay at home, deep, piercing, harrowing; but I thank God sub-

* Dr. Beadle subsequently sent us twenty-five dollars more from his own purse.

† A gentleman said to me: “When we had one hundred converts the Board asked for \$1,000, now they have twenty-five thousand they ask for \$100,000. What will they ask when they have a hundred thousand converts?” I could only ask in return: “Brother, have you gone to the war for your RATIONS or your COUNTRY?”

duing—and now floating once more upon the ocean, I could realize how entirely dependent those poor Tounghoo women were for help on the Arm above. To that Arm—to that Eye, I resolved to look—and to that source alone. Then stole out so soothingly those tender words:

“Jesus wept.”

Yes, Jesus! Precious Jesus! and it was with *woman* too; and then came another voice:

“It is I, be not afraid.”

Then the soul grew strong again, and calm, and trustful.

It was very strange, but although Mr. Mason made every effort, no passage could be obtained for me and my little boys to Burmah. We even wrote to a chaplain there whom we had known in Burmah, entreating him to intercede for us, and he did, but the troops were being transported to Rangoon, and every steamer and sailing vessel was full. Mr. Mason even was obliged to take a deck passage, or something about equal to that. Before he left I obtained his consent to my giving up for a time my personal support from America, in order to make an experiment and see if the native chiefs could be enlisted in managing and sustaining a girl's school themselves. I had no promises from any living being, for I had not spoken to any one in India, and no one in America had promised the slightest aid, but I knew to do any thing the school must *belong to the people*, and this was why I took that course.* *I did not withdraw in the least from the mission. That matter was left entirely with others.* I only proposed to find means where I could, and support myself while doing it, sending reports regularly to the

* Because missionary regulations did not then allow any missionary to obtain funds and give them to the natives, while that person was supported by the Union; at least I supposed so.

Board, which has been done ever since. Having settled upon this I wrote out a full account of the plan to the Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and then shut myself up with my two little boys in a small basement bedroom in Sudder street.

My first determination was to write, at least while detained in Calcutta, and see if I could not interest somebody to pay—not for the writing, but for the people.

I sent a few articles to the Calcutta literary periodicals. All would be glad of them but did not wish to pay. One had lost subscriptions, another was greatly perplexed in pecuniary matters, and a third hinted that he would like them very much free.

Wonder if these are all sham excuses, I said to myself, or are these editors really left to starve. To try them I sent them gratis when they were published at once with notes of politest thanks and encomiums.

“Boys, do look in the dictionary. What’s the value of ‘thanks.’ See if ’twill found a school!” abstractedly, turning over old historic pages.

“What shall I do, oh, my Saviour?”

“Ask. Ask—If ye ask any thing in my name it shall be done.” From that day I asked, morning, noon, and night, and every day faith grew stronger, although no glimmer of light could be seen around the cloud.

It happened to be, at this time, that the great act legalizing Hindoo Widow Marriage was brought about, which moved all Calcutta, and indeed all India. The papers were full of this wonderful thing, started by native gentlemen themselves. Of course I couldn’t help feeling the most intense interest in this grand reform act, that must usher in light and liberty to captive

millions of heathen women, and I could write of nothing else.

Finally, one morning after prayer,* something whispered: "Send up your manuscript to Lady Canning." There was no voice, but the thought came like a flash that sent the blood dashing wildly through every vein. No thought of addressing Lady Canning had ever entered my mind before.

"Shall I, oh God?" I cried, bowing down in tears. "Is this from thee, or has Satan come like an angel of light?"

Instantly every pulse was stilled—every doubt removed—and calm as the crescent moon rising over the ocean waste, rose the soul full of hope, trust, and determination. That same day it was sent with the following note:

"To the

"RIGHT HONORABLE VISCOUNTESS CANNING,

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

"MADAM:

"Feeling assured that every Christian must take a warm interest in the late great movement among the Brahmins in regard to Widow Marriage, I take the liberty, respectfully, to ask if I may be allowed to dedicate the accompanying Epithalamium to your ladyship?†

"I would also beg the indulgence of explaining why I desire it. My husband, the Rev. Doct. Mason, translator to the Karen Mission in Burmah, three years ago founded a new mission in the old kingdom of Tounghoo, in Pegu, under the patronage of the American Baptist

* It was some three weeks or more after the letter home was dispatched.

† The "Talk with the Ganges,"

Foreign Missionary Union. On this undertaking God has been pleased to pour out his Spirit in a most wonderful manner, and the mission now numbers thousands of baptized believers. These converts have erected chapels at their own charges; established some fifty jungle schools, and support their own teachers. The people are eager for instruction, so that one teacher has four districts in charge at once, spending a day with each in succession.

“Our schools have been greatly blessed of heaven, and during four years that I had the privilege of instructing one in Maulmain, thirty-eight of my pupils were baptized and write me in their own expressive idiom: ‘My heart hits the Lord Jesus Christ exceedingly.’

“For the women of Tounghoo nothing has yet been done, and I am very desirous of opening for them immediately in Tounghoo city, a National Female Institute, for all the tribes, admitting only such as will devote themselves to the work of instruction. But on account of heavy financial pressure, our American Board is unable at present to aid this object. I have therefore resolved to do what I can myself towards making a beginning.

“Therefore, I have asked this favor of your Ladyship. Another reason for desiring it is, it will encourage Vidyasāgur, and his friends.

“And another is—it will seem peculiarly appropriate, as these poor widows have been emancipated under Lord Canning’s administration.

“Hoping that my request may be kindly granted,

“I am, madam,

“Your humble servant,

“ELLEN H. B. MASON.

“13 Sudder Street, Feb. 6th, 1857.”

Send off. Bow in prayer : " Arise, Oh God ! plead thine own cause. Remember how the heathen reproach thee."

Weeks pass—weeks of anxiety, yet of humble trust and asking. Finally, a servant appears :

" Card, ma'am,"—and Mrs. C. H. Lushington alights from an elegant barouche.

" I have heard, madam, there is an interesting work in Tounghoo. Would like to hear particulars. Am going to Government House, and would be glad to give Lady Canning some account of it."

To myself—" Truly, this is of the Lord." Night goes by, but so very slowly. Up at earliest dawn.

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock goes by ; ten o'clock rings. Look out at my door—just then a tall handsome Sikh steps into the porch :

" Letter for Mistress Mason." Glance at his uniform, which tells me at once he is from the Palace.

Fingers tremble. Darling boys come bounding in : " What is it, ma ? What is it, ma ?" My little ones read :

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *March 14th*, 1857.

" MADAM :

" I have received your letter asking permission to dedicate to me an Epithalamium you have written. I am very willing to grant your request.

" I have been very much interested in the account you have given me of the Karens, and would be glad to communicate with you farther on the subject.

" If you can call here to-morrow about eleven o'clock, I shall be glad to see you.

" Believe me, madam,

" Sincerely yours,

" C. CANNING."

Five o'clock. Time for evening drives. A carriage drives up—Mrs. MacLeod Wylie enters.

"Mrs. Mason! Why are you here all alone?" she exclaims in astonishment. "It was only last night that we learned the fact of your being still in the city."

"Explain."

"And here you've been alone all these six weeks!"

"Not alone, dear Mrs. Wylie."

"No, no, I understand. But now put your bonnet right on and come with me, and see my darling husband."

On Chouringhe—drawing room. "Now tell me, Mrs. Mason, what are your plans?" asks Mr. Wylie, drawing me beside him.

Explain to him a general plan.

"How much do you want to begin with?"

"Two thousand rupees."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Mason, I am sorry to discourage you, but you won't get it!—but Kitmagar!" he calls, "Bring me pen and ink,"—and down goes at once fifty rupees for himself, and fifty for a friend of his—one-twentieth of all I asked!

"Thanks! my dear Mr. Wylie. Now mayhap I will get it." And then I told him of my invitation to Government House.

"Ah! Then never fear. God is with you—Durwan! take care and send the carriage to Mistress Mason tomorrow at a quarter to eleven o'clock. Tell the man to drive Mistress up to Government House."

As soon as I could reach my room, and lock the door, I fell before God and thanked Him that he had sent the two thousand rupees! I couldn't say the one hundred rupees—I could say nothing but the two thousand. My little boys, in astonishment, exclaimed:

"Where, ma! Where is it?" but I knew an order had been given by the Great Treasurer.

Next day drive up to Government Palace. On the steps. Send up my card. Follow to the top of the first stairs. Pause a moment, when a handsome Mussulman bows me up another flight, then into a long corridor lined on either side with exquisite exotics all in full bloom, and a great number of Hindus, in snow-white drapery, and long white stockings, without sandals or shoes, all touching their palms, and bowing to the floor. The arrangement was so curious—first a Hindu, then a pot of flowers all along. I couldn't tell which to admire the more, the baboos or the flowers.

Passing through a corridor and drawing rooms, I entered the library, lined with mirrors, and furnished perhaps with half a dozen couches covered with plain Holland, several easy chairs covered with the same, centre tables, and large book-cases; but there was nothing to indicate royalty except the paintings, which were magnificent, enriching the room down to the floor, one a grand equestrian figure of Victoria.

The wife of the Governor General, Countess Canning, stood before me, arranging some beautiful daisies. She immediately turned, bowed very low with perfect grace, and smiling graciously, led me to an upper seat. Her Ladyship was attired in a plain plaid silk, close in the neck, and a slight velvet head-dress, very simple, of mazarine blue. She has a Grecian brow, nose, and neck; a rich beautiful eye, such as we always associate with loved Iona, dark, lustrous, and sympathizing, and her whole expression, as she impressed me, was that of *love in action*.

Government Palace is a very handsome structure, the most imposing by far of any in Calcutta. It is sur-

rounded by a large enclosure, with lofty gates surmounted by the royal arms, and the tall, still, Sikh guards look like so many Knights Templar in bronze. The building is of the Grecian order, with flat roof, a grand dome, and Ionic pillars. It has four wings, one at each corner, connected with the main building by circular passages, so long as to secure their enjoying the air all around from all points of the compass. These wings contain all the private apartments, with the Council Room in the northeast corner, adorned with royal portraits. On the north there is a grand flight of steps, much like those of the Capitol at Washington, and the wing on the south side has a circular colonnade. Under the dome are two magnificent rooms, full of paintings, set over a basement of Ionic arcades. The lower of these central rooms is the reception hall. It is paved with dark gray marble, and supported by Doric columns of imitation marble. The upper room is the State ball room, floored with dark polished wood, and supported by Ionic pillars.

It was here that Lady Canning, at her first public reception, wore a robe and head-dress of the richest pearls, which must have been becoming to her tall, graceful figure and dark hair. I say becoming, because she was Queen of the East, and it was simply a robe of state, like the ermine of Britain. Things may be becoming to Queens, that are not for all the world.

"I am very much obliged to your Ladyship," I said on taking the seat offered, "for so kindly inviting me."

"I am glad to see you, Mrs. Mason. I was very much interested in the account you gave me. Pray, what kind of people are those Karens? Where did

they come from? What is their religion? Have they any caste?"

Of course it was delightful to me to know that the wife of the Governor General of India took interest enough in such matters to give me the privilege of answering these questions.

"But how do you work among them so as to bring about such remarkable results?"

This opened the way for me to give the Countess a description of the Karen and Burmese women.

"And why don't you present your wants to government, Mrs. Mason?"

"Surely your Ladyship would scarcely advise that—I a stranger, and a woman, too?" I said.

"Why, yes, I think I would. The Queen, I assure you, feels a deep interest in the women of her territories."

I think I sat with her near two hours, she repeatedly refusing admittance to others. Once or twice I attempted to rise, when she gently detained me, and on taking leave gave me the hand twice, very warmly, saying she had been much gratified and should like to hear from me. I noticed on passing out that the reception hall was furnished with crimson covered couches, sumptuous, indeed; yet not a bit more so than, to my regret, I see every day in the parlors of our merchant princes in New York.

Return home. Draw up a brief account with a plan and petition to Government. The following are extracts:
"To

"G. F. EDMONSTONE, ESQUIRE,

"SECRETARY TO GOVERNMENT FOREIGN DEPARTMENT:

* * * * (After the petition)—

"If the government will kindly grant the aids men-

tioned, to make a beginning, I will guarantee that no further aid shall be applied for.

"I further propose, in order to make the school permanent, and to enlist the sympathy of all the tribes, that the land, buildings, apparatus, furniture, and every thing appertaining to the Institute, shall be held in trust by a Native Board of Managers, chosen at the annual examination."

My friend, Mrs. Lushington, who had called before, kindly undertakes to present the petition.

"Card, ma'am."

Mrs. Low.

"The General desired me to call and say, he would be very happy to have you come down and dine with us, and bring your little boys."

Call a cab and drive down to Alipore. Take my two boys and the map of Tounghoo. The General asks many questions concerning the Karens, desires me to point out to him all the different stations, and expresses the sage opinion that eventually the Karens will be the ruling nation over all Burmah.

"Why do you think so, General?"

"Because, madam, they so generally receive Christian books, while the other nations so generally reject them."

The General expressed much interest in our work, and finally, looking up archly, he said :

"Don't you be anxious about your petition, Mrs. Mason. It's going the rounds."—It was General John B. Low a Member of the Supreme Council.—"You see you take us quite by storm, Mrs. Mason. We're not used to receiving petitions except through the regular channels—the Commissioners of the Provinces. Therefore, all have to read it. But you'll get it."

This was certainly great kindness on the part of a high government officer; and, I assure you, reader, my heart beat warm with gratitude to him and to my God.

In about a week I received the following reply :

"From

"G. F. EDMONSTONE,

"SECRETARY TO GOVERNMENT FOREIGN DEPARTMENT,

"FORT WILLIAM, Feb. 14th, 1857.

"To

"MRS. ELLEN H. B. MASON.

* * * (After quoting the petition)—

"As it is understood, that the school when once established will be self-supporting, the Governor General in Council sanctions the grant for the following aids, viz. :

"1. A small piece of land with well and fruit trees.

"2. One thousand rupees for the erection of buildings.

"3. Four hundred rupees for furniture, and school apparatus."

Just what I had asked for. Surely,

"THOU ART A GOD THAT DOEST WONDERS! THOU HAST DECLARED THY STRENGTH AMONG THE PEOPLE."

Who will say this was not from God? Who can doubt but it was a great answer to prayer?

Among other things, Lady Canning expressed the hope that I would extend my efforts to the Burmese women.

"But it is very difficult, madam. They are trained from infancy only to be attractive to strangers, that their mothers may sell them for a high price. Therefore, the mothers will not let them come to us for instruction."

"Then it is a love of money that induces them to fall into such degradation and sin."

"Yes, madam. Simply the desire of gain."

"Then why not introduce some attractive accomplishments by which they may earn a handsome livelihood themselves, such as coloring or embroidery."

The Countess knows how to appreciate art. She is herself an amateur artist, and spends much time with the Governor General in company, sketching from nature.

Her Ladyship subsequently sent me two volumes of engravings and a handsome donation for the school, saying, under date of February 21, 1857 :

"I most cordially trust your good work will prosper, and you have my best wishes."

I returned the following

"THE RIGHT HONORABLE

"VISCOUNTESS CANNING,

"DEAR MADAM :

"I cannot express how grateful I feel for your Ladyship's kind donation to my school, for the helping influence extended and the sympathy manifested in my undertaking. Tears of thankfulness overflow my heart and eyes.

'I was a stranger and ye took me in—naked and ye clothed me.' 'For inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my disciples, ye have done it unto me.' Therefore, 'Rule thou in the midst of thine enemies,' for 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.'

'He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea in seven, there shall no evil befall thee. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;' for '*They that honor me I will*

honor, saith the '*Lord Almighty.*' Truly your words seemed to me like a voice falling from heaven. 'Behold the Lord God shall help. Who is he that shall condemn?' And surely the Lord God has helped in the most wonderful manner, so that I shall now be able to establish both departments, and be free from pecuniary embarrassments.

"I feel sure that when the Karens come to know that their Chieftess cares for them, it will inspire them with great zeal to support the school, and they will feel their honor concerned in the education of their daughters. They are unlike other orientals, having a high respect for woman, and a high sense of honor. They are too, nationally, a grateful people, and, be assured, the incense of prayer will daily ascend from three thousand warm hearts scattered upon the mountains of Tounghoo in behalf of your Ladyship and the Governor General.

"Believe me, dearest Madam,

"Most gratefully,

"Your humble servant,

"ELLEN B. MASON."

CHAPTER III.

GATHERING UP THE MANNA.

A call, ma'am." Mrs. Drummond. She desires me to dine with her at 8 o'clock.

A party of Christian friends. Pass a delightful evening. The Honorable E. Drummond is Accountant General to Government; yet he is one of the chief actors in the city missions, in foreign missions, in the Bible societies, and to my great joy, Mrs. Drummond takes up a Native missionary in Tounghoo, whom they have ever since supported generously, paying eighty and a hundred rupees a year.

"Ma'am, a roll for you," said the Kitmagar, one day on my return from a call. Open: Two hundred and fifty rupees! Thanks! thanks, my God! Read:

"MY DEAR MRS. MASON:

"Mrs. Milne wished me to hand in this two hundred and fifty rupees, for the support of a Native preacher in Tounghoo, under your own and Doctor Mason's care.

"Believe me, very dear Mrs. Mason,

"Sincerely yours,

"JOHN MILNE."

Fall before God with my little boys, and thank Him for remembering the poor and needy. Not many, surely, are so ready to take mission stock in advance, and so fearlessly. Dear, good, sympathizing friends! Mr. Milne was pastor of the Scotch Free Church in Calcutta.

Another card—the good Frazers—to meet the ladies of the Parental Academy, a very intelligent circle indeed. On this evening made the acquaintance of one who has power both with God and man. It was the Rev. Mr. Hill.

On returning home find a roll of one hundred rupees from Hugh Frazer, Esq. “Manna! manna! ma!” my boys say thoughtfully.

Two of the most profitable evenings were spent with the Wylie’s, at small dinner parties. The companies were very interesting. The Archbishop, with Mrs. Pratt, the Chapmans, the Fergusons, Mr. Simpson, one or two military Officers, the dear Milnes, Moncrieffs, the Rev. Mr. Yates of the Church of England Mission, who sent me fifty rupees; and here I met Dr. Kay of Bishop’s College, whose sermon on Woman is worth going on pilgrimage to hear.

Mr. Wylie is emphatically a conversationist. In this he reminds you of Johnson. I suppose he can talk on all subjects; indeed I have heard him, in the City Hall, enchain a large audience for an hour, and I am sure not a foot stirred; but on missions he is in his glory.

You are sure to find at his table the most talented, brilliant talkers, and the most earnest Christians of the land, and I have seen him hold them spell-bound for two hours. It seems to be no effort or intention, but he leads right off so easily you are not in the least aware of it till he has your ear, eye, mouth, and you utterly forget you are at the dinner table; at least I did, and could do nothing in the world but listen.

“Why was not Mr. Wylie a missionary?” asked a lady, who had heard his inspiring eloquence.

“A missionary! If he had fifty appointments he

couldn't do more. He's Missionary Extraordinary, only extra-parochial!"

You mean he is a *Nah Khan Do*—Great Ear Chief—a general hearer and helper of all parts and parties.

Mrs. Wylie is as deeply interested as he is in missionary work. It was this warm sympathy that induced her to write the "Gospel in Burmah," really a wonderful achievement in the new and graphic style, for mission books, in which it is written, and for its correctness in detail. It must have been an immense labor for her, but all the avails are consecrated to missions. For a Presbyterian lady to turn aside and write the history of a Baptist mission, just to do it good, is one of the most angelic acts ever performed, and proves the triumphs of the Cross.*

These friends usually have a social visit on Thursday evenings, for the study of the Bible, when their large parlors are thrown open, and when I was with them in 1860 were soon filled with government officers, merchants, physicians, and a great many young cadets, with many ladies. Mr. Wylie gave out a hymn, which all united in singing; then prayer was offered, and then he read the ninth chapter of Acts, when all made remarks, or asked questions, as they felt disposed. Mr. Wylie's own explanations struck me with a strange power, concerning the Lord's direction to Ananias, to go into the street called

* This work is republished by Sheldon, New York, and he told me that one clergyman somewhere in the west sent for a hundred copies, saying they never had any thing stir up such an interest in that region. That gentleman thought it better calculated to rouse the soul for the heathen than all the missionary books printed.

"Straight," showing the minute care and knowledge of the Lord concerning even streets and houses.

Among those whose acquaintance I delighted to make was Dr. Duff. One morning I drove round to Wellesley Square. The Doctor, very courteously, led me over the whole of his fine college building, which is so constructed as to have free ventilation to every room. There were a great many recitation rooms, each furnished with apparatus or maps for one or two particular studies. I was much amused with his geography class.

"What is the world?"

"A star in the sky."

"How is it kept revolving round the sun?"

"By two forces."

"What do your Shasters say?"

"That the earth sits on a tortoise."

"Does it?"

"No."

"Then your Shasters tell a lie, do they?"

"They do," bursting into a laugh.

"If your Shasters lie about one thing, wont they about others?"

"Yes Sir."

"Do you believe in the gods about here in Calcutta?"

"No Sir."

"Who is God?"

"The Eternal Creator, and Jesus Christ, his Son."

"Do you believe in Jesus Christ?"

"Yes Sir."

"Have you become Christians?"

"No Sir."

"Why not?"

“Our parents will not allow us.”*

In the evening I took tea with Dr. and Mrs. Duff, and a number of the most interesting Christian preachers, Hindu gentlemen, and one or two of their wives. I can truly say they were gentlemen in every sense of the word—thorough in the Scriptures, learned in the classics, and seemed to have imbibed much of the Doctor's own spirit—zeal for the holy war. As I looked upon the master and the pupils, and saw how his inspiration was diffused among them, and how they loved him as their very eyes, I could but think how much more blessed it was to give than to receive.

Every body knows that Dr. Duff's is a master mind, entrancing the largest audiences. In one address which I heard he was showing forth the subtleness of infidel principles sown broadcast in the popular literature of the day, especially in the writings of Humboldt. The address was a great and powerful defense of Infinite Love, an hour long, yet every eye was fixed, every pulse still. The only drawback to his overpowering eloquence was the labored gestures which, at first, made me feel a sort of nervous desire to help him on, but this was all forgotten in the mighty sweep of his Grampian strokes. There was no finery, nothing startling, but it was just one volcanic roll that left no hiding place, and which nothing on earth could stay.

From Dr. Duff's I went to the Theological School of the Rev. J. H. Pierce. Mr. Pierce, I should think just the

* It is a significant fact that while the Government College has no Bible taught, and is open to all, there are only about a thousand students, while Dr. Duff has all his pupils read the Bible, and preaches Christ to them every day, yet the school numbers fifteen hundred.

opposite of Doctors Duff and Henderson. His influence, and that of his young preachers, seemed like that of a clear winding river, rising from a living spring, higher, higher, higher, now up the banks now over—now spreading gently over the low-lands till the whole should be flooded—and all like the building up of Solomon's temple, without the sound of a single hammer.

I called on that patriarch, Lacroix, who had been there thirty years at work, yet nobody would have thought him growing old, for he came out with such a beaming eye and elastic step, I couldn't help wishing that some of our woe-begone young pastors, and missionaries too, could grasp the hand of this then brightening *young* old missionary soldier. The long solemn faces worn by some young ministers always remind me of an overgrown, monstrous strawberry, its darling red, that makes children's eyes sparkle, all turned to a sickly milk-and-water white, and awful sour.

One of the most successful workers is Mrs. Mullins, the daughter of the now sainted Lacroix. She has an interesting orphan school, and is a pioneer Bible reader in the Zenanas of Calcutta. Mr. Mullins accompanied me to see the goddess Kale.*

* The goddess was enshrined in a large stone temple, with huge doors. The goddess was asleep, so we were obliged to wait sometime for her godship to wake up. At last the bells rung, and an immense crowd of votaries rushed up the steps, each one dropping a penny. So the priests of Kale know as well as we do the value of mite societies.

The goddess is a stone statue, quite black, with a long bloody tongue. I don't know how she is there for they wouldn't let me see her; but she is usually arrayed in a necklace of human skulls and an apron of human hearts, with a reeking head in one hand and one foot trampling upon her husband. Noth-

This representation of woman accords with the laws of Menu and Confucius: "Give a woman letters or knowledge, and you give a serpent milk." They know as well as we that "knowledge is power," therefore woman must never possess it. If a little Hindu girl dares to learn books she will surely become a widow, that is, be cursed of God and man. Little girls are married there when between eight and ten years old. They have nothing to say about the matter. Their fathers trade them off to the one who offers the highest rank or the fullest purse. He may be a very savage in disposition, the father replies: "She's only a girl." Even at birth the degradation of woman commences. A mother forgets all sorrow "for joy that a man is born into the world;" but alas, if a woman her grief knows no bounds, and she is obliged to remain a week longer in her out-door den alone.

By and by the infant begins to sit alone. Now if it is a boy it is set upon a mat, and bright gilded toys are given it. If a girl it is set in the dirt and an old tile is its plaything. So it is through life. Widowhood is only a change of masters; but then in widowhood if she has no sons her husband's brothers are her rulers, and she becomes a slave to the caprice, envy, jealousy, and ill-temper of heathen sisters-in-law.

She must ever after stand in their presence to denote servitude; when they lie upon a bed she must lie upon the floor; when they have their dainty viands, although they too must eat after their husbands and out of his sight, yet the poor widow must crouch away even from her sisters, and eat her *one meal a day* of roots and herbs "boiled," as the law prescribes, "in one pot." She may
ing can be conceived of more hideous and bloody, and this is woman—the very incarnation of all evil.

cook fish for her sons, but never taste them; she may array her sisters in gay dresses, she must never put off her coarse, widow weeds. She may fit off her favored sisters for an airing in their vails and polkas, she must never step foot outside of the high picketed wall of her masters' enclosure; she may bring books for her lords, she may never read a letter; and the more sacred books she may never hear even, lest, alas, she should obtain some glimmerings of knowledge to solace her lone spirit. Such is woman's lot now among the helpless millions of India, and much the same throughout a great part of Asia, and this is why the pre-seance of power has been removed from all these eastern nations. They are doomed every one of them, and because they have so degraded woman; and very likely this is one great reason why the Jews refused the Messiah, for they too, had adopted much of heathen philosophy in regard to her position. Even now, in the enlightened United States of America, woman is not allowed to sit with men in the synagogues or to join in any part of the Hebrew service, not even in the singing.

God made man a monarch, but gave him a limited monarchy. Whenever he turns it into a despotism he falls with it. Everywhere, and in every department, this holds true; the reason we shall come to by and by.

One of the schools most elevating in Calcutta is the School of Arts, where young men are stimulated to emulate each other in drawing, designing, modeling, engraving, and lithography. It is a noble institution, and a beautiful thought, but why should the founders think only of young men? If there was a female department it might do much to elevate the women of India.

I sent my card to Pundit Vidyasagur, the native gen-

tleman who, with Baboo Vidyarutna, brought about the Widow Marriage Act. He is President of the Sanscrit College, to which he very politely escorted me. I found here a large library of old Sanscrit manuscripts, besides a select number of printed books. On one of the shelves I saw an elegantly bound volume of the Bible. I called attention to it.

"Yes, madam," the librarian replied at once with infinite scorn, "yes, and there is *Hume*," laying his hand on another volume of the same size and just as elegantly bound, *lying on the top of the Bible*. Government donated the Bible to the college, so they did not dare refuse it, but they would cover it with Hume! Oh, if they could only see what their own words teach! for I think it clear that the Sanscrit Vedas contain the germs not only of the eternal God, but of Christ.

Vidyasagur attended me to the Bethune school to see a widow whom he had been educating, much to his honor. She was then a respected teacher in the school, under Miss Turner from England, a lovely young creature so inspired with her work, and so inspiring, it did one's heart good to meet her.

I went to see the Jewess girls; I believe this is Mrs. Ewart's school. They had an excellent teacher, whose name I don't now recollect; it is hard instructing these girls, because their parents care very little for sound, useful knowledge, but insist on their being thorough in the geography of the Twelve Tribes. It certainly requires a good store-house of patience to drill any girls for hours on the localities of Dan, and Gad, and Na't'.; however, by perseverance in this she had the privilege of teaching them a thousand things about Christ and heaven. One,

Lethe Moses, about fifteen years old, gave me a fine composition of her own on astronomy.

There are several orphan schools, I think one connected with each missionary denomination in Calcutta. I visited Mrs. Mullins', Mrs. Pourie's, and one attached to the Kirk; also the interesting school with Mrs. Pierce and Miss Packer. Miss Golding's young schoolmistresses I thought did remarkably well. Among them was Chumla. They gave me some compositions written as neatly as possible in Bengalee and English, which have helped not a little to awaken interest in America. There are some other schools, but these are generally orphan asylums, and reach but few out of the lower classes. Doct. and Mrs. Duff have founded a school for the high caste girls, and have forty or more, taught of course as yet by a heathen pundit, but this is quite a gain on the past. The Baptist ladies have a school for East Indians, such as can pay; but the light of Calcutta in female education is the Normal Central School solely for raising up teachers. For this Mrs. Wylie has labored with great devotion and success. From a state of most depressing financial embarrassment she was enabled under God, to raise it up to a state of happy independence.

The gentlemen in India seem to feel much deeper interest in the elevation of heathen women than our brothers do generally in America. This ought not to be. They may say English officers ought to do more for India. True, but America has its Indians, its negroes, its poor white girls. And then America is a great country, generally with *educated mothers*, therefore we have a right to expect from her sons some help for these millions of heathen women in Asia.

These schools are like leaven, and will work, and the

missionaries, with many others in Calcutta, are indefatigable laborers. But the population is so dense ! Only hear what Mrs. Wylie says : " In Calcutta alone there are probably *three hundred thousand females*, and within a radius of twenty miles around Calcutta, there are perhaps not less than *a million*. Only a few of all this great multitude can read, only a few have heard of the way of salvation."

How mournful ! The difficulty is Christians have not felt fully enough the strength of their foe. They have been giving the powers of darkness here and there a thrust, here and there a little skirmishing, once in awhile throwing a shell over, but it will require the whole Christian phalanx to come up and compete successfully with heathenism. Yet it is strong enough for this, and if they would give up bickerings about their generals, their captains and lieutenants, and put heart and soul together, they would win the day at once, bring right on the millennium,—and *save millions of dollars*,—because they have got it to do some way or other, and by this slow process it will cost them a vast deal more.

What India now needs most, is a corps of Bible Reading *Women* of high cultivation, irrepressible zeal, and entire consecration. If the gentlemen would just help these to go as *sappers and miners* they would only have to prepare quarters for a surrendering enemy.

There is a Sunday-school in Calcutta helping on this work that interested me deeply. The superintendent is Robert Scott Moncrieff, Esq. One day he kindly invited me and my boys—for I had two *together* then—to accompany his school to a pic-nic down to the Horticultural Gardens ; but this trip I will let the boys describe :

“As we were sailing down the Ganges we saw Bishop’s College, a magnificent edifice for educating missionaries. The College is on the outskirts of the Botanic Gardens, about four miles from Calcutta. In the evening the students walk in the parks that surround them. We cannot do that in Calcutta, but we can run up to the tops of the houses where gentlemen and ladies are walking, and children playing. The Botanic Gardens is a very pretty place. Here we ran about, enjoying ourselves under the great banyan tree, which has about one hundred root children. The paths are lined with all kinds of charming flowers, and there are ponds with beautiful lilies in them. After having a picnic of sandwiches, oranges, and soda-water, with a speech from the Rev. Dr. Henderson, we started up the river in our boats. We passed a Hindu festival, where they were throwing Juggernaut into the river; a black log with a circle of white feathers on a bamboo around its head.”

Dr. Henderson is one of the orators of Calcutta, and Mr. Moncrieff represents a class of earnest, primitive lay missionaries scattered all over India. He is a young man just rising, making his own way upward like a Yankee, or like a Scotsman rather, for they beat the Yankees in the East. He rises because he keeps the only sure path upward—integrity, hard work, perseverance, patience, faith, and trust. But while toiling unremittingly in a counting-house, with heavy responsibilities, he still finds time to be Sunday-school superintendent, jail missionary, seaman’s friend; and by his writings he has eminently merited the title of *Benefactor of Burmah*. Heaven reward thee, friend and brother! “He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully,” for so

“*It is written.*”

One morning the venerable bishop, good Daniel Wilson, sent for me to breakfast with himself and the Archdeacon. I put on a white muslin, very simple, with the slightest rose neck and wrist trimmings, with a plain black lace coiffure. The dear Wylies took me in their carriage. Mrs. Wylie, as near as I recollect, wore a blue or purple silk, with just the sweetest crimped neck trimming, that was perfectly bewitching for its simplicity. Mrs. Wylie has blue eyes, and expression to correspond—I mean a heaven blue—so ethereal the last time I saw her, it seemed to me the soul must burst through the transparent vail. Her health was very delicate, which may have accounted in part for that peculiar beam of spirit radiancy. This soul-look I have seen in “Our Kate” also, another northern blossom there.

When I first met “Our Kate,” it was at a dinner party at Mr. Wylie’s. She looked very lovely; her dress was white muslin with blue-faced berthas and sleeves, a blue head-tassel, pin, and ring—all melody. Don’t you think, reader, there is real poetry in dress? I do, not in the cost or display, but in the purity and harmony of arrangement. “Kate” is a very sylph in figure, and always reminds you of Dante’s Beatrice. But think you it was these graces that made us all love her so? Oh no. She had been educated to win, nothing had been spared on her education. Her papa was Senior Surgeon in Calcutta. He brought her back, the idol of his house and his heart. He pressed her to accompany him to balls and gay scenes, and once to oblige him she did go with him to a State ball, but her soul was not at rest. During her absence at school she had looked up through the deep blue, and her aspirations were there—her affections

had gone up, and this was what made every body love her so, her utter forgetfulness of self.

When I last saw "Our Kate" she had two little rose-buds at home, one opened so charmingly, just enough to make her papa want to eat her up. She couldn't leave them to go about, as our friend dear Miss Fendal is doing, among lepers and hospitals, but she must have a mission, and who but her would have thought of such an one! Every Sunday morning her husband gave up church, and went as her messenger to bear flowers to the "sick and in prison."

At first the men turned away, but when they found he was not a minister they said they would hear him, because he wasn't *paid* for coming! Oh, if lay brothers would realize the power given to them! They are not obliged to take pay, they've enough, consequently their influence is ten-fold greater, and any where, with all the low and debased of every land and nation.

All Saturdays Kate was very busy making up bouquets for the prisoners, and with just as much care as if for Government House. Come Sunday morning they were sent along with her husband, and each little bunch had a few words, selected with great care from the Bible, folded in the bright beaming petals!

When the prisoners first saw them, her husband told me, the eyes of the most hardened criminals filled with tears; and then when they spied the little messengers within, strong men covered their faces and sobbed aloud. Some reviled them for sending flowers to the prison, and doubted the expediency of paying such attentions; but she persevered, and would have admittance for her beautiful representatives; just as Mrs. Wylie and other ladies there persevered in introducing women nurses into the

hospitals. They encountered much opposition at first, but subsequently, one evening when the Wylies were dining at Government House, the Governor General taking a seat by Mrs. Wylie, said :

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Wylie, on the success of your noble undertaking to introduce European nurses into our English hospitals. *It is a decided success,*" showing that truth is omnipotent, and will win its way sooner or later.

On being presented to the Bishop, I dropped before him, saying :

"I have come for your blessing, my lord." Instantly he laid his hand upon my head, and began to bless me as he would his child, but in a moment he snatched me up :

"Come along, Mrs. Mason, you naughty thing," and led off to the breakfast room. His expositions of the Scriptures were most clear and impressive, as if the glimpses into their deep treasures grew brighter as he looked over the river, and at the close we all joined with heartfelt earnestness in "Thy kingdom come."

On going to the table he sat me down plump beside him, saying :

"There, you sit here."

"Delicious mango food isn't it? But Mrs. Mason I have been trying to make out your nationality, and can't."

"Oh, a little rebel, your lordship."

"Well, we flung the apple and you caught it, that's all. But you turn out some clever men there; very clever. There was my friend Judson, he was one."

"Yes, my lord, and your Expositions help make them."

"Aye! Do you see them there? Well, I have printed a good many in my day, but I don't expect they'll survive me."

We all endeavored to encourage the good Bishop to think otherwise, and after breakfast he led me through all his library, taking down volume after volume, until he gave me a copy of each of his valuable works, with his autograph in every one. He then showed me the pictures of all his family, and last of all stepped to his desk and drew a check for a hundred rupees, to help me on in my contemplated school. Kind Archdeacon Pratt followed with another fifty and a nice volume of his own, with his autograph. Mrs. Pratt gave me a large folio Bible Dictionary, illustrated, invaluable for the school; so I returned home richly laden, teased all the way by Mr. Wylie, who sat coveting the "spoils," and wishing the Bishop had saved something for him!

The Bishop wanted me to see his cathedral, which he built himself. I told him although that would afford me very great pleasure, yet I would like still more to hear him preach.

"Well, come, come and hear me. Mrs. Pratt, you'll take care of Mrs. Mason."

So the next Sunday I went to hear the Bishop in his cathedral.

An amusing scene occurred on my entrance. Mrs. Pratt had told me to ask the sexton to seat me by her. I did so:

"An sure, lady, but that—that seat is engaged." Just then Mrs. Pratt herself entered from a side door, and seeing me standing with the sexton hastened down the broad aisle to my relief. Claspings my hand, she led off at once, saying to the sexton, "Seat this lady by me."

"Madam! madam! I—I'm very sorry, but an sure this seat is for Mrs. W——."

"Seat Mrs. W—— in the next chair," and, to the

astonishment of the stereotyped sexton, the Archdeaconess had her own way, although I begged her to let me take any other seat.*

The Bishop's theme that day was the new birth, and he told his hearers in the plainest manner, that no professions could avail them without true love to Christ and a holy life. He was very feeble, and obliged to lean upon the Archdeacon for support in the pulpit. Verily I could only think of Aaron holding up the hands of Moses, for the Bishop seemed to be stepping into the portals of heaven, and he soon after entered his Father's house of many mansions.†

* These sextons in Calcutta are not near as courteous to strangers as sextons in America. There, unless you ask for a particular seat, they are sure to put you next the door, often in company you would not choose to be associated with. Once I found myself seated with scorners, and again, with some very bad, rude children, that disturbed me all through the service with their play. I would advise strangers, if possible, always to get a passport to somebody's hospitality before going to church in Calcutta.

† One of the most interesting women I saw in Calcutta was Madam Ellerton, at that time the oldest inhabitant in Calcutta. She had been the friend of Heber, of Carey, of Martyn, and all the line of worthies. She drew me down over her, clasped her withered arms around my neck, and prayed for me till my own tears mingled with hers. Think of it, reader, to clasp the very hand that had clasped Carey's, Martyn's and Heber's! Some will laugh at my reverence for the great *good* men of old, but let such laugh on. I'm not ashamed to reverence the image of God.

Madame Ellerton had lived with the Bishop many years, and he very tenderly, while I was there, bade her have no anxiety about her burial, for he had seen her tomb all prepared by the side of his own in the cathedral! Slumber on, oh sainted ones! a little while, and then I will meet ye again, with the Patriarchs and Marys.

Mrs. Lewis, of the Baptist Mission, surprised me with her musical powers. If she had not been a missionary I am sure she would have been a Jenny Lind. One evening she played and sung Eve's Lament on leaving Paradise with so much power it transported me clear over to Eden. I could hear nothing, see nothing, feel nothing but the sorrowing Eve.

Miss Mary Leslie is the literary blossom of the Baptist Mission in Calcutta. She is authoress of a thrilling little volume, "Sorrows and Legends of India," of "Ina and other Poems," and has recently written another poem. Although already widely known, she will be better known, I predict, hereafter than now.

In this company I met, to my delight, a grandson of Dr. Carey, the widow of the translator Yates, and Dr. Wenger, the present translator there—who, they say, was born one. The cheerful, consecrated missionary Thomas and his interesting wife and daughters, who were like so many Lydias to all surrounding missionaries; but the most sympathizing, large-hearted friend that I met in the Baptist circle was a *widow*, Mrs. —, with whom I boarded for a time. This friend was keeping a boarding house to educate her own children; yet she and her sister, Miss Jane Smith—a music teacher—found time and ways to collect for my school undertaking more than a hundred rupees! Blessed helpers! I can truly say, these widows' and orphans' mites, and sailors' offerings, gave me more strength than all others combined.

The native gentlemen who interested me particularly, were Lal Beharrie Da and Lal Beharrie Singh.*

* Lal Beharrie Da, I heard preach in English to a large audience in the Scotch Kirk from these words: "Let us go up and possess the land, for we are able." I thought it one of the best

The interest in the Tounghoo mission increased every day until I left Calcutta, and yet it was nothing that I

missionary sermons I ever heard. It was glowing with light and faith, and zeal for his Master. He gave me a copy of his sermon, and I hope yet to see it printed in English and Karen, so that he may preach it to the world. I was very much pleased with this preacher's gentlemanly manners, and panting desires after usefulness. He is an ordained missionary, and Professor in the Duff College. He has recently married a Parsee wife of great intelligence.

At Beharrie Singh's house I met quite a party of native gentlemen, educated pundits and baboos, all of whom declared their intention to do what they could to change the degraded condition of their women. I spoke with them particularly about their little widows, when Beharrie Singh gave me a copy of a History of Female Education in India, written by himself.

When the tea was passed at Beharrie Singh's, I expected none but the Christians would eat with me, finally Vidyasagur took up his cup, and began to sip his tea. Then all the others followed, and, although they declined the cake, yet they probably went farther to mingle with a Christian, than ever before in their lives.

Mrs. Singh was Mary Sutton. She accompanied Mrs. Sutton of the Orissa mission to America, and was educated by Baptist ladies in Boston, Mass. She is a highly intelligent person, pretty, graceful, and a devoted helper to her husband. When I saw her she was teaching a small school of Mussulmen children, and it was she who interested one of the donors there to send me a hundred rupees. Mrs. Sutton very kindly obtained for me a set of Hindu gods, drawn and colored by a Hindu painter. The cost was, I believe, a rupee a piece, or about thirty pence. They have been very useful to me in explaining Hindu idolatry; and if missionaries desire to send home any thing from Calcutta, these might awaken more interest than any thing else found there. Another pretty present she obtained for me there, a set of Hindu Castes and Cos-

said or did. It seemed to me the Holy Ghost—not spirit—GHOST was walking right through the palaces of Calcutta. It was true, the Wylies, the Moncrieffs, the Milnes, and Mrs. Lushington, were pleading the cause of the poor and needy. God told them to ; but it was He who spoke through them. It was the strangest thing in the world, that every body I was introduced to helped me in some way or other. Even my hostess, in Sudder street, kind Mrs. Taylor, although keeping boarders to help her own children, couldn't be persuaded to take half price from me. Her son, too, set about teaching my boys Latin, and would spend hours in giving them instruction, after coming home weary from his day's labors. Why was all this kindness shown to a stranger ? Oh, it was not to me, it was to the Master of the undertaking, and proves that there was a DIVINITY in it.

The right hand of HIM working for the Israelites was never more clearly seen than there in Calcutta, working for the redemption of the Tounghoo women.

Time would fail me to tell of all the friends raised up there ; but when I stepped on board the steamer for Rangoon, in March, my soul was running over

“With wonder, love, and awe.”

tumes painted on mica. These cost from twelve pence to a rupee each, according to size and execution.

Baboo J. M. Tagore I also met at this party, and went and breakfasted with his interesting wife, the daughter of Rev. K. Banejera, a native preacher and writer of much talent and worth of the Church of England Mission. Mr. Tagore has adopted English customs, as he is abundantly able to do. He gave me ten rupees to show his sympathy for the Karens.

I hastened to my cabin, shut the door, and held up before the Almighty the manna He had given us :

	RUPEES
For the Girl's School in Tounghoo, - -	2,231
For the same in Books and Prints from the Calcutta Tract Society, - - - - -	100
For the Preachers and General Purposes, -	614
For printing the Sermon on the Mount in Bghai, -	100
For personal support, by Mrs. Wylie and Mrs. Moncrieff - - - - -	300
Besides, the grant of land for the School, and a grant from the Calcutta Bible Society for printing several parts of the Bible under Mr. Mason in Bghai Karen; altogether <i>in value</i> more than SIX THOUSAND RUPEES, or THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS.	

All this, too, without my asking for a penny! Was not God here? Can you doubt for a moment, reader, but this was the work of the Almighty scattering the manna? Why, I had nothing in the world to do but to take it up! It is true, I sent in a petition to Government, but not until Lady Canning herself suggested it; and then Mrs. Lushington took it up and saw it carried through, of course with the help of her large-hearted husband, who didn't stoop to ask if the converts would be of his church, or of any other, but simply if they could be redeemed and elevated to glorify Immanuel.

I assure you, reader, I felt as if I had just come to the beginning of knowledge. It seemed too wonderful for me to understand. I could only praise, praise, praise, and lay my head in the dust. Truly,

“HE HEALETH THE BROKEN IN HEART, AND BINDETH UP THEIR WOUNDS.”

Nor did the great I AM leave the work here. On reaching Rangoon, I simply sent my card to Colonel

Phayre, the Commissioner of Pegu, and a plan of the contemplated school to our old Deputy Commissioner of Tounghoo, who had helped me about the slave children. Immediately there came rattling in nearly a hundred rupees from Government Officers there. I called on Mrs. Bell, the wife of the Commander-in-Chief in Burmah, and they immediately invited an interesting circle for prayer, for both General and Mrs. Bell are working Christians. The General himself performs the two-fold part of preacher to his officers, and missionary to the heathen; and on leaving their hospitable mansion, he sent after me a roll of two hundred rupees!

“Oh God, what shall I say?” I exclaimed; “what shall I say?”

“BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD.”

This was the answer that seemed to fall down from heaven. I went on, and you will see, reader, how the Eye followed us—how the Star went before us.

Before I leave these circles, I must tell you of that stranger lady who first called to hear about Tounghoo, saying, she wanted to tell Lady Canning. Intimation may have been given her of the work there by that most heavenly-minded friend, the Rev. John Milne; but I never knew, for he works for good things just as wicked people do for evil things, round through the spirit world—only his are good spirits. If Mrs. L——, or others there, should happen to see these pages, they will forgive me, I hope, and will obligingly stand in the missionary pillory, because I know you do want to see them, reader—those dear kind friends who so generously pitied your little me and the poor Tounghoo women.

Mrs. Lushington was the one who presented my petition to the Secretaries. Indeed, Mr. Lushington is

himself one of them ; and one evening after the grant had been made for the school, he said to me, with the wickedest look in the world :

“Why didn’t you ask for two thousand rupees, Mrs. Mason, instead of that odd number fourteen hundred ? Maybe you’d have had it just as soon !”

He knew I was caught, and couldn’t ask for any more ! Ah well, those were days when the Government could afford to be liberal, and it was so to the educational interests in the Burman mission as elsewhere before the rebellion ; now it is compelled, most reluctantly, I do believe, to economize in this department as well as in all others.

But I was going to describe to you dear Mrs. L——. Well, her family crest is a dove, a true symbol of herself, and the last time I met them she was dressed in a dove-colored silk, covered all over with black Maltese lace, open and floating, low neck and short sleeves, and some slight graceful headdress, I think of lace with the slightest rose. She has light hair, rolled down on each side in the most loving way that you ever did see, and blue eyes. Almost all my friends in Calcutta and Burmah have blue eyes ! Isn’t it strange ? Mrs. L—— has a very quiet way, but somehow twines herself right around and round till she gets clear down into the warmest corner of your heart, you can’t tell how. On the evening I speak of, she had two young sisters with her, one of fifteen perhaps, the other seventeen. They were very lovely, and you would know it by their dress. One was attired in white silk, with the purest blonde complexion and light soft hair. The younger wore a pink silk. I believe she had dark hair and eyes ; I know the eyes spoke sympathy ; but what struck me was the mingled elegance and simplicity of their dress. There

was no great brazen serpent on the bosom with them. What a shocking idea that was—making ladies wear a serpent coil on the bosom! There were no piles of lava on their arms, as if just out of a volcano, nor any porcelain chips in their ears. They saw enough of Hindu nose rings around them, without caring to turn to Hindus for models of taste. The elder of these young ladies wore only the narrowest bit of purple tassel run round the neck of her white dress, and a slight wreath of delicate flowers, culled by herself, drooped gracefully over the hair. The younger, with the pink dress, wore a very small knot of natural flowers, verbenas and tube roses on the bosom, and rose buds in the hair. Nothing more. I don't recollect the slightest ornament of gold or jewelry about them. Of course they could have managed to carry about bars of gold as well as other young ladies, if they had chosen to be placarded with their doweries. They did carry doweries with them though, beneath their pure intellectual brows, their sympathizing eyes, their deferential manner, and very gentle voices. The ladies whom I have met in Calcutta are remarkable for their gentleness, for the purity of their language, and for their sweet, low toned voices. Cultivated Englishmen are very fastidious about the voice. They judge a lady, I believe, almost entirely by the voice; because, perhaps, a gentle manner always accompanies a gentle voice. We naturally associate with it loveliness of spirit, meekness of temper, and deferential manner, which always beam forth, whatever the dress, just in accordance with the discipline of the heart. If the schools would only teach more the cultivation of the voice, they would find their young ladies more respectful in manners.

I once met another sister of Mrs. L.'s in her parlors—a very white rose—and the dark, beaming eyes of the wise naturalist who bore it away. With him, also, a Mr. Inglis, I think Commissioner in the Punjaub. I don't know certainly as to that; but I know he was a philanthropist, and told me many things about the American missions in Lodiana and Lahore.

Mrs. L—— is a true Christian lady, with a warm missionary heart. She also took up a native missionary in Tounghoo for the Bghais, for whom she has paid a hundred rupees the year ever since.

While in Calcutta I went to St. John's church. The Governor General and Lady Canning came in preceded by his Staff-bearer, and were followed by his Aids. Their service books were quarto size, on rich cushions. No one attempted to leave before them. As she passed out she glanced around with an air of kindly recognition, yet with solemnity befitting the Holy Day. She was dressed in a plain silk, a black lace shawl, and white crape bonnet. Her air was queenly as if she had learned of Majesty, as she doubtless had, having been near the Queen's person for years.

As for me I heard nothing. It was Heber who seemed to me occupying the desk. It was that dear saint's voice I heard, and when the congregation sung I could hear only

“The star—the star of Bethlehem”

echoing around the church, until it seemed to die away in distant Trichinopoly; then I turned to Carey in the Metcalfe Hall, and India sixty years ago, India now, and India sixty years hence, rose gloriously one upon the other, until all were lost in the dazzling effulgence—the fast-coming Pentecost of the Church Triumphant.

CHAPTER IV.

TAMING A BEAR.

WE have reached Rangoon, and have now to call forth all our wits to get up across the country alone, or only with heathen men. The first experience is with the bandy owner at Pegu. After an agreement has been made and the boats unloaded, he comes forward to say the road over the prairie is very bad; he don't think he can venture. Knowing that his only object is to extort money, I quietly hear him through, and then simply ask, "Are you done, Moug Yen?" With an indescribable look of chagrin, and a shrug of the shoulder, he answers "Yes," and I turn to my writing.

"What is your mistress doing?" he inquires of my consamer, in a low tone.

"Writing the Bo-chouk—the commanding officer," replied the Hindu, with an air of importance, when the Burman hastens away, and is soon in close consultation with his friends.

Seeing two Europeans on the beach I send to them for counsel, for night is fast approaching and we have no shelter. The gentlemen call up the Conocopoly, the sub-commissariat official, whom I had sent to in vain, the cartman having bribed the messenger.

"Ah! who wants help?" exclaims the Baboo. "What lady?" and when told, oh he is so sorry. Why to be sure, the General had given him orders, and he should be

exceeding sorry if he had not the privilege of attending on madam. A chair is soon alongside, and milk brought, servants ordered, and madam desired to make herself as comfortable as possible, and he will see to all business. The Conocopoly keeps his word, and is soon laying down the law to the Burmans, who are crying out in great amazement :

"Excuse us. Th' Kyen! Th' Kyen!" I have now a moment to look over Old Pegu.

This capital of the Talaing Empire flourished above eleven hundred years, and the kings, at different periods, ruled over the Shan States, Ava, Tounghoo, Mogaung, Sittang, Martaban, Maulmain, Amherst, Ya, Tavoy, Tenasserim, and the "Thirty-three cities of Bassein." It was finally subjugated by Alompra, about one hundred years ago; and in 1853 was attached to the territories of the British Empire. Caesar Frederick, a Venetian merchant, who traded here in 1567, describes Pegu as being then a most magnificent city :

"The streets," he says, "are so broad that ten or twelve men may ride abreast, and are planted with nut trees." He gives a glowing description of the king's palace and the walls of the city, with twenty gates; the moat full of crocodiles, and the magazines full of gold, silver, and precious stones. "The king," he says, "had twenty-five crowned heads at his command, and could make up in his camp a million and a half of fighting men."

The site is on a level plain, and its celebrated glory Shwamadopra is there, but all the glory now remaining is the glory of desolation. I never saw ruins look so like desolation desolate. Not even Fountain's abbey, or Kirkstal, or the Druid Moors seemed to me so utterly forsaken as the ruins of Pegu.

The bandy master insists on prepayment. I have paid the Conocopoly, and have nothing to do now with this man. He is very stubborn, and refuses to move. I have begged the Conocopoly to go home to his supper. Night is upon us. I know we may be left there all night, and no white face near, but I know it is no time to be timid.

"The servant cannot go for the money," I say quietly, and settle down in the bandy.*

After growling half an hour the bandy master moves on, taking care to place my cart behind, so as to cover the rear, for they are terribly afraid of robbers.

But fancy our moonlight cavalcade. Here are the dark, tortoise-looking buffaloes, with their white and red turbaned drivers; the crescent-roofed carts, with their queer, high-hoisted ends, followed by fifteen or twenty black lascars, headed by their tindal, in curious, variegated drapery, flourishing their long knives and bludgeons, all winding slowly round through the deep shadowy defiles, amidst jack trees, morindas, acacias, and wild palms, and all beautifully silvered by the brightest moonlight.

It is burning noon, we are bivouacked on a shelterless plain from ten o'clock, A. M., till the sun has descended far down, because the buffaloes can't walk, I believe, in the sun. We are in the uncurtained cart, not a breath fans the air, and the sun's rays seem to pierce the inmost brain, creating a sensation of pain that must be endured to be known. Oh for the shade of a great tree in this

* A bandy is just another name for the horrible Burman cart, that thing that we rode into Tounghoo in, made just as old Gog made his up in Syria, with solid wheels that would weigh—not quite a ton.

weary land! My darling boys creep away under the carts, like the Burmans, and sleep it through, while I long to follow.

Oh, how slowly, slowly the sun does go down. It seems as if there must be some immovable obstruction. At last five o'clock comes, and they go in search of the buffaloes, which don't choose to be caught until six o'clock.

About midnight reach the river and shutting my boys into the cart almost to suffocation to keep off tigers, I try to get a few hours of sleep.

"Ho! ho! move off," shouts a Burman trades-woman.

"No, no," reply the drivers, "we are escorting a Bo's lady, she must not be disturbed."

Fortunately I understand, and rousing up, tell the woman I am no Bo's lady at all, and if I was they should get out of the way. The drivers enjoy the laugh, and move off.

But now comes the march again.

"How shall we get on to our next stage, Sammy?"

"Don't know ma'am. Here's the Goung Mya.—Magistrateess."

"Sammy, call her. I have orders for her from the Conocopoly."

Goung's wife comes forward. "Mistress wants a boat to Shwagyn; can you supply her?" asks the servant.

"Yes, I have charge of all the boats here."

"How much must I pay you?"

"Forty-five rupees."

Twenty-five is the common price, but thinking I shall have to accept her offer whatever it may be, she demands forty-five. The Tindal too, a cunning Bengalese, is just

going, of course only into the jungle until she has secured the booty, when he is to be a sharer.

"Tindal, here," calls Sammy, "If you find mistress a boat for twenty-five rupees here's a rupee for you, if you don't, Tindal—do you hear?—she'll report you to the Conocopoly." This man had told Sam the price before.

The Conocopoly's short ratan seemed to be already over his quivering back, and he bows a low salam.

"Mistress! two boats! two boats!" cries Sammy the next morning, pointing to two nice-looking competition boats lying off the village. They have been called from a distance during the night.

"Salam, Th'kyen," says the Goung Mya, bowing very low as she hands in a tray of rare bananas, and a bottle of milk.

There's no refusing politeness where edibles are so scarce, so of course her offer is accepted, for she is now all solicitude to supply us with boat and men, and every thing else at the lowest price, and without the slightest shame for her dishonest demands the night before. This is heathenism. If they succeed in extorting the last penny they are capital fellows, clever myas, but if they fail, or find the foreigner a match for them: oh, the nat of the white colah was fighting against them, that's all.

By nine o'clock we're all nicely afloat. The Goung Mya has received her "chittie" for the great officer, a pound or two of sugar has been distributed among the children on the beach; the Tindal, with his "*bukshies*" and "character" is bowing to the ground, and the whole air is ringing with:

"Koungtha! Koungtha! Salam! Salam! good lady!" as we float on the full tide up the Sittang.

At Shwagyn—Sam has met some old chums and gone to see his “brother.”

“Water very little. Must have three boats, lady,” all the Burmans declare, for the fourth stage from Shwagyn to Tounghoo. I know the water is very low, and we have our boat full of books, medicines, and the like, but an extra boat will cost me some fifty rupees, perhaps a hundred.

“Come Sammy, we’ll superintend the loading ourselves, and see if the matter can’t be managed some how.”

No Sam on land or water. Stand four hours myself in the hot sun. Thermometer at one hundred and ten.

Oh me! What is this? No water, and every man gone! A Burman trick. Did not that old boatman promise sacredly the sinoos should be filled with spring water? He did certainly, but he’s *got his money*. What cares he?

In the Shwagyn fever region—What’s this? Swimming, swimming, trees, river, earth, sky, all whirling, whirling—faster, faster. Down! Quite senseless! Am I dying? Water! water! Oh give me water!

None to help. My two little boys helpless as myself. Natives all vanished.

After a swoon succeed in crawling on the mat so as to reach the long cocoanut ladle, and dip up the hot river water. Thirst intense—burning—cannot be quenched. Boat lies right under a high steep bluff, with an encampment of lascars where all manner of horrible things are rolling right down into the river. Thirst more and more intolerable—wholly uncontrollable. No alternative. Drink we must. Nothing can be had but the nauseous, muddy, blood-hot river water.

The boatmen have gone for the market promising to return and leave at five o'clock. If I could only remove to the middle of the stream out of the hospital odors of the other boats it seems to me I would give almost any reward.

Five o'clock. No men.

"There's Sammy, ma," say the boys.

"Mistress, salam, salam, me had very pain in the leg, very bad pain, no could walk a bit."

"Sammy, go tell the head man mistress is dying here. Tell him we must go a little way on."

"Men cooking," growls the master. No one moves. Supper ended, send again.

"Men no got," growls again the master. In vain I plead, in vain I threaten. They are determined the boat shall remain just where it is till morning.

Write to the Sub' Commissariat Officer. Tell him I am suffering beyond description.

"Can't move, madam. No orders. Very sorry."

"Cooley, take out this boat into the middle of the stream." No answer.

"Cooley!" I call. No answer. Immovable as a statue.

"Here, Kyenbeah, here's a rupee, shove off," whispers Sammy, now entering into the matter.

Upon this the cooley is persuaded to push out. No sooner done than back wheels the satanic-looking fellow.

"He's going back, ma'am! He's got the rupee!" shouts Sam with desperation.

"Going back!" shriek my suffering boys.

Crawl out with much effort on to the platform: "Sammy, hurl this imp overboard! Right over, quick, quick!" and over he went, for Sam sprung upon him like

a tiger, but the wretch flung himself into a wee bit of a thing alongside, and made off, though in great terror.

Morning—Send off a report to the Head Commissariat officer. An hour passes.

“Ho, Consamer! Where’s that culprit?” shout two stout peons, appearing with ratans to flog the boat-master.

“Th’kyen! Th’kyen!” he pleads bowing to me vehemently.

“Do not strike him,” I say to the peons, “but compel him to leave the boat, and supply a new master with a new set of men.”

This was a greater punishment than a flogging, and a few days after he came scudding along, and followed clear up in order to purchase a return cargo.

Scarcely removed from the miserable fever region when we enter the mosquito quarters, in which we continue for eight days, devoured with fever by day and with mosquitos by night.

First comes the common kind, then a minute stinging species like sand-flies, and then comes a large, black, savage tribe that rush upon us like tigers, biting through stockings, shoes, and blankets, and so noxious that every bite leaves an inflamed swelling like the sting of a hornet. Here Perry Davis’ Painkiller proved an invaluable remedy, as it did on another occasion during this tour when I was stung by a scorpion. It was a large black scorpion, full five inches long, but after using one bottle of the Painkiller no more pain was felt.

Passed the mosquito region, and now comes the “Crocodile Haunt.”

There is one huge water beast here like the “Uncle Tom” of the Hoogly, but no one dares shoot the monster,

for if they do and fail of dispatching him, he will certainly pitch battle. The boat is immediately surrounded by an army of crocodiles, which are bold enough sometimes to attack pretty large craft. So say the river men. Whether this is true I don't know. My wild boys couldn't be quiet without hallooing and hurraing at two great log-like things that lay stretched along the sand, when they gaped open their hideous jaws and made for the water with all speed. Whether it was fancy or not I cannot tell, but I was quite sure they followed us for a little distance, and that I once or twice saw their black snouts peering above the water. It was in this dangerous pass in the river that the remains of a poor woman came floating past our boat. Both arms torn off, and all devoured but the head and bust. She had stepped into the water to bathe two days previous. But with all the vile things beneath, there are some curious sights above, which I never saw on any other river.

One is the River Post Office. This comes gliding right up to our feet. I can scarcely believe my own eyes; a snow-white banner, with a grand black P. O. streaming over a small boat, something like a galley with a high stern, a thatch awning, and a small roof behind compressed in the centre, like a whale with snout and tail out of the water. It is manned by six rowers and a helmsman mounted on a lofty seat, quaintly carved with all manner of river deities.

Next comes the ark of the Water god. A regularly built nat ship, about three feet in length and two in width. Many of these tiny fleets float coming down as we pass up the river, all constructed of split bamboo or plaintain stalks, pavilioned with small muslin *tees*, or umbrellas, and adorned with numerous white and gold pennons, with

slender gauze cylinders exquisitely wrought, colored, or gilded. These are sent out by the river-traders with cocoanuts, plantains, etc., as offerings to the gods. Some expend fifty and even a hundred rupees on these fanciful payahs, fully expecting to receive a hundred-fold reward in the same fruits as those offered.

"But what is all this, Sammy?"

"Oh, ma'am, these Burmans be dressing the trees."

And sure enough these trees are all draped out with golden robes, particularly the dalbergia, the ebony, the acacia, and all have brilliant streamers waving over the water-god. So, too, are the little pagodas all along the shore. Not many flowers are visible, but occasionally a queen lagerstroemia overhangs the banks brim full of its purple blossoms, very beautiful. Here and there, too, a pretty convolvulus creeps along the clustering reeds, or a blooming orchid flings its fragrance across the waters. The lofty cotton tree opens its innumerable silky pods in snowy beauty, and the plantain groves wave their grateful punkas over the hot, parched paddy fields; while the numerous gourd-covered trellises shadowing the brown cottages, make us fancy many a Jonah behind them.

Then the figures of the landscape are so unique—tattooed men propelling their light canoes, standing upon the edge of the stern, rolling out their joyous boat song, and flinging out one heel to keep the time upon every stroke, amid hosts of brown heads dotting the river like so many brown earthen water-pots.

The burning prairies too, are sometimes awfully picturesque, streaming on, roaring and crackling like a thunder storm—now spreading wide over the prairie, and now wreathing the jungle, leaping from tree to tree,

from branch to branch, till bursting in a glory of flame from the summit.

But the contrast of human emotion is even greater than that of nature along these waters.

The master of my boat has appeared from the first as independent as a prince, and one night moored just below a *gnappee* manufactory.* Expecting a refusal if I attempted to go beyond, I lay down with my children, thinking we would make a strong effort to endure it, but the wind blew directly from that point, and in less than half an hour we were all attacked with something like cholera. By this time I began to feel that yielding to barbarians was more of a weakness than a virtue; and stepping out upon the deck, I told the man to go beyond the fish dam.

"Can't go, Th'kyen."

"Sammy, pull up these poles and go ahead!" The rowers oppose.

"Silence, coolies! I have hired this boat. It is mine," and Sam pushed on.

The next day I heard the Burman relating the incident to a brother boatman. The man inquired what sort of a person he was carrying up:

"Amai! My understanding don't come up. She calls herself a teacher's wife, but she talks like a Mengyee kadau or commissioner's wife."

Whatever he thought of me, he ever afterwards

* *Gnappee* is fish butter, or fish melted in the sun to putrefaction, and used for butter sometimes with salt and sometimes without, all over Burmah. One spoonful in a boat, or near it, is enough at any time to bring on sea sickness, and makes one believe Old Nic was truly in the fishes.

moored the boat in shady, pleasant places, a thing he had not once done before.

Spreading out some large maps, I invited all the boatmen to a geography lesson, and succeeded in awakening interest in the boundaries of countries, and the spread of Christianity. Then I asked the master of the luggage boat to read a chapter in Luke, and another in John, which he did, and, strange to say, almost daily through the remainder of our tour, I heard this Burman reading the New Testament, and the cross old boat master listening.

There were little discomforts on this trip, but they were like thorns among roses. I think I never felt so thankful—much as my little boys did when leaving Calcutta. They were trying very hard to raise money to buy them a pony, and so carried all my notes to save the pennies. One day Mr. Wylie invited them to breakfast.

"Boys," he asked, as they were about leaving, "do you keep a purse?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much have you in it?"

"Seventeen rupees."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Get us a pony as soon as we can earn enough. It will take thirty rupees, but we've got more than half now."

"Let me see it," and he took the little bag. Mr. Wylie went into his study, and soon came out with it hanging by the string brim full! The boys said they did so want to thank him, but they *couldn't speak a word*! So I felt, now that I had time to reflect on the *miracle* God had wrought for Tounghoo.

I had been in a great strait to know how I should pay our boys' passage from Calcutta to Tounghoo; but now I could only look up in silence to God's Pitying Eye.

CHAPTER V.

FORMING AN EDUCATION SOCIETY AMONG WILD MEN.

ON reaching Tounghoo who should appear but my old Tutauman. Pointing to the north, south, east and west, he says :

"Teacheress, among these hills and valleys there are ninety-six churches, ninety-six chapels, ninety-six Christian schools, and two thousand six hundred baptized converts." As I looked backward it was perfectly bewildering. Men who, three years before, had never heard of Jesus.

In came the young preachers too, many of them my old pupils, from every part of the compass, with their troops of pupils, and one company came bearing palm leaves—a real oriental triumph ! Was it any wonder if I was exhilarated. I couldn't help writing back to dear Mrs. Wylie, who had given us so tenderly her sympathies :

"I assure you I feel half the time as if out of the body. I don't think I could ask any more joy ; for I am sure Immanuel is with us, and his holy, lovely likeness, in a greater or less degree, is shining all around us."

One day I was saying to the young schoolmasters it was delightful teaching the people to read, it was so blessed to feed on God's word : "Yes," he answered immediately, "'Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled' I read so in the holy book of Matthew."

These converts had already raised seven hundred rupees for books, eight hundred for medicines, besides building nearly a hundred chapels themselves alone, supporting nearly a hundred preachers and schoolmasters; and this year they had raised several hundred rupees for the young men's school, then in charge of the Rev. Mr. Whittaker.* How could I then expect them to enter upon a new undertaking? Quala, too, on whom I had most relied to further the plan, only said: "As for the food, the Christians can do it." He had heard that the Christians in America looked upon it with doubt. He supposed it was because men didn't approve in America of women teachers. So he would be very wise, he would take no ground at all. Neither oppose nor help.

Looking over the towering, hard mountains of the land, their scattered hamlets, drained purses, and many dialects, all new to me, and then this bitter disappointment in one on whom I had counted as a pillar of strength—Oh, reader, shall I confess to you my weakness? Fear—an indescribable, painful sense of fear came over me, and for a time overpowered every other emotion. I felt as if the gates of death were before me; like an outcast deserted of man and of God, and could see no help for all those thousands of Tounghoo women. Even after having just witnessed the power of the Almighty Arm. Oh, how wicked was I! I can scarcely think of it now without trembling to think that, after he had burst like the ancient O through the cloud, and raised up his own

* The Rev. Mr. Whittaker, of the Maulmain Mission, a devoted missionary, had gone up to Tounghoo, and was laboring very earnestly for the tribes, which he did until his death in the same year, but Quala held the charge, and has done ever since, according to the original plan.

leaders, and taken me up out of nothing, and made my cup run over with gladness—still, Hebrew-like, faith's shield began to fall down, and hope's helmet to tip over. My eagle wings were clipped, my Jehovah-Nissi banner was trailing in the dust of unbelief. I retired at night but only to toss from side to side; I arose in the morning only to fear and grieve.

Doubtless there was a reason among the counsels of the Most High Counselor, for permitting me to meet this disappointment; and it was not long that faith stood so shamefully faltering. For a Christian man to stand doubting and fearing when his Captain gives the word "March!" is like a soldier stopping under marching orders to inquire about the commissariat supplies. For a nurse to stand trembling when the physician orders leeches betrays a weakness that must unfit her for the sick room. I determined to obey the Physician, and leave effects and results to Him. As soon as this determination was fully formed, there came again a peace and joy indescribable. Almost immediately upon this change in my own mind one of the highest chiefs sent in three young women, very pretty and clever, but not a rupee nor a kernel of rice with them, nor a word about any support. Then arose another trial of faith. If I sent them back no more would come down; if I took them and fed them myself it would be a ruinous precedent. I called the girls, told them every particular, threw the burden of responsibility upon them, explained to them how momentous the future, how much depended on their success, and then proposed a night of fasting and prayer. We spent it mostly together, pleading with heaven, and before morning those three young women were quite as deeply imbued with the spirit of the undertaking as I was myself.

The next evening a chief came in bringing eleven rupees for the young men's school.

"Go and give it to mama for the girls," Mr. Mason says.

"The girls!" he replies, with a side look of disdain.

"Yes, for the girls. They have nothing to eat. They need food as well as the boys."

Very reluctantly the chief came along and handed me the eleven rupees.

"Stop, Nah Khan," I said, taking a low stool beside him. "Look at this," spreading out the ground plan of the contemplated building, and explaining to him the whole undertaking. I also explained to him that I was obliged to give up my own support to do this.

"And how is mama to get her curry and rice?" he asked.

"Ah, Qualay, God's ravens are still in the world," I answered, when he smiled understandingly, and turning to his followers, in an undertone he said:

"Think we must send mama the great pig!"

Sure enough, a few days after down came the great pig—a tremendous big one—laced up in bamboos, borne by seven men, squealing so as to startle the officers all the way through cantonments. On they came and laid it an offering at my door, a highland offering of sympathy! The same day my servant went with them to market and sold the squealer for twenty-two rupees. With this, and the eleven rupees, I was enabled to support the girls a whole term.

Seeing I was really in earnest, and had even sold the pig to help, the Nah Khan and his men began also to feel an inspiration about the work. From this time he encouraged and cheered on the work. Caleb-like, he said:

"Let the teacheress have no fear. We are able, and we will do all she requires."

Thus God in mercy gave strength and comfort. The story soon spread, and deputations began to pour in desiring to see the *taguau* or plan which I had marked out for the institute. With each company I spent hours in explaining the plan, and the advantage of having the women taught so as to keep the schools, and leave the young men free to go beyond preaching the gospel. Some opposed strongly, and I would leave them in a high dispute with one another about the shame of having *women teachers*, and the impropriety of allowing their daughters to learn more than their parents knew. They would become lazy, they would no more beat out paddy, it was argued. They would become proud, and would no longer obey their husbands. Others, however, saw the advantages, and particularly the advantages of having a piece of land of their own, and a large handsome house of their own. The liberal party finally prevailed, and all returned to bring in their pledges and contributions. Each embassy now brought a letter pledging his chief and people to carry on the school, and support it; accompanying the letter with their money, varying from one rupee to thirty rupees.

Next came the search after a building spot. The Deputy Commissioner proposed a horseback ride, so one morning before breakfast away we went with our mutual friend, the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, the Commissioner, on a beautiful cream-colored pony, with black mane, cut close, and a sweeping black tail. The pretty creature had a fine arching neck, and seemed to know exactly who she carried, for she stepped off as proudly as a young Bucephalus. My pony, which Mrs. Whittaker had kindly

sent, was also a Shan, but much smaller. I had not been on horseback for twelve years, so that this was quite an adventure. The Commissioner led off, and on he went over all sorts of places, down the river, over the plains, and at last came square up to a very steep ridge of table land, which he thought would make a splendid site for a school. On the top was a pagoda, with a long graded ascent of paved steps from the base to the summit. Captain D'Oyly rode on, as if he had met nothing to impede us, right up the brick steps.

"Shall I come?" I asked timidly, but with no thought in the world but that of implicit obedience.

"Yes, Mrs. Mason, come right up," he answered quietly, turning his head with a grave careless air. So on I went, up, up, up, till I verily thought the pony must lose his balance and tumble backwards over my head. I said nothing, but thought to myself, the next time I attempt to ride with a military officer I shall follow *slowly*. As soon as we reached the summit he turned to me with a half-concealed, triumphant expression :

"You're a capital rider, Mrs. Mason, and you are quite *tractable*!"

Then I saw the mischief in his eye, and understood he had led me straight up the pagoda just for sport. We had a much harder time getting down, and it was not without some peril. He rode straight down again, and I suppose any English officer would go straight on if he went over the crater of Vesuvius. Men are strange beings. They can never let any thing stand up before them ; one can see that in their continual bunting at that great iceberg around the North Pole.

When I asked the Captain what he played such a ruse for, he answered with his judicial smile :

"Oh, I saw you could lead Karens. I wanted to see if you could *follow!*"

It was all in vain, however, our scaling the Myugyee pagoda. Not a foot of land could we find available, for the military lines lay far and near, stretching in every direction like a universal Medusa. Once we saw a magnificent old mango near the river, and galloped off, thinking then we had surely got beyond the lines, and found an olive, but lo, to our great vexation, there were twenty or thirty sappers slashing down the reeds and grasses to build a hospital! Then we turned and galloped as far the other way to a clump of palms standing all alone as much as two miles from the cantonments; but there they were, the forever-present bushmen, putting up a great stable. So after searching in vain till ten o'clock, we gave up and went home.

The next day I started again with Karens, and for five days we scoured the country in every direction, and found nothing, unless we went back into the fort and bought land, and even then it must either be on the wall, or in a swamp. I was resolved to get on to the river, so that the Karens could have the advantages of a river frontage for their boats, bamboos and produce, so as to have water free for themselves and their cattle, to protect against fires, and to have a clear way downward should they be obliged to flee from the Burmese.

Finally, the Nah Khans, the two chief Karens who had been appointed magistrates, suggested that we should go at once into the jungle on the east side of the Sittang river, opposite to the old fort, on a spot where they said all the Karen paths met. It was a wild jungle, but a place particularly convenient for all the tribes.

"Very well," the Deputy Commissioner replied, "I

will go over with you, and we will walk off as far as you want."

Recollecting the pagoda jaunt, I engaged him in an interesting conversation till he quite forgot the land and walk. Finally, he suddenly recollected his promise, and stopping short, said :

"Do you want a *state* here, Mrs. Mason? How far are you going?"

"Only to that old tree; that will make a fine boundary," I answered, pressing on to an ancient banyan that was waving fifty feet over the river.

Reluctantly he stepped over to it, looking back in utter amazement at the distance we had gone over.

"Well now, Mrs. Mason, you've got the trumps!"

"Pagoda trumps, captain?" I asked; very busy just then with an air plant, when his glance comprehended the whole.

"I've a great mind to send you up to court!" he says, but allows me to walk off inland.

He spoke something about having it measured. I suggested that he let us cut down the jungle first, and then it could be seen how much there really was.

"Well, call your people and go to work quick, but I can't promise you will get it all."

Immediately about fifty came down to clear the land, but applied to me for food. I counted up all they had brought in for the school and place, and the whole amounted to only one hundred rupees; I told them how much there was, pointed to my twenty-four pupils, and assured them it would be impossible for me to feed them. But I handed them twenty-five rupees, telling them they had better appoint two of their number to buy and cook for the whole. The work would then go on much more rapidly.

Two days passed when they came again, saying, the money was all gone." At first I felt disposed to rebuke them; but, turned to my closet for an hour, giving the time to prayer and to my dear little help-book, "Remedies against Satan's Devices." In that time God taught me what to do, and strength was given for the day. Having first obtained permission of Mr. Mason I went out:

"Chiefs, can you build me a house?" I asked.

"Oh yes, indeed, if mama would live in a Karen house."

"How long would it take?"

"We could put one up to-morrow."

"Very well. You go and put me up a house, and I will take the girls all over the river. Then I will buy the bazaar, and the girls will do the cooking if you think all would like this?"

Never could eyes open so wide. They seemed relieved of a tremendous burden, and springing to their feet they gave orders to their men right and left, while I handed them ten rupees more to sustain them while building it. The next evening I bade adieu to home and all home comforts. They had cleared two spots about forty feet square, and the school-house or shanty they had built me was only twenty feet square, set up two feet above the damp ground, enclosed by reeds and covered with grasses. To this we removed the next evening with our books and twenty-four girls; and here was taught the first girls' school in Tounghoo. At evening we assembled for prayers, and I addressed them kindly, praising them for the efforts they had made, and encouraging them to hope for success if they would let the girls cook for them all. To this several strongly objected, alleging that Bghai food and Paku food were not the same, and their manner of

cooking not the same. I then engaged that Bghai girls should cook for Bghais, and Paku girls for Pakus, upon which all sung most heartily the doxology, and every heart beat as strong as Gideon's.

The next day, on the 4th of August, 1857, the chiefs having arrived, we held a convocation in the little bamboo chapel which they had erected under four ancient mango trees some eighty feet high, and organized the Karen Education Society. Forty chiefs were present, and twenty were represented by letter. The session continued until the 7th. They chose them a Board of Managers, consisting of one Paku, one Mauniepaga, one Mopaga, one Bghai, one Pant-Bghai, and one English, besides Captain D'Oyly, the late Deputy Commissioner of Tounghoo, who kindly consented to act as President. One of the first resolutions of the society was to support and carry on themselves the National Female Institute, as they expressed it, "down to remotest generations." The Nah Kahn Qualay stirred up the people to bring in their pledges, and my Tutauman, Shapau, started out through the Bghai hills for three months, explaining the plan to all the Bghai villages, and soon pledge letters came in from every quarter.

A few of these letters I will give, for I do really think they are curious and interesting documents, considering they are entirely the composition of these wild Karens. These are specimens of more than two hundred letters now beside me, which have been voluntarily sent in by native churches. The first letter was

From the Pakuites.

"DEAR TEACHERESS :

"Grace, mercy, and peace, be with thee forever !

"The village where I reside is Motheduc, on Mukhapho creek, which falls into Yau creek, and Yau creek falls into De creek, and De creek falls into the Sittang river. Seventy-eight of the villagers have been baptized, but they are still weak in the Lord. Many wish to come and study with the teachers, but for want of means to support them, I cannot consent to their coming. I send only three. These are all resolved to study in earnest; but they fear they will not be received, and wish me to write for them, so I entreat the teacheress to receive them, and watch over them as far as she is able. They have never dwelt before on the great plains. For the great building we are able to contribute (nothing worth mentioning). Only twelve rupees, and for the girls six rupees, fourteen annas, and two pie. The grace, mercy, and peace of God be with the teachers to all eternity."

Another—the same clan :

"DEAR TEACHERESS OF TOUNGHOO :

"Now there are some young women here who desire to study with the mama. We send two of them, who pledge themselves to study hard and become teachers, and the people promise to support them. We send now four rupees eight annas.

"PWAPAU THE TEACHER OF KLURLAH."

Another :

"TEACHERESS .

"May abundant grace rest upon thee forever !

"We, the members of the church at Plomuduc would reply to the questions that you ask. As respects the

ground, we have appointed ten men for the work, with an elder at their head. In the matter of the house, we are willing to do whatever the teacheress wishes; but for the girls we are not able to do any thing this year. Next year, however, we will do to the extent of our ability, and send girls to the Institute, and make provision for them.

“LUTOO TEACHER OF KLAUMEDUC.”

Another—the same clan :

“Through God's great mercy you have arrived in Tounghoo. God has preserved the teacher and teacheress during all their journeyings, for which we rejoice greatly.

“Now your plans for us make our hearts exceeding hot. Why? Because we know the kingdom of God has come in power. At present we can't help the work much, as our paddy and rice are nearly gone. Besides, very many are sick. We have not much money, but we have all subscribed for the girls' support, because we know they cannot support themselves individually. We pay some a rupee each, some eight rupees, some four rupees, and some one anna. In all twenty-eight rupees and one pie.”

From the Mauniepaga Tribe.

“DEAR TEACHERESS :

“The grace, mercy, and love of God, be with thee forever !

“Now we have heard a little of the plans of the teacheress, and have assembled; we send twenty-seven rupees.

“MAUKEE, LITTLE TEACHER OF KLAUMEDUC.”

From the Mopaga tribe.

“TEACHER AND TEACHERESS :

“The plan devised for us, we all like much. We will give up our children to study in the great zayat about to be erected, and will furnish them food. All agree perfectly to the Committee of Seven, and we now hope to become acquainted with books. We write this letter that the teachers may know we agree with glad hearts.

“The doings of the teacheress afford us great pleasure, and we consent to all the plan, and we will make true our words.

“May peace and happiness rest on our helpers.

“WRITTEN FOR THE CHURCH OF PANAPOO.”

From the Pant-Bghai Tribe :

“TEACHERESS :

“That which thou hast devised erecting a building for us, hits the minds of all, both men and women. We agree with great, glad hearts, and will send our children and grand-children to study, and we will also furnish them support.

“We will righteously perform the things to which we here agree, both men and women pledging their words ; and in order that mama may know our designs, we have written this letter.”

The same clan :

“DEAR LADY AND LOVED TEACHERESS :

“I wish to say one word. Here in Lakuduka there are no girls. All are married. Of these, we send two. One has a husband, but she desires to learn, and we beg you will receive them.

“YOUR SON JAATHU.”

CHAPTER VI.

GETTING A TITLE DEED.

"You will surely die there, Mrs. Mason." This was our civil surgeon's belief, and the fear of all our friends, for every one knows how unhealthy it is living in the midst of new clearings day and night, and especially in a hot climate, where vegetation decomposes so rapidly.

"But doctor, how do your officers do when bringing your men before an enemy?"

"Oh! we go first, of course," he answered, laughing.

"When you know you may get shot first?"

"Yes."

"Then you know why my husband lets me go and live in the clearings."

There is nothing so important when laboring to raise up a heathen people, as to let them see that you believe yourself what you teach them. If you would have them trust you must trust yourself. If you would have them enter into the spirit of that diamond promise, "First the kingdom of God and his righteousness," you must make that first in the little unnoticeable actions of every-day life, not unnoticed by the heathen. Little things are what they judge by altogether, like little children, and like God too. The minute hand is their guide, not the hour hand. Therefore my dear husband was happy in this arrangement, although from July 1857 to July 1858 I could have only Saturdays for home duties.

Saturday morning two of the school girls would go over, and while taking lessons in sweeping, cleaning and tasteful arrangement, would put every thing "to rights" in Mr. Mason's quarters. In the morning the dhoby always came with the week's washing, and took out for the next week, by which arrangement every thing was changed on Saturday, and all ready for quiet on the Sabbath.* Then the cook's market bill for the week was to be settled up, and directions given for the next week, and this I always kept for my husband's table, for my own, for the girls' school, for the young men's school, and for the two Karen hospitals, down to every pie; measuring out, every Saturday morning, the tea, the coffee, the sugar, the salt, the flour, the curry-powder, the rice, and even the lamp-oil, for every day through the week. By noon the domestic business was completed, and the remainder of the day was a real treat to us both. Then out came my dear husband's letters, and scientific papers, with my "big plans" to be sifted and turned over by the wisdom and genial heart of one of the most indulgent husbands ever given to woman, and so these hours were exclusively devoted to each other.

We are greatly favored in having good servants. Appoo takes care of all my husband's wants, while our friend the mussulman keeps all the wardrobes in order. I have heard of legislators decreeing it the duty of woman to "smile on her husband and darn his stockings!" Shades of Menu and Fo! Smile of course we will on our husbands if they are good looking, not without; but as for

* Everybody knows, I suppose, that in hot climates linen has to be changed every day alike; so that it is always necessary to have one or two dozen changes on hand at once.

the darning—nonsense ! old Baboo Hoosim can do it a thousand times better than I can. He is our family tailor. Every Saturday morning at six o'clock, this tall, white-gowned spectre appears in his Cashmire turban and flowing white beard on our verandah. Then out come the drawers, when every thing and any thing that wants repairing is handed over to him. He'll take it all home out of my way, or he'll do it there ; and he'll reseat a pair of pantaloons for four annas, twelve cents, which it would take me two hours to do. Then he'll find buttons and sew them on to all the wristbands, make up shirts or dresses, pantaloons or mantles, no matter which, fit up your bed-room with sheets, pillow-slips, towels, all and every thing, and for less money than it would cost me to furnish materials, because a foreigner always has to pay a third more for every thing than a native.

Then little Appoo ; he's such a capital fellow ! Just like his master—I mean is just as punctilious about the hours.* Then his curry is always right, with the whitest rice, every thing smoking hot, and just at the hour. At three o'clock precisely in comes the hot water for master's bath. At seven o'clock precisely comes his unchangeable dinner of curry and rice, or beef steak, fried plantains, and sweet potatoes, with now and then the daintiest

* I have just one of the most stereotyped husbands that ever lived. Up every morning over his tea and toast at six o'clock, then comes a short walk, then at his translations till prayer time, breakfast at nine, study till eleven, lie down till twelve, at work again till two, then a short nap, a bath, dinner, another walk, rest an hour, tea at eight, translate till eleven. Week after week always the same, except when broken up by jungle traveling.

little custard "for master," or a nice cup of arrow root pudding.

So I let the servants darn and I superintend. *This* must never be left to them, as they soon rattle through the purse if you do. With my Yankee notions of housewifery I for some time endeavored to tempt my husband to other dishes which I prepared with great care myself, roast meats, pies, tarts, cakes, etc., but although he would politely taste them and pronounce them excellent, yet I soon saw he spent no thought on them, and only tasted from mere politeness. So I gave up the cook-house, much to his satisfaction, and devoted my time to the people. The second year I was able to leave the Karens also on Wednesday nights and take our boys to join my husband, which afforded us much cause for thankfulness, as the separations of the first year had been to us both long and painful. It was hinted to my husband, from America, that this separation was not "*proper*," and might scandalize the mission! I need not say that the individual who made the suggestion felt no sympathy with the undertaking, or for the Karen women. It is a sad thing when Christians find it difficult to get up any higher than their church, or think more about the reputation of the church than the glory of Christ. I thank God my husband had too much sense for old Lucifer that time, and "cared for none of those things."

Not a little cankering care and anxiety I had in many ways concerning these land matters and the timber. In a letter about this time I remarked :

"The Karens are now erecting twelve guard-houses for twelve of the largest villages in a parallelogram encircling the Institute, and cultivating about them. They then propose to make a public road around the whole lot,

and then perhaps take up the jungle beyond and build up a small Karen settlement. This they will probably do if the taxes are satisfactorily arranged, which the Deputy Commissioner is negotiating for them. This would be greatly for their advantage, being near the city to which they constantly resort by hundreds for barter.

The following extracts from an appeal concerning the land was sent by the Deputy Commissioner of Tounghoo, who selected the land with us :

“*To*

“CAPTAIN HOPKINSON,

“COM. PEGU, AND AGENT GOV. GENERAL INDIA.

“DEPUTY COMMISSIONER'S COURT,

“TOUNGHOO, *the 19th day of August, 1857.*

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

“*Minute.*—A careful search has been made by Mrs. Mason, and others, for a piece of ground in the vicinity of this town, answering to the description of land referred to in the above letters from the Governor General, viz., a small piece of land with well and fruit trees. No such land, however, which would answer the purposes required, exists in this neighborhood; and as a last resource, it appears, at the earnest request of Qualay, an assistant among the Karen tribes, Mrs. Mason was induced to apply for permission to clear the jungle for a certain distance on the right or left bank of the Sittang river opposite this town.

“The Deputy Commissioner accompanied Mrs. Mason to the spot desired, and certain bounds were pointed out within which she was permitted to make a clearance.

*	*	*	*	*	*
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The ground was covered with elephant grass and forest

trees, and has never been occupied by any one within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and is claimed by no one. The Myuoke's report on this head is attached to the proceedings.

"An extensive clearance is now visible, effected by the means of the Karens, who already have great interest in the Institution. The area of land for which a grant is now required amounts to thirty-two nails, five annas, ten pie.

"There are two spots of land on the site which I think are above the highest water mark ; but the greater portion will be subject to occasional inundations in the highest of the rains.

"I do not consider that I am authorized by the terms of Major Phayre's letter, above referred to, to grant the land now under consideration, without the final sanction of the Commissioner of Pegu and Agent to the Governor General ; but I would, in forwarding these proceedings for his consideration, try to point out the grounds, which appear to me to exist in favor of the grant being made :

"1st. The position is the choice of the Karens. The principal Karen residents of the districts belong to the eastern mountains, and their transit to and from the school would not necessitate their passing the river, which in the rains is attended with ferry expenses.

"2nd. The position is a central one, approved of as one of easy access to the great mass of the Karen population.

"3rd. This site would, I think, never have been cleared as the ground is reported as useless for paddy cultivation.

"4th. A location here would ensure the spot being kept clear from jungle—in itself a very desirable thing in the vicinity of a town ; the position of which is thereby rendered healthier and more free from malaria.

"Mrs. Mason has been informed that in the event of the grant being sanctioned by the Commissioner, she will be required, either to keep open the road which has connected the two villages on the north and south of their position, or to prepare a cartway in lieu thereof, which shall pass round and immediately outside of her limits.

(Signed,)

"GEORGE D'OYLY,

"DEPUTY COMMISSIONER."

The Acting Commissioner replied, that he could not, without seeing or visiting the spot himself, or much further information, sanction the grant.*

Upon which Captain D'Oyly wrote the following comforting little note to me :

"MY DEAR MRS. MASON :

"Do not be downcast. We must have a talk about this, and I hope we may be able to get the Commissioner to change his mind.

"It would never do to let the labor and enthusiasm of the Karens be thrown away. No indeed ! Be as bold in your present difficulties as you were when you rode up the steps of the Myugyee pagoda and all will come right ! Write yourself and represent your own case, and I will forward it."

* Colonel Phayre, the Chief Commissioner of Pegu, was then in Italy for his health, and Captain Hopkinson, Commissioner of Tenasserim, was in charge.

“To

“CAPTAIN H. HOPKINSON,

“COMMISSIONER OF PEGU AND AGENT

“TO THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF INDIA.

“SIR,

“I take the liberty of writing to you, as Captain D'Oyly requests me to do so, concerning the land for which I have applied on account of the Karen Female Institute.

“I would first beg permission to say a word in behalf of these mountain tribes of Tounghoo.”

* * * * *

Here followed a brief account of the Karens and their readiness to receive Christian books.

“From the lowest drunkenness thousands have risen up to sobriety, diligence and worth. From the lowest ignorance they have become able mathematicians, printers, and teachers. Some of the most eloquent orators I ever heard were Karens, and they have been educated almost entirely in their own vernacular tongue. In Tounghoo the work of conversion and education has been most remarkable.”

After mentioning the young men's advancement and Quala's devotion, the letter continued :

“But for the education of the Karen women very little has been done in Tounghoo, and for the Burmese nothing at all.

“For many years it has been my earnest desire to establish a school for girls which should embrace all the tribes, bring out and concentrate the energies and philanthropic feelings of all the tribes in the one great object of education, and be to the Christian clans among the natives what Delphi was to the tribes of Greece. God

has in the most wonderful manner opened the way for a beginning.

* * * * *

"You know the grant so graciously given me by Government. It is true I asked only for a 'small piece of land,' but then there was to be a 'well and fruit trees,' which implies a cultivated piece of ground, and this was what Government expected me to have. But the military and civil lines occupy almost every desirable spot in Tounghoo. I have therefore taken an unbroken jungle. The labor of subduing the jungle and keeping the land clear will be very great. Of course we would not desire to have such a piece of land unless compensation could be made in some way for the cultivation, the well and fruit trees. It takes a long time for fruit trees to grow, and they are invaluable on a school-ground. Therefore, it is that I ask for a larger piece of land.

"For a public institution for so many clans, for a hundred girls we require ground sufficient for the school-house, a house for the steward, the teacher, a play-ground, a garden, a grazing-piece, dormitories, out-offices, guard-house, and a spot for a chapel. I would, therefore, earnestly beg you will make us the following grants :

"1st. The whole piece of land measuring thirty-two and a half acres.

"2nd. Permission to erect twelve guard houses on the outskirts of this piece for the protection of the school, free of rent, the occupants paying their annual capitation taxes in the districts to which they respectively belong.

"3rd. Permission for the Karens, who may take up land beyond the school for cultivation, to pay their capi-

tation taxes in the districts where they belong, for the three years which government allows to bring the land under cultivation.

"4th. Five hundred rupees towards building the new road required round our land. This is asked because the road being a public one for all the villages, it seems a hard work to do alone.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"ELLEN B. MASON."

The letter was forwarded by Captain D'Oyly, but not without a world of sport.

"You thought if you clapped on to government five hundred rupees, it couldn't be so ungallant as to refuse every thing, so you'd stand a surer chance of getting the land! Your diplomatic powers are pretty good, Mrs. Mason! Pretty cleverly done that!" and so he enjoyed it as if it had really been a shrewd thing, while my poor brain never soared half so high, the thought being only the severity of compelling the Karens to make a public road at their own expense.

Captain Hopkinson replied in the most gentlemanly terms, granting finally the whole piece of land, permission for the guard-houses free of rent, permission to make the road around the boundary; but he said: "Mrs. Mason need not make one any better than the native road that she found on the place." He also granted all I asked in regard to taxes, and moreover, he would grant the Karens permission to take up just as much land as they could cultivate free of taxes for ten years!

On the reception of this the Karens gave ringing

cheers for D'Oyly and Hopkinson ! and the following note of thanks was returned :

“ To CAPTAIN HOPKINSON,

“ COMMISSIONER OF PEGU AND AGENT TO THE
GOVERNOR GENERAL OF INDIA.

“ SIR,

“ Capt. D'Oyly has kindly given me the perusal of your letter in regard to the Karen Female Institute, and I beg to express my warmest thanks to you for sanctioning the grant of land, and also for your very generous and noble decisions in regard to the Karen guard-houses and taxes. I trust your efforts for the elevation of the Karens will not be lost upon them ; and while our rulers are helping us so liberally, we trust the blessing of heaven will fall richly upon them, for ‘ He which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.’ ‘ And he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord ; and *that which he hath given will he pay him again.*’ We have appointed next Sunday as a day of thanksgiving throughout the jungles, and be assured many warm heart-prayers will ascend on that day from these glens and pinnacles, for yourself and the Deputy Commissioner of this province.”

Changes however prevented the deed from being made out until the return of Col. Phayre, when I again laid the subject before him, and received the following very kind reply :

“ ON THE IRRRAWADDY, *April 12th*, 1858.

“ MY DEAR MRS. MASON,

“ I was so much occupied previous to leaving Ran-

goon, on the 4th instant, that I had not time to answer your letter of March 12th.

"I have been very much interested in your account of arrangements for the Karens, and I do assure you I hope to be able to do nearly all, if not quite all that you require. I quite long to come to Tounghoo to see all you are doing, but think I shall not be able to reach there before or about January, 1859, when I certainly shall be there, (D. V.) and hope then to go into the Karen hills.

"The piece of ground on the opposite side of the river I apprehend there can be no difficulty about, and I am writing to Capt. D'Oyly regarding the road around the Institute.

✓ "I shall also be inclined to do all I can for the Karens in the matter of the government taxes. *I fully appreciate the benefit which will result from your determination to educate the Karens as Christian Men, and to make them Good Agriculturalists.*

✓ "I look forward with great pleasure, in my next visit to Tounghoo, to seeing your Karen Female School, and witnessing the assembly of the whole of your Karens at evening worship. I feel that a great work is going on, and that it is the duty of all to further it to the utmost of their ability. I fear you will think this a very brief and cold reply to your long and interesting letter. However, I hope to prove by *deeds* that I appreciate the efforts you are making to civilize and Christianize the interesting race you are laboring amongst.

"May I ask you to send me a brief sketch of the Karen Female School after the close of the present term. The number of scholars, what they are taught, the age of the scholars, the tribes they belong to, and all par-

ticulars which you think would be interesting. The Government will, I am sure, be glad to learn all particulars. When you have scholars of different tribes do you teach each in their own dialect?

“With kind regards to Mr. Mason,

“Believe me, my dear Mrs. Mason,

“Very sincerely yours,

“A. P. PHAYRE.”

The following is an extract from the reply:

“The girls are all instructed in two dialects—the Paku and Bghai, with assistants in each of the others. They are making most satisfactory progress in the study of Christianity, geography, history, arithmetic, elementary astronomy, letter-writing, the laws of health, house-keeping, nursing the sick, and teaching; and are being carefully trained in habits of order, punctuality, and cleanliness.”

It was soon after this that our Deputy Commissioner was promoted, and a new ruler arrived in Tounghoo. Directions were immediately given by the Commissioner for the title deed to be made out, but that deputy a few months after left the commission entirely. Then business fell into the hands of a subordinate officer, and so the saddest delays occurred after the order for the deed had been issued, causing me and the Karens the most intense anxiety for two years, and by circumstances over which the Commissioner had no control. This delay was caused mostly by bad men, who retarded the advancement of female education in the land.

Finally, Colonel Phayre, with the independence and nobleness of a truly great mind, stepped forth, and in

the majesty of right gave with his own hand the Title Deed, as follows :

✓ TITLE DEED FOR KAREN SCHOOL LAND IN TOUNGHOO.

“ Under the authority and sanction conveyed from the Governor General of India, in Council, in letter No. 1204, dated 16th March, 1857, from the Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department, to the address of the Commissioner of Pegu, the said Commissioner doth hereby, as a special case, in order that sound education and civilization may be imparted and extended among the Karen nation, grant unto the Karen Education Society of the district of Tounghoo, all that parcel of land situated on the east bank of the river Sittang, near the city of Tounghoo, now in the occupation of the said Education Society, and containing about thirty-two (32) acres, more or less; and the said land shall be held in trust by Mrs. Ellen B. Mason for the said Education Society, until her decease, when it may be taken in charge by the Karen Board of Managers of the said Society, in connection with any one person whom the said Mrs. Ellen B. Mason may have appointed to co-operate with the said Society or Board of Managers, as their Trustee and Agent. And this grant shall continue and have effect as long as the land granted, and the building or buildings thereon, shall be used for and devoted to the objects on account of which the grant is made; namely, for the establishment of Female schools and other institutions, whereby a sound education may be imparted to the Karen nation in the district of Tounghoo, and the blessings of civilization be extended to them.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, at Bassein, on the ninth (9th) day of July, 1859.

*"A. P. PHAYRE,
"COMMISSIONER OF PEGU."*

"To

"MRS. ELLEN B. MASON, TOUNGHOO.

"MADAM :

"I have the honor to forward to you a grant for the land on the east bank of the Sittang, or Pongloun river, held by the Board of Managers of the Karen Education Society in the district of Tounghoo.

"I have the honor to be, madam,

"Your most obedient servant,

"A. P. PHAYRE,

"COM'R. PEGU AND AGENT TO THE GOV. GENERAL INDIA.

"COMMISSIONER'S PEGU OFFICE,

"BASSEIN, the 8th July, 1859."

In an unofficial note of thanks, dated

"TOUNGHOO, 29th July, 1859,"

I say : "How glad, glad I am of this Title Deed ! I thank you with all my heart, and every Christian Karen on these mountains will thank you every day as long as they live."

I think as many as *fifty* letters it had cost me to obtain this deed. Two years, too, of asking and waiting before the Throne. But did God forget to be gracious ? No, verily !

"HAPPY IS HE WHO HATH THE GOD OF JACOB FOR HIS HELP. THE LORD RAISETH ALL THEM THAT ARE BOWED DOWN."

CHAPTER VII.

THE KAREN CANAAN.

"TEACHERS, I wonder if I love God with all my strength. I am thinking if I *can* do this."

These words were uttered by a very wild chief of the Pant-Bghai tribe. He, with others, felt it a most formidable undertaking, the clearing thirty acres of land, exceedingly formidable for wild Karens. The Nah Khans divided out the whole ground into four wards, giving one to each of the four principal clans, so that every one, on going through the jungle, would see "Paku ward," "Mopaga ward," "Bghai ward," and "Maunie-paga ward," mounted upon the stakes all along the whole tract.

It is August, and the rains are pouring heavily, but the news spreads like a burning jungle. "The Karens have got a Canaan. God has given us a Holy Land!" and mountain echoes to mountain, "Come to the work!" and come they do, in troops of five, ten, fifteen, twenty, until two or three hundred cover the jungle. Drenched with rain, down they pour, over crags and snags, through bogs and rivers swollen up to their necks, and not a rag of clothing to change, so poor they are.

"Dahs, dahs, mama! Give us dahs!"—long stout knives—for a fourth part of the Bghais bring nothing to work with, so I must buy for them spades and hoes, to the amount of nearly a hundred rupees out of the general fund which the whole supply. These too require care,

and the men are constantly going and coming, so two of the girls are appointed stewardesses of the tools to give out and receive in, taking the leaders' names in each company. Four others are intrusted with the marketing; but the rations I give out daily myself to all the companies, so that there shall be no injustice; besides, I find it much more economical. The girls cook for them with perfect cheerfulness, and all work indeed like Nehemiah's men, building up the wall.

Oh my! You should have seen the heaps of presents coming to me. On one side rolls of mats, ten feet high; on another long bamboo joints of honey, on another piles of baskets, and before the door a whole yard full of hens and chickens. Oh my! what a cackling treasury! You know this is custom *à L'Orient*. On first visiting any superior they lay before him some token of friendship, or rather of homage.

We let them bring as much as they like, but never take for ourselves a single anna's worth, neither Mr. Mason, nor I, nor our children. We say to them, it is well, but we will set it all to the school account, and every mat, basket, egg, and fowl; every pound of beeswax or bamboo of honey which we use for ourselves, I pay for the full market price, and put it into the school funds. This has always been Mr. Mason's custom and my own, and I believe it is far more pleasing to God than it would be to take presents from such poor converts. Both Mr. Mason and Quala, at the close of 1856, reported: "Among the Bghais things are going back"—but this new school plan, which brought the tribes to work altogether, seemed to have a mesmeric effect. It made the clans acquainted with each other, drew forth their sympathies, greatly increased their love for each other, and

their interest in one another's welfare, and in this our Bible studies greatly aided.

It is morning. The girls are at their rice pots. I go to look over their work, advising with the chiefs and encouraging their men, as I always find that these men, on any spot I have visited in the morning, will accomplish double that of others during the day.

But they are still weak—very weak. One morning I find them clearing around all the thorn bushes, but have no intention of going into such perilous looking clumps. A straggling thorn bush runs through the whole tract which increases very rapidly, and grows into trees all woven and interwoven so as to be quite impenetrable. These the chiefs declare must remain, for not a man will venture into one of those awful meshes. My two daring boys snatch the dahs from the chiefs' hands, dash in, Saxon-like, clashing right and left, and soon one large clump is laid low. At twilight the torch is applied, and "Away goes one mountain," they shout.

The roots spread far and wide, and in that land will be up again in a week; so again our boys rush into the work there in the moonlight, and rafts of them are floating down the river. After this, whenever they came to a thicket of thorns:

"Remember the little teachers," the chiefs would cry out, when the young men and boys would attack them with a vengeance; but of course, with bare feet, it was indeed no enviable work.

The middle of the day I devote to my school, leaving the men to do as they choose; some working, others sleeping, but in the evening comes our Bible-reading. This is deeply interesting.

"First commandment, 'Thou shalt have no other Gods

before me,'” calls out the assistant on my right in Paku.

“Thou shalt have no other Gods before me,” responds the whole assembly. So he goes through.

“First commandment, ‘Thou shall have no other Gods before me,’” takes up the assistant on my left, in the Bghai dialect.

The congregation responds, and so we go through again.

“I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice,” reads the assistant in Paku.

“I beseech you, brethren,” etc., responds the congregation.

“I beseech you, brethren,” etc., reads the assistant in Bghai.

“I beseech you brethren,” etc., responds the congregation in Bghai.

“What is it the Apostle wants the heathen converts to do? All answer; chiefs, women, young men, young women, tell what you think. What is a *living* sacrifice? How can we make a sacrifice every day and keep about our work?” Then,

“What about these mercies,” etc.

This is something new, and every eye begins to dilate, showing all are in deep and intense thought, till finally the principal chief gives utterance to his views; then another follows, and another, expounding and reasoning until the room presents a most animated scene of discussion, and all about the Bible. The young women, too, are encouraged to express their thoughts, but this arouses the young preachers.

“Mama, don’t the Apostle Paul say: ‘I suffer not a

woman to teach?' yet mama calls on the young women here in the presence of the men?"

"Ay, ay, Master Shemoon, but this is *our* Bible lesson. It belongs to the girls' school, and as I'm a woman, I don't see but you will all have to stay away or talk with them. They chose the latter, and happy scenes we had in these Bible-readings, never to be forgotten by either party, and the questions usually led to several warm exhortations, which always closed by a hearty application of the text to the business in hand.

Again turning from the assistants to the chiefs, I try to have them feel that as they are all heads of families and heads of villages, it is eminently desirable that they should understand the Scriptures, so as to instruct their people, and hold up the hands of their teachers, pointing them to Abraham. The question is then put:

"What shall be our subject to-night?"

"Faithful," it may be, cries a voice below the platform, and so we take Faithful.

"Well, who does God command to be faithful? Any thing about it to teachers? Look at 1 Tim. i. 12."

"The apostle thanks the Lord that God counted him faithful," some one answers.

"See Eph. vi. 21."

"He says Titus was faithful," calls out timidly a boy from the corner.

"Any thing to chiefs? Look at Gal. iii. 9."

"Abraham is called faithful."

"Any thing to the Board of Managers? 1 Cor. iv. 2."

"Stewards must be faithful."

"Any thing to wives? 1 Tim. iii. 11."

"Wives are commanded to be faithful in all things."

"Any thing to children? Titus i. 6."

"Parents are blessed when they have faithful children," and so on.

"Any thing to servants? Matt. xxv. 21."

"Servants are said to have done *well* when faithful."

"What does a faithful servant do? Each one tell."

A dozen voices respond one by one, all telling some simple thing pertaining to their every-day life.

"What does Christ call those who do whatsoever he commands them?"

"His servants."

"Where does He say they shall be? John xii. 26."

"With himself."

"I saw a *Daupuwa* or brother," says one of the Board of Managers; "he said he had come down to work three days. He worked till noon to-day, then he and all his men left for home so as to reach there to-night. Now was he faithful?"

"No, no, no," utter a dozen voices of young men and women.

"I heard another say to-night he had worked two days when to-day at noon he went to bazaar and loitered all the rest of the day. Was he faithful?"

"No, no."

"Tell some other way of being *unfaithful*."

"I know," says a young man. "San Yaubu told me, if I didn't dig up the roots of the grass and stumps around the chapel, I should not be faithful."

"And I know," says one of the girls, "if I get tired and don't teach my class good when mama is out, I'm *unfaithful*."

And so every one hunts up an answer and sometimes mingles it with simple confession, showing the power of the Sword of the Spirit.

"What is it the faithful *won't do*, girls? Look and see. Prov. xiv. 5."

"Won't tell lies," answer the girls in low, sweet voices.

"Who was it so faithful they couldn't find any fault in him? Look at Daniel vi. 4."

"Daniel," shout the boys.

Then the heart searchings would be stayed, and all asked if any one could tell what was promised to him who was faithful in a few things; then came again their brief, striking applications.

Then, what will Christ give to the faithful? Rev. ii. 10.; but our five favorite topics were, first "Thy kingdom come," in the Lord's prayer; the armor, in Eph. vi.; the work of tribulation, Rom. v.; the fruits of the Spirit, Gal. v., and the great command loving our neighbors as ourselves.

One evening the subject was the first commandment. "How can you love the Lord with your *strength*?" it was asked. For some time none could answer. Finally, chief Pwame rose and said:

"I think I understand."

"Well, what is it, chief?" and every eye was fixed on the speaker.

"What is it?" he replies, towering to his full height. "Why, brethren, if we come here and help mama build up this school for teachers, and clear this land for a holy place, we are loving Jesus Christ with our *strength*—that's the way, I think."

"Er, er," shouts out chief Poquai with a dozen other voices. And so it goes on, the interest increasing every moment, till ten o'clock, and then no one wants to stop—nor I either.

They always went home talking over the subjects, and

so they would continue talking them over at midnight, in the morning, in the roads, and in the fields. If any point of difficulty arose and it was referred to me, I never answered them except by quoting other scripture, or asking questions which should lead them to see the truth, so that when it was reached all felt that they had got at it themselves. This encouraged them to try, and to drink in with delight the waters that could quench all their thirst.

“SANCTIFY THEM THROUGH THY TRUTH, THY WORD IS TRUTH.” This has been ringing over my head ever since we began this work. It afforded them the greatest pleasure to know that they were to be made holy by the study of God’s Word. Then the thought that God had given his Word as the curry and rice for their souls, the same as they prepared curry and rice for the body, and they knew if they didn’t eat their evening meal they couldn’t possibly dig up roots the next day.

“No,” they would exclaim, “and so if we don’t eat God’s Word every day we shall never get up the thorns and stumps of sin from our hearts.”

The young preachers and schoolmasters were usually about us two or three together, and they always returned with brighter eyes, stronger nerves, and higher aspirations to their work in the hills. This I regarded as one of the greatest blessings that would attend on the place—the sparkles at least of truth, and blendings of love which would be borne back to the pinnacles of the mountains, having more or less effect upon their hearts, and leading them to more watchfulness.

I might have talked to these wild men and women till doomsday, and they would never have made the sacrifices

they have made, but for the deep practical truths of the Bible. They love dearly to have Cruden's Concordance talk to them, and would often ask me to take the Holy Figure Book, as they called it, which I always kept on the desk with the Bible.

Subsequently, after a year's experience, I would ask the chiefs to name a subject for investigation, which they would readily do. Perhaps faith, perhaps love, mercy, or works, visiting the widow and the fatherless, using just weights; indeed almost every kind of practical subject was taken up in our Bible readings. It was not Old Testament stories that we studied, or the Miracles, or Revelations, but Corinthians, Romans, Galatians, Philippians, James and John; but the history of God's dealings with the Israelites was always made prominent, because this seems to me eminently adapted to lead them to fear God and to trust Him. It has always strengthened my own faith, and we all came to love, most of all the Bible, Exodus, Luke, Romans, Corinthians, and John.

These are specimens of our manner of studying the Word of God every week-day night, men, women, and children, for the last three years, before I came to America, until it seemed as if those who dwelt about the school-grounds grew so fast we could almost see them grow in a "knowledge of the truth." This was the greatest consolation to us all when we saw them dropping away by cholera. Twenty-five of my Bible class, who had so delighted in studying about the "Light of the World," ascended up in two months' time to bask in that light forever, and not one murmur, not a single expression of fear, as I could learn, escaped the lips of a single one.

"Are you afraid?" I asked them repeatedly, as I stood beside them and held the hands of those dying saints.

"No, mama. We know Christ will take us." What but the Inspired Oracles could have given such men such faith to die by? Such a light through the shadows, such a life-belt through the waters?

It was one evening after we had been dwelling on the first great commandment that the wild Bghai met me on the steps with the striking remark mentioned at the first of this chapter:

"Teacher, I wonder if I can love the Lord with my strength."

He wished me to supply his men with rice, and ten men would remain a week and work on the Girls' Place, they buying their own curry. I was obliged to refuse.

Just then a little boy standing behind pulled his tunic, and whispered something low.

"I'll go and talk with my men," he said, hastily.

Half an hour gone. Back comes the chieftain, his little son beside him.

"We've talked it over," he said, "and Poquer says he and the boys will make some baskets and sell for rice."

A week or ten days go by.

Looking up the road one day a troop of Karens appeared coming down in Indian file with eight or ten boys, each one's head piled with baskets towering up like little mountains, eight or ten on each head. Without stopping they forded the river, waist deep, went to bazaar, sold their baskets, bought their own rice and curry, and came and worked a week in clearing off the land. This is a single example of the practical manner in which these willing hearers applied the Scriptures to their daily lives.

CHAPTER VIII.

CIVILIZING MOUNTAIN MEN—GETTING THE PRIEST OFF THE DINING TABLE.

A COLONEL'S wife told me soon after she reached Tounghoo, she was walking one evening with her husband when they met a troop of Karens with their loaded baskets upon their backs and bamboo spears in hand.

On coming up the Karens never moved an inch out of the way; but the leader confronting the lady, reached out his hand, unwashed as he had come down the mountains. Knowing the English were their deliverers he couldn't help giving his hand to any white foreigner he met. Mrs. Hay, the lady, was at first frightened at their wildness; but the smile and earnest manner, pointing to his native hills, soon convinced her of his friendliness, and she was a lady of too much good sense to refuse them. She shook hands with the whole troop, and they went on their way rejoicing, leaving the Colonel dreadfully shocked at his wife's soiled gloves.

The Colonel, on relating to me the incident, said: "I wish the Karens would learn what water is made for." I trust they are learning, but wild savage tribes are not to be redeemed from all their offensive habits in one generation.

It was the custom for every disciple to give the hand,
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but for four years they gave them just as they came down, covered with earth, or lime, any way. For a whole year after commencing the Girls' School I did not dare speak of it, but after one year they came to know me so well as their friend, I ventured to suggest very gently that if they would lay off their loads and wash in the river I should know them better. A few walked off; but generally after this they rushed for the river before giving the hand.

So with the pig-pens. Speaking of these I wrote at that time :

“One of the Board examines all on the place on Saturdays, and brings me a report which is read on Sunday. Then what encourages us not a little is to see the pig-pens vanish. Last year the two men who first settled here put up pens right under their doors, according to their custom. I mentioned to the Nah Khan how offensive it was, and that hereafter we would not have them.

“‘Oh, mama,’ he exclaimed, ‘if you do so not a Karen will live here.’”

So I let it pass, and the pens remained just six months. A few weeks ago, when they were building new houses, or preparing for it, I spoke of it again in the chapel. The next evening not one was to be seen under the houses.

The following is a letter from one of the Paku chiefs at this time concerning behaviour at the settlement :

“I, Khan Poquai, one of the Institute Managers to the churches greeting :

“DEAR BRETHREN :

“Chief Tekalai came to the Girls' Place and

stopped two weeks, and went up to worship but two or three times and two others with him. These three cannot remain on the place. They have brought no letters of introduction, and they go not up to worship.

"My dear brethren, the teacheress tells us, and very wisely, if any come here to live they must come with their families and goods, and remain permanently. If they do not this they had better not come.

"Now the teacheress wishes for the good of all the people; therefore think, I entreat you, of what God says in Matthew: 'If ye take not up the cross and follow me ye cannot be my disciple.' Now let us remember this all of us. We who believe strive to follow Jesus Christ, every one of us, then we must bear the cross.

"What is Jesus Christ's cross? It is obedience to all his commands. Let us remember, brethren, *to do just as he has told us to do.*

"KHAU POQUAI."

The following are specimens of the recommends brought by all the settlers:

"Blessing and mercy rest upon the teacher forever!

"DEAR TEACHERESS:

"I would say a word about our brother Thaboo, who desires to go and live near the Great Schools. Please receive him if he arrives, and instruct him in the truth. He wishes no help, will buy his own house with his own money, and take care of himself, and help build up the kingdom of God.

"TEACHER OF THE CHURCH OF WATHAKO."

"MY VERY DEAR TEACHERESS:

"Now my brother Hauchu desires to go and live on

the Girl's Place, and desires an introduction. He is not a bad man, a liar, or wanderer, or idler, but an honest person. Therefore please receive him.

“LETTER OF THE CHURCH AT WATHAKO.”

“MY DEAR TEACHERESS :

“I will tell you a word about our brother Tatha. Receive him, I pray you, for he is not one that loiters about doing nothing, but is a steady man, and worships, although not yet baptized.”

Writing at that time I remarked :

“The smiles of heaven attend us constantly, and sometimes I feel as if I could do nothing but thank God. If I could take the place of the poor woman who washed her Saviour's feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, it seems to me it would be all I could ask. Oh how *Omnipotent* appear the steps of the Wonderful, when we catch his tracings upon the hearts of men ! Now a dim, distant outline blushes up like the dawn's first ray, then brighter lights arise amid the shadows, and again all the heart's warm colorings gush out glowing for Christ and immortal souls ! I do think the work here is one living *miracle*. I thought one year ago, possibly, after four or five years of toil, we might see Tounghoo teachers able to lead on and work efficiently, and lo, what I was looking away down the future for we see now right before us, spread out in one magical psalm, ever changing and glowing with halleluiahs to Jehovah !”

The following is from the Nah Khan MOUNG PO, a Shan magistrate :

“MY DEAR TEACHERESS :

“I will now tell you a few words about myself.

Formerly I was in great ignorance, and knew not right from wrong. But when I heard the Lord God's commandments from teacher Quala, I believed with all my heart. For two years I have been Nah Khan (Private Agent) to the Commissioner; but whether I am at home or traveling I do not forget God.

"I have been out with the Commissioner now three months. He has paid me ninety rupees, and I put my heart in this way. Two months of it I will give to my wife and children to buy food and clothing, the remaining one month, thirty rupees, I will give to the Girl's School to help on the place."

"Can you give so much?" I asked, on his coming down, when he replied solemnly:

"Yes, I can. *One third is not too much for Christ.*"

"Teacher," he continued, in his letter, "you tell me to learn Shan again, which I have nearly forgotten. I will do so, and although I follow the Commissioner I will do all I can to help. I do not seek the riches or honors of this world. Do not think my heart is fastened to the things of life.

"As my brethren pledge themselves to support the Girl's School, so will I do according to the Scriptures; and this I do with a *great glad* heart, for the mercy and favor of God to me has been very great.

"May heaven bless and prosper the teacheress."

The Shans came down into Tounghoo in great numbers. The women were pretty and interesting. I hired a Bassein Karen preacher to go among them for six months, and paid him from funds raised there by Officers. He met with a good deal of favor.

I then applied to Government for an island lying in the

Sittang river, to be set apart to a Shan Mission, and received permission to take up a building site for a chapel and residence any where on the island. On reaching America I plead for a Bible reader to go to these Shan women to teach them from the word of God. I found more difficulty than I had expected in securing this. At length it pleased the Lord to remove every hindrance out of the way and the Shan women have now one Bible reader of their own in Tounghoo.

Generally, the Shans are not willing to be instructed by a Karen. They look up to Burmese, but down on Karens. I once found a Burman ready to be taught by a Karen, and a priest too. We were in Monmogon, on the sea-shore of Tavoy, when one day a priest from Ava came in inquiring for the white teacheress.

On my entering he immediately took his seat upon the dining table, in order to keep his head above that of a woman. Not quite enjoying that etiquette, I ordered a nice mat and pillow, which I always kept ready, such as they used at home. Finally, seeing me take a very low stool, and as I was very short, so that his head would still be uppermost, he sat down, though with a most supercilious air.

I handed him the Burman Bible. He desired to have me lay it upon the mat, as he could not receive any thing from the hand of a woman, because her touch was defiling to his godship. For the purpose of benefiting his soul, if possible, I submitted, when he read for some two hours, turning from the Gospels to Corinthians, and every where as if no stranger to the book.

"I cannot understand," he said, "this new birth. How should I? Nobody ever explained it to me." He

allowed my Karen interpreter to explain and exhort, and seemed really to be groping after light. But then this interpreter was a magical man. A Spirit-made preacher.

In September, 1852, from our sea-bungalow, on the Indian ocean, writing home, I remarked: "Burmah requires two or three hundred Colporteurs—men and women—to go with the Bible in their hands and its spirit in their hearts, and thread these streets and mountain-passes, these rivers and nullahs, reading and explaining its sacred truths, and I have no doubt but this would be not only the speediest, but also the *cheapest* way of converting the nations." Two months after I went on a hard trip a fortnight up the Tenasserim river, in search of pupils, who would promise to become Bible readers, both men and women.

"Mong Nong!" called out my head boatman one day, looking off toward the hills. Not a soul was to be seen, and I asked if he was calling the gibbons.

"No, mama, there is a strange man up here. He ought to preach. He has a big tongue—a very big tongue!"

Soon the wife of the great-tongued man appeared, her arms full of sugar-cane and bamboo rice-sticks. The natives have a way of preparing rice for their journeys, by roasting it in the small joints of a particular kind of bamboo, which gives a peculiar flavor to the rice. A dozen of these can be stuffed into their wallet, and eaten with *chillie* or red pepper, or with bananas; and it is better than any pound cake, even to my own taste.

He and his wife were attending a great nat feast. Among the Karens the office of priestess is recognized as hereditary, and is held in profound esteem. They have a custom, too, which requires every member of a family to be present at their high festivals. These are

family sacrifices, and are conducted with great solemnity. If a single member of the family is absent, or leaves the circle during the celebration of the rite, the charm is broken. Mong Nong and his wife had gone a great distance to attend, but in the midst of it the priestess seemed struck with horror. She threw down the sacrificial knife, rushed around the room, down the ladder, and into the jungle. All looked on in silent amazement, and Mong Nong, while returning home, began to ask his wife what such a religion could be good for, which a single individual could destroy. To the Divine Oracle he now resorted daily for several weeks, until fully convinced of the truth. He then led his wife there. Both were converted, both passed through a world of persecution, and were the means of converting nearly all their families.

His bold, fearless manner ; his fine, tall figure, and dignified bearing, made him seem almost like a second Peter.* It was this man who seemed to have a magic power over the Ava priest, and I trust Mong Nong will bring him along to the heavenly world, with a crown for his Master.

In the evening Mong Nong was with us at the Bible class. We took up the parable of the talents. His spirit was moved to its depths. I said not a word to him about going with me, but he began to confess. Said he had buried his talent. He knew he had sinned, and asked if he might accompany me to town as a Bible reader and preacher ! He went, and for three months, as long as I could find support for him, that man went day and night proclaiming the gospel among the Burmese of Monmogon.

* The man was so much respected, even the priests would come out of their monasteries and extend their hands as he passed, because they saw he had power with God.

CHAPTER IX.

ESTABLISHING A KAREN FERRY—LESSONS IN PRACTICAL HONESTY.

“HURRAH! Hurrah for Commissioner D'Oyly!” is suddenly shouted from pinnacle to pinnacle, from glen to glen, from river to river, and all over the Karen plains of Tounghoo.

“What is it?”

Why, by one stroke of the pen, Captain D'Oyly has scattered food, raiment, and love among thirty thousand Highlanders. Yes, two hundred thousand. A few notices will show how this was done.

The Karens had to bring down their loads of baskets, mats, and pigs, and carry them across the river to the market, in order to purchase food for themselves while working on the school-grounds. At these times, the ferryman, taking advantage of their necessities, often extorted presents or double fees. The authorized fees were two annas for a load, or what they could bear upon their backs, four annas for going and coming, if they remained over night; no matter if his load was only one mat, which he would have to sell for four annas, he must pay the ferryman his two annas. Or suppose he had eight baskets, the usual load, which would bring two annas each. These, in all probability, he would have to be all the afternoon in selling, then it would be too late to buy salt and fish until the next morning, so he must

pay two annas for crossing each day, two baskets out of his eight, or twenty-five per cent. on his barter, just to cross the river. This they bore up under all the first year as of old without complaining; but as they were supporting themselves, and working for the public good, it seemed to me a very hard thing that those on the place couldn't take them across.

Finally, I represented the case to the Deputy Commissioner, asking permission to let them cross free in the school-boat, but the regulations then existing were such, it was thought, this would be injustice to the ferryman; however the next April, at the time the ferries were sold at auction, he sent me the following note :

“MY DEAR MRS. MASON :

“I send you a copy of the Ferry Regulations. There is a final clause which will satisfy the Karens, by which you are permitted to lend your boat *Scot-free to travelers*.

“GEORGE D'OYLY,

“DEPT'Y COMMISSIONER, TOUNGHOO.”

The final clause was :

“Parties are not debarred from using boats that may be lent to them for the purpose of crossing, but no such boats are to ply for hire.”

The ferryman went up to court about it two or three times, and even now goes up with a troop every time a new ruler arrives; but it was just to him, as he purchased the ferry with the clause before him. He may not have received quite so much, but the cause of education in Tounghoo was forwarded by it thousands of rupees worth.

Upon this happy change the Karens immediately brought me in one hundred rupees to help pay the school-

boatman, and from that time all were free to cross in the school boats, a boon invaluable, and as the news spread up the mountains the very hills clapped their hands for joy.

Even blessings however have their temptations. Not very long after this favor was granted, one of the school girls intimated to me that all was not right, but would on no account tell me what was wrong. I called the Nah Khan and asked him to tell me truly, was he or the boatman taking hire for ferrying across the mountain Karens? He acknowledged the boatman had taken trifling things *as presents* for taking them across, as mats, betel-nuts, baskets, etc., and with his permission because they came in *such crowds*. I told him I had obtained the favor for them; the privilege must not be abused.

Then came a heavy trial. If I screened them, every one would say the great man can sin, so can we. If I exposed the wrong, disgrace must follow to us all, and probably the Nah Khan would become an enemy to the Girls' School. I was in deep distress, and knew not which way to turn, for his power over the people was very great. It produced for a short time a conflict such as no one can realize, unless they can understand what it is to see the object of their heart's desire in imminent peril. But one morning I called the Nah Khan and the boat-master, and told them I must inform against them. They had transgressed against a government regulation, and the Commissioner must be their judge. I did inform, and they were fined twenty rupees. They paid it, and begged me to forgive them. I told them yes, I could forgive, and as I knew they were not yet fully acquainted with God's law, I should pay them back the fine myself.

"We don't want it, mama, only forgive us," they answered.

I insisted on their taking it, and truly had they been flogged or thrown into jail, I do not believe it could have been half so great a punishment to them as it was for me to pay that fine. I never after heard of any delinquencies, and I believe the Nah Khan went right off and put his into the mission-box.

Having obtained this boon for the Karens, I proposed to them to establish a Young Men's School on the same land, and on the same plan as the Girls' Institute. After much discussion and some fearfulness, they concluded to undertake the support of fifty young men for schoolmasters, the same number as they had of girls.

Amidst their shoutings for the Commissioner, they set about this, and soon had up a building a hundred feet in length. They formed it entirely themselves, and covered it, with out-offices and a house for the teacher, with a wooden frame.

Dormitories for the girls were also rebuilt, and a large, airy school-hall, of course all of bamboo, which in building is like the crayon of painting.

There was, and must be, the most pressing call for the continuation of a Young Men's Normal School in Tounghoo. Imagine, reader, that you are looking to the east. You see a range of mountains rising in peaks like the Alps, one above the other, and extending through the whole province two hundred miles.

Now please think of those numerous pinnacles, all capped with Karen hamlets, and the more distant forever making war upon the Christian settlements. On this account the schoolmasters can leave their schools only a few weeks at a time. They come down to study, are perhaps in the middle of Corinthians or Hebrews, and deeply interested. Down comes the chief:

"Teacher, I must have my school-master. The people are beginning to use arrack again, or the enemy is coming. Our teacher must go back immediately."

At such times Mr. Mason always answers :

"Go to God. Ask him. What he tells you, that do." The result is they immediately return for a week or two, quiet affairs, reassure the chiefs, and preach to them all they have learned, which, being fresh in their own minds, of course the truth takes a deeper hold on the people. Then they say :

"Now chiefs, I have told you all I know, all the Teacher has told me. Now I must go and get some more."

By this time the villagers are full of the subject, whatever it is, and they gladly part with him again, and contribute for his support,* but they must have men who

*Tounghoo will eventually become one of the chief supporters of the Central College and Theological School in Rangoon; but it is hoped they will themselves support the students they send, and thereby retain the fraternal relationship so desirable between the chiefs and their preachers.

"Tounghoo," Mr. Mason says, "should have the support of all those who desire the extension of God's kingdom, because while other missions are surrounded by cultivated fields, and contain a definite number of persons for whom to labor, this has no boundary on the north and east but the great desert and the yellow sea, and contains untold races among whom the banner of the Gospel is constantly pushing itself."

Besides this region there are others calling for their labors. Mr. Mac Donnal, Government Surveyor in Arracan, thinks they would reach the hill tribes there sooner than Burmese, and offers to support two schoolmasters himself among the Kemmees. But there are stronger reasons still which we shall come to hereafter.

can say: "*Come*, brothers," not "*Go*." They want leaders who can come down and rise up at the same time. Sometimes the young teachers are liable to get high notions and make the children carry about a stool for them to sit on above the people, as the wife of one did. They turned her out with her husband, and two others with them, men who had been uncommonly well educated, simply because of their city airs, and unwillingness to work with their own hands. They are independent churches like the Congregational and Baptist churches of America, and as they support their own preachers, Mr. Mason leaves them free to choose for themselves.

The young schoolmasters of Tounghoo make great sacrifices in order to study. Usually they alternate; the teacher on one pinnacle taking charge of one or two adjacent villages during the absence of their preachers, and they are indefatigable in their studies. Never *once* in that land have I had occasion to urge on either the young men or the young women, for they all seem perfectly *inspired* with a love of books, and to really *thirst* for knowledge.

There was an interesting incident connected with these bamboo school buildings. The chief proposed to cover one large house himself alone, and ordered off two of his men. In about a week we were looking out one day when we saw something which looked like great bundles of grass winding slowly along the school ground. It proved to be a troop of *women* entirely enveloped in bundles of thatch. Throwing it upon the grass they all rushed for the river, washed, dressed their hair, and came up to give the hand of friendship. Then all set to work to braid the thatch, and in a few days nearly a thousand

leaves were prepared, which in the rains could not be bought of the thatch traders for less than thirty rupees. They had come two days' travel, cut the thatch for themselves, and had brought it *upon their heads for five miles*.

Mr. Mason taught the young men the Bible, the higher mathematics and preaching. He says, in a note dated October 23d, 1858: "We went through Matthew, with parts of Luke, the Acts, Romans, Hebrews, and First Corinthians. Many learned the first principles of arithmetic, a few land-measuring, and I was surprised to find, at the close of the school, that some who had learned from Mrs. Mason's colored maps, had as good a knowledge of geography as they would have gathered from books in the same time, and could point to the principal countries, seas, cities, mountains and rivers, as accurately as I could."

Precious little thanks did those invincibles deserve for all the mountains, seas, and rivers in their brains.

"Go and say over those names! That's a *girl's* study, isn't it?"

"Yes, to be sure it is. Of course men don't need to know the way from Kannee to Jerusalem. To-morrow you needn't come, brothers. Girls, recollect we have closed doors."

Thursday comes. I put up the diagrams and say, "Now we'll learn how the 'tortoise swallows the moon,'" and before the doors are open the girls' eyes are all dancing with delight over their blackboard eclipses.

Next day, closed doors again. One girl is attempting to explain her tortoise, which makes some sport, when all of a sudden a burst of laughter from behind the

mat doors and windows. We all feigned terrible indignation, but the morning after :

“ Won’t the teacheress let the young men come too ? ” is the entreaty sent in by an embassy from their school.

There was no need of further urging on geography, and I never saw school children more delighted than they all were to learn how it was their feet didn’t fly off from “ that star earth ” whirling in the heavens.

We made our own tides too, as the tidal waves don’t reach Tounghoo, with gourd worlds, brinjal hemispheres, and orange zones.

The chiefs brought in money for the young men’s board, a hospital was erected, a cook hired for them, and native teachers were appointed by the Board of Managers ; but the teachers and schools were both in great want of slates and stationery. I had been seeking for them, and felt very sad when they came to me for such little things as a sheet of paper or a pen, and I couldn’t supply them.

One day I called the pupils of both schools to pray for paper, pens, and slates for the teachers, that God’s kingdom might be increased.

Mail comes in—a letter—Mr. Mason hands it to me—read—

“ I have just forwarded two boxes of slates, containing twelve dozen, with paper, pens, threads, needles, knives, scissors, etc., for your two schools.

“ M. WYLIE.”

Verily, “ God is not a man that he should lie, neither the son of man that he should repent. Hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good ? ”

Again we were in great want for means to carry on operations. I called the girls to pray—asked the chiefs on the place to pray, that God would send money for the sawyers, so that we might build up the house for his glory.

Morning—letters—a draft for two hundred rupees !

The following little thank-you was returned to Mrs. Wylie, of Calcutta :

“ MY VERY DEAR FRIEND :

“ Thanks be to the Most High Name that you and your dear husband are still permitted to stand between India and Burmah. I cannot say I thank Mr. Wylie—it speaks too little—but I will pray Heaven to reward you all with that *peace* which our Heavenly Watcher alone can give. If you are in correspondence with Major Edwards, or any of the kind friends who have raised this money, do please tell them how timely their help was, and the Great Treasurer will not forget their *interest*.”

The next thing we set about instructing these wild men was making gardens. In this they manifested a good deal of zeal and enthusiasm, and planted some two hundred palms, three or four hundred betel-nut trees, three hundred plantains, with many guavas, mangoes, oranges, and jacks.

They also planted a great many betel-leaf creepers, which are very highly valued. These I believe were all stolen, with about a hundred of the plantains.

The palms all died but two, with all the jacks, and many of the mangoes. I had been with them three miles down the river for many of these, standing all day in the

rain, returning in the crowded boat at night, and to see our avenue trees die, did indeed cause us grief; but they will, I trust, in the end, succeed in making profitable gardens, and in raising fruit and vegetables enough for the schools.

There was every reason to believe the fruit trees were killed by the heathen, for there was no end to their troubling us, turning in buffaloes, breaking down fences, cutting off plantains, destroying our roads; and in many ways harassing the Karens, and if they attempted to defend their property they were attacked, and even beaten by the mongrel Hindu herdmen. At last the Saxon blood bubbled over again. My boys couldn't stand it to see the Karens brow-beaten, and made dogs by heathen. They rose, called out all the boys of the district-school, formed a body-guard, and armed them with bamboo swords, staves, whips, and lassos, and then woe to the buffaloes. The moment one showed his head on the place the guard gave the alarm, when there followed a general chase on the part of the police, and a general stampede on the part of the buffaloes, and their keepers.

It was of no use now either reviling or pleading. The police generally returned leading up three or four heads of buffaloes, for each of which a fine was demanded of sixpence, and then to teach them the law of kindness they often let them off free. This course caused the little fellows a world of hard running and weary watching, but it finally tamed the savages, so that they would even come to them for protection from others, and in the end they became ashamed of their own meanness. These herdmen were from the Madras coast, and were calf worshipers. One morning we found a great calf

with glass eyes set up in our chapel. They thought it a public place like a Burman zayat.

We had now seven short streets in our new settlement around the schools with elevated roads usually twenty-one feet broad, all made and drained, but we could procure neither stone nor bricks for them. Stones there were none within several miles, and if the settlers attempted to take the most broken bricks from either the old wall or ruined pagodas, they were driven away with a vengeance. This brought forth a petition based on the fact that almost all our roads were *public*, as much for the good of the Burmese as for the Karens.

The matter was long delayed, owing to the military authorities possessing the wall. Finally this was secured to us :

“ MEMORANDUM :

“ I have given orders that brick from the town wall, from spots not very near to any of the principal gateways, may be taken by Mrs. Mason, for the construction of a road on the opposite or east bank of this river.

“ GEORGE D'OYLY.

“ TOUNGHOO, *August, 15th, 1858.*”

The old dilapidated parts of the wall were being used for roads, and had long been a general mine for all other public purposes, but some objected to any grant for the educational department.

CHAPTER X.

SEEKING TIMBER FOR THE INSTITUTE—TEACHING PERSEVERANCE.

WHILE in Rangoon on my way up to Tounghoo, in March 1857, the thought occurred to me to ask Government for timber for the buildings, when Colonel Phayre immediately gave it his sanction.

As soon as we had organized the Karen Education Society, having made an estimate, I sent in a petition to the Superintendent of Forests for two hundred and twenty-five logs, large and small. This was objected to as being an unnecessarily large amount, when I had to write and explain that it was for no ordinary school-house, but an Institution with dormitories, etc. But in order to get the work started I changed my petition, asking for an immediate grant of fifty large logs, and made out the petition in the form prescribed. This was allowed, with the promise that I should have more when needed.

On receiving the grant the Chiefs met to see what should be done about getting it in—a real Herculean task to their inexperienced hands. However, they chose two of their principal Chiefs—one for the Bghais and Mopagas, and one for the Pakus and Mauniepagas, to look out the trees and see that every village bore its

proper share of labor, and if any one failed the village was to be assessed as the two heads should judge right.

They went out by dozens and by twenties, working a month at a time, supplying their own elephants and mostly their own provisions.

Finally November arrived, the water began to fall, and only four or five logs of timber had reached the school-ground. If the river became very low it would be impossible to float the logs, and we should be delayed a whole year longer, before any thing could be done towards the building.

"Mama! mama!" exclaims Maukie, puffing with all his might.

"Why? What's this? What's the matter?"

"Thai Goung"—the Tree Chief—"has taken all our logs!"

"Why so?"

"He says we've cut sixty, ten more than you told us."

"Call up the head men."

"Yes, we have, but didn't understand."

"No! Jauque don't know. We've done no such thing." So here was a dispute that ended in the Karens declaring I must go up and see for myself or they would abandon the work.

The Burmese were annoyed that the Karens should be allowed teak like themselves for school buildings, so the Goung had circulated the report that the Karens were paying no regard to orders, but had felled ten trees more than the grant allowed. On this plea the Burman Forest Superintendent seized upon the lot, and confiscated the whole for government. Precisely as the Burmese are in the habit of doing in their own territory with timber merchants and others. A Karen merchant, a friend of

mine, thinking he could make money faster went up into Burmah, had an audience with the King himself, so he declared, and contracted for a large teak forest, or the privilege of working it for five years. The King gave him a golden umbrella and the title of Chief Forest Goung, supplied him with elephants, and greatly honored him. Of course the ruse took, foresters flocked to the golden *Te* and great numbers joined in the enterprise. The Chief Forester loaned largely to support his men, and at last the timber was all down to the water's edge, several thousands of logs of beautiful teak.

"Ho, stop there!" halloos a red-sashed peon, riding up in great haste, armed and frowning.

"What is it?"

"The King forbids the removal of this timber."

Of course all work comes at once to a dead stop. Dismay is pictured on every face.

Off rides the golden Umbrella, several days travel up to court. The king doesn't know him; no audience. The Sandozain sends him with his petition to the Sandegan. The Sandegan thinks there must be a mistake. It is the Nah Khangyee he wants. This functionary can take no note of the matter, it don't fall under his duties. He had better go to the Minister of the Interior. All this time work is at a stand-still, debts increasing.

Bribes, bribes are what is wanting. He must bribe, and that largely too, from the Woongyee down to the lowest peon. The Karen found these largesses would amount to more than half the value of the timber, the costs of working, felling, and transportation to the other half, and he was penniless. The timber was still on the shore, and the poor fellow in a Burman jail, when I left the country.

This is simply a specimen of the Burmese custom of extortion. So our Kannee Timber Goung no doubt intended to build himself a snug little house out of the Karens' teak. Convictions to this effect are expressed to the Deputy Commissioner—that it is all a Burman trick. He don't believe it, but writes :

“MY DEAR MRS. MASON,

“Bring in the logs at once by all means. I will send an order to the Goung of the district that he is to let them go when your men come for them. You know that fining you—(I had begged him to fine me if they had done wrong, and not punish them)—would be fining myself and all others interested in your labors. The Superintendent of Forests must be the judge. In the mean time, use the fifty logs.”

The matter must be investigated. Burmese Reporters would all go with the Goung. Karen chiefs were too careless, and too easily browbeaten by their enemies. None had strength and zeal combined enough for the work. Therefore, in order to save the character of the Karen Christians from destruction, I undertook, with my husband's consent, to go over the forest and count every log myself; and the following wee journal to Mr. Mason was a notice of our first day's proceedings, which I insert just as it was written, because we can't always look out of solemn eyes, besides husbands seldom want their wives to sing long metre to them. Mine don't.

“MY DEAR HUSBAND,

“Now, do you want my journal? Well, you must know on the day I started I received a note from a certain doctor who I am sure must have forgotten the

first clause of the second verse in the fifth chapter of Ecclesiastes, for he wondered the wheel didn't move systematically, forgetting that in this land there are no water-mills, but all have to be worked by hand and go upon the jerk just like the long saws the Karens use. But subduing my astonishment at such forgetfulness, I attempted to take a seat on the back of one of the elephants, when both flapped their great fans and tossed up their trunks in unutterable scorn. The moment I touched Bolo up he'd go, and if he thought I had got on he'd begin and shake with all his might to throw me off, like the elephant in your story of the Talaing Joan of Arc, which wouldn't go near the condemned girl because she was inspired. It must be I'm inspired or as much as a prophet's wife, or the elephants wouldn't have exhibited so much sagacity. Really, I suppose, being Burman or Shan elephants, the lordly beasts were ashamed to be seen carrying a woman! It seems to me they need civilizing as well as their masters, but I couldn't stop for that deportment, so betook myself to the boat, and had just started when the clouds began to thicken, and it soon came pouring down and rained incessantly for twenty-four hours, and we in an open boat. At night we found lodgings in the verandah of a semi-Burman house, for the woman refused to give us any other quarters. Every thing was wet through, overdress and all, except my pillows. We spread them out, took a lunch of cold chicken and bread, talked a long time with the family concerning the Christian religion, sung a hymn, had prayers, and sat down to write to you, but fell asleep on the fifth word. Had been asleep perhaps half an hour, when: 'Bow wow! wow!' sounded close to my ears. I aroused up and found I had com-

panions in two jackall-looking dogs, which had crept up there to escape the rain the same as myself.

"The second morning the rain was still pouring. The river, the boatmen said, was so swollen it would be impossible to stem the current. We could reach the timber-camp by noon on foot. So I decided to try it, but you know how. We had not proceeded twenty steps before I was just as wet as a drowned chicken.

"*'Amai!'* exclaimed one of the men, and back they started to seek something forgotten. Five, ten, twenty minutes went by and there we stood under the dripping bamboos. *'Nau Tsai, I don't do this,'* I said, and sent her to bail out. She spread a double mat on the bottom of the boat, and I turned quietly to reading the Karen paper.

"*'Ho! ho, mama, let's go!'* the men came calling at last.

"*'Hush,'* says Nau Tsai, *'mama is going in the boat. She is busy. You must not disturb her.'*

"They were heathen boatmen, and thought, as I was a woman, my standing in the rain was of no consequence. They learned whether it was or not before they got through, for the river was a real mad river; deep, and scooped out as if it had dug graves for every careless passer-by. But the bottom was covered with white pebbles, and the water so clear we could see every little fish on the bottom, just what he was about.

"There are no lofty mountains flanking the stream here, but the forest is full of wildness, and beautiful trees brim full of leaves of every possible form, palmate, feathery, heart-shaped, oval, oblong, pointed, and of every shade of green—bottle-green, emerald, grass-green, and I know not what.

"Then there came the rope-plants—the nymphs of the forest—those *graceful* things, looping up the creepers and

tapestry all along the shore, that was studded with blue, yellow, and purple blossoms, which sent my thoughts floating dreamily over St. Mary's abbey to the antique tapestry somewhere about there.

"The poor boatmen had to be half the time in the water when we reached the rocky bed of the stream, pulling the boat from side to side, from snag to snag, waist deep, and often pulling us right under a clump of knife-edged fan-palms, or still worse, the long, ponderous cables of the rope-trees that grated over our heads, to the imminent risk of turning us all into water-habitans. But before we got into this Styx—where Dante ought to have navigated—one of the Karens, a stout, burly fellow, seemed intent on a systematic series of genuflexions and rotary exhibitions, planting his feet first on the bow, then one in the air, and the other in the current, throwing his bamboo like a Highland lancer at the trooping fishes; then on to the boat, into the air, and down again. So he continued, muttering away at his ill luck, with eyes 'bulging out,' Nau Tsai said, 'like a torpedo's,' causing her irrepressible merriment.

"As soon as we reached the camp, I started out with one of our Karen Board of Managers on an elephant, crossed the river, and began to climb; and climb we did indeed, for nearly an hour. Now down through a deep ravine, then up again, until we reached the summit of a mountain far distant.

" 'Dear me! not far enough yet?' I asked.

" 'No, mama.' So down we plunged again into a deep, deep gorge, and there between two almost perpendicular ridges lay one of the monster logs that had been such a trouble to them. Around this three or four more, all too

large to ever be pulled up the mountain, or through the gorge. The Karens have tried to hire the Burmese to saw them in two, but they demand four rupees each, so they are trying their own skill; and they wanted me to see their management.

"I don't much enjoy tramping over these jungles myself, or having the Karens, for I half expect a tiger-leap at every turn. Still we must do it, and we are going in another direction to-morrow, where I am told a few trees have been felled, a whole day's journey there and back. Good night. I'm going to read Deut. xii. 7, and you please tell the boys to read Luke xiii. 19."

Mr. Mason writes in reply :

"Teacher Kouk-kay has written a letter for the Karen Star, in which he says: 'Mama Mason makes exceeding strenuous efforts for the Tounghooites. In order that they may get wisdom, she is planning the erection of a large building for girls to study in. The teacheress has now gone into the jungles to exhort the people to bring down the timber quick. Moreover, the Commissioner desires us to learn books, and in order for this he helps her.' So you see your labors are *not unappreciated by the Natives.*"

This I give you, reader, not because he favored me, but the *work*, and, therefore, it came like a little olive-leaf to my weary heart, because I couldn't help regarding it as an answer to prayer, for this young preacher was one who had opposed the girls' school. Indeed he had been the strongest opposer, lest they should fall under woman's government.

Those Kannee Wide Awakes! With a shout and a rush they mustered on the sand-beds in the Kannee

creek, in the moonlight, and formed themselves into small companies of tens and twenties, chose their own leaders, and filed off in ranks right and left, ready for action.

"Do you officers agree to command, each of you, the men under you?"

"We do."

"And do you, soldiers, agree to *obey* your Captains?"

"Er, er. We will obey."

This questioning was the duty assigned to me, for mama must review the company.

The scene was to them extremely exciting, and to me very cheering.

For two months the Karens had been at work trying to get in the timber for the school-house, yet not half the roads had been cut, nor half the logs found even.

They were so undisciplined. Each set of men would obey only its own chiefs, and if their own chiefs were absent they would obey nobody. So the chiefs being each independent, had no idea of yielding to one another, consequently the works progressed very slowly.

As soon as I reached the jungles I suggested this military sort of a plan, and from this time the work went on so rapidly they were astonished at themselves, but they needed instruction in almost every department. Mechanics they had no idea of, and I found they invariably attempted to drag logs up high mountains, the small end upwards, and it was not without a good deal of reasoning that I could induce them to change.

In roads, too, the idea of cutting a smooth path for a mile or more for two or three logs seemed an intolerable burden, so they tugged against snags and crags. Sometimes I would find them on a high mountain, just in time

to save elephant and rider from certain destruction, as in one instance when they barely escaped. They had reached a part of the road lying immediately over a precipice of seventy feet or more, and the road just sloping enough to give the log a cant downwards, when nothing could save them. It was a mere boy on the elephant's neck, who knew nothing only to trudge on straight before his eyes. So then I advised the captains to appoint one of the cleverest men to attend each elephant, with two clearers to watch and repair the roads.

The consequence was they were able to drag as many logs in a day, as before in a week.

CHAPTER XI.

LIFE IN THE WOODS—HOW TO MAKE BRAVE MEN.

THE following conversational letters give glimpses of life in Kannee at this time :

“TO THE PRESIDENT KAREN ED. SOC’Y, TOUNGHOO.

“KANNEE JUNGLE.

“MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,

“Don’t you think you’ll break the tenth commandment and covet my rural pleasures? I do really think the Superintendent of Forests ought to make me his Timber-Woon for improving his jungles.

“Yesterday I thought to show the Karens how perseverance would conquer all difficulties, so started with a guide, six or eight Karens, and three elephants, to find some fifteen logs which have been felled in the depths of the forest, several miles inland, and which, report says, *‘wouldn’t move.’*

“After crossing streams three or four times, then a deep miry plot, where every step the elephants sunk up to their bodies, we resorted to a wood-road. Thankful enough was I, for I was greatly frightened lest we should sink entirely, and I am sure there was the greatest danger. On the wood-road we traveled some two hours, then turned into a deep, thorny jungle and wandered on for two hours more, cutting our way at every step, till at last our guide cried out :

“‘Hai mat—lost!’ and finally acknowledged that he had never been to the place. It was then twelve or one o’clock; I sent a party forward to reconnoitre, while we tethered the elephants to browse. After two hours the party returned with the report that they had found five logs, but not the slightest path, and so far in we could not possibly cut our way to them and return that night. Seeing in their looks a strange dislike to proceeding, I thought it better to take Franklin’s advice :

“‘Stoop, stoop,’ so told the men to do quick just what they pleased. Of course the elephants were soon turned back, and I sunk down in the houdah thinking what could be the design of such a lesson of disappointment. Finally concluded that neither the Karens, nor their teacher, had yet wreathed their brows with Job’s laurel, so determined to be very heroic, when suddenly down shot a ponderous creeper from its airy swing, annihilating brows and resolutions together. As soon as I could collect my scattered senses, out stole two or three long thorny fingers, and caught my hat, and when I resisted caught with all seeming malice at my fingers.

“The Karens compassionated my head, but I begged them not to pity the head but the heart—that I was so ashamed to go back without a single log, and three elephants! To attempt to do a thing and not do it. Upon this every head dropped, and all were silent for some time. Finally, the chief said,

“‘Let not mama be sad. Monday night there shall be a good straight road every step of the way through to the timber.’

“‘Yes,’ responds another. ‘And we’ll come and sleep here till every log is in.’ And they kept their word—dragging down triumphantly every log felled.

"But I was going to tell you of our Sabbath in the wilderness, when we all 'went up into the mountain to pray.'

"Last Sabbath morning we assembled on the top of a hill, in a bamboo grove over-arching so as to form a most lovely pavilion. There we spread our mats, and sung our Karen psalms, making the hills and glens echo to their own native airs. I took up the parable of the feast in the fourteenth of Luke, explaining to them how the Gospel was first preached to the Burmese, but they having neglected it had caused the missionaries to turn to the blind and lame Karens. Then directed their thoughts to four years back to the first time they ever heard the name of Jesus, when some present came to us the first time. Again to the subject of the evening before. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, *and all these things shall be added unto you,*' making them tell over themselves the various ways in which God had shown them that he knew their 'need of these things,' and had given them. I assure you there was not a dull eye or a vacant expression among the whole sixty. Then attention was called to the remainder of the parable, showing it was their duty now to go after the savage Bghais and 'compel them to come in.'

"'Ay, but the preachers must do that,' they answered. 'The Lord commanded his servants, the little teachers.'

"Then they had to learn how the order was for all, and how they were doing it by building a house in which to educate teachers just as much as teachers who go to them, impressing upon them that every log of teak or iron-wood post they got was calling just so many of the halt and blind. They came down the hill greatly animated, the young men saying one to another :

“‘I didn’t understand all that was said, but I shall try and call two of the blind ones to-morrow’—that is obtain two logs for the school-house.

“‘And I shall try and get three.’ And so on, and so on, and the next day they did work as if their very lives depended upon it.

“I mention these little things that you may know your people and the power that will move them, while flogging would only crush and wither every upspringing of self-respect. *Flog* Christian soldiers! I was so indignant to hear it suggested to you. If I could have my wishes the degrading punishment should be banished from military life, from sailor life, and from all civilized bodies.

“A short time before they had asked if we shouldn’t give up, and not try to find them.

“‘Englishmen never give up,’ I answered, which created a smile, but nothing moved them to a firm resolution until the appeal to their own self-respect. So you see what material you have for *soldiers*. Forcing might have pressed them on for that time, but would not have accomplished the work, while that single, and almost silent appeal brought every log. The Karens will never make soldiers good for any thing unless they have disciplined leaders, and these must be men of *moral power*. Order and discipline belong to school-boy lands. Of course we ought not to expect it here among men just redeemed from barbarism, but when I look around upon one and another whom I know to be as noble, self-sacrificing men as ever lived, fasting all day themselves and giving their food to others;—as I have known them to do in order that a Christian school might be established when I think of this, and then of these men, how they looked and spoke the first time they came to visit us,

such a strangeness comes over me—such a bewildering joy as I *may* be able to express

‘Over the river.’

“*Thursday.*

“Oh, me! if it isn’t romance equal to Diana Vernon’s to sit here on the ground hour after hour and watch a dozen men hack, hack, hack, on a single log, with a single ax, just big enough to cut off a single squirrel’s ear. They won’t use a bigger one, although I have bought three for them.

“Then, too, it is so romantic to make roads! I didn’t know why my lovely ma was transplanted from Old England to give me a home under the Green Mountains, but I suppose it was that I might teach the Karens to make timber roads for her father’s Government! Wonder if ’twas for this they made me study all about levers and fulcrums, and wedges, in my school-girl days?

“These Karens seem to have out-grown their senses— if the road leads over a rock as high as the elephant, over it must go; or up a perpendicular ascent as steep as a house-post, it must go straight up; or over the cropping elephant roots of the great boat trees, no matter, not one can be cut. I suppose if the path led over the moon they would just hitch the chain, get on and bellow, ‘*Tchwe!*’

“But I was going to give you a chapter for your history of Tounghoo! And will begin with my beautiful glen. Oh, you should have been here this morning to see a Kannee sun-rise! so lovely, grand, exhilarating!

“Just picture yourself on a bluff forty or fifty feet high, standing under a lofty canopy of arching branches inter-

locked, from which run down rafters, and beams, and pillars of long woody creepers.

"Then there are such Swiss looking windows, curtained with green lace woven with consummate skill, here and there looped up on one side by a twisted gray cord-plant and tassel, while the other side is thrown coyishly open. Our front is an arched portico about fifteen feet high, of heavy cord-plant spanning clear over the cliff. Now we see away down the bluff large overhanging acacias, tasseled with a thousand pendant creepers, looking into the sweet little Wechaduc creek all buried in shadow. Then turning to the left we have a deep winding gorge, brim full of sunshine, just awaked, gushing along the sides of the rocks, now glancing over the waters, making ten thousand prisms, anon dancing around them as if held by the spell of their murmuring music, as they warble along down the base, while other beams shoot out coloring whole showers of golden leaves, or come waltzing across the glen, or with the trembling foliage upon the opposite mountain. Now run the eye along the lofty forest, striped with white-barked lagerstroemias, and you lose the stream for a moment, then catch it again winding lazily down, and going to sleep in a cove overhung with bowering fan-palms.

"In the fore-ground, right over a jutting point below the cliff, where the little creek falls into the Kannee river, stands my lodge in the wilderness. It is a booth ten feet square, covered with wild plantain leaves, and enclosed with nature's own palisade of reeds and grasses.

"We want a moon, and then the night view would be picturesque enough, for on the opposite shore stand four large, wild gipsy-looking huts full of mountaineers, boiling their chatties, roasting fishes, lounging, chatting,

singing over their camp-fires in all manner of classical attitudes ; while torch-lights are streaming up on to their brown faces and happy eyes, their striped kilts and red turbans, then playing over the pebbly creek which goes ripple, ripple,

‘ Faint and low, faint and low,
To and fro, to and fro.’

till all thought of teak, hills, and tigers dies away in its mesmerizing lullaby.”

“ TO MY DARLING BOYS :

“ You can’t think what a nice, cozy nest I have, encamped on one side of a crooked little brook under a few plantain leaves.

“ My house is quite sumptuous, I think, for Kannee ! I divide it—that is in imagination—into bed-room, bath, and receiving-rooms, for you must know I hold a levee here every morning. Then during the day it is Kannee Court-house. What would the Commissioner say to this ? Don’t you think he’d be looking after the Stars, or the Eagle’s beak ?

“ At evening my hall transmutes itself into a chapel, and so ends the day. The brook is murmuring its little psalm. The peacocks are screaming out like muezzins in the mountains, and all else is still.

“ This is just the most coaxing little brook I ever heard. It reminds me of one that used to go singing past my bed-room window away under the old birches of Vermont, when I was a wee thing, ten years old—the very brook in which I was baptized. I have always loved that brooklet—it goes with me like a thread of silver, soft and soothing.

"Do you know, boys, I have some other music here, a Kannee band of frog serenaders? One would think the creek full of bassettos, tenors and altos, calling and answering from shore to shore, while now and then out pours a kingly old basso. I should think the cicadas might join in for sopranos. Now if you don't know these big words, look in the dictionary."

"Little things again!" Yes, friend reader, don't you like little things. I do. Perhaps, because I'm a little thing myself; but life is made joyous or painful by little things. Little pauses are more to us than big capitals. The delicate turn, the unseen glance, the sympathetic smile, a single strain from some old song, affect us more than the grandest orations and ovations of life.

It was the most painful part of my work for the Karens, being obliged to be so much away from my husband. But here again were visible the steps of the Wonderful, for he was kept in better health than he had enjoyed for *fifteen* years!

"MY DEAREST HUSBAND:

"When you can spare the boys, I wish you would let them shoulder their bags and come over here with the Karens. They can march it, and reach here at night. Tell them to put up one suit each, with one loaf of bread each, and two pounds of roast beef, for the journey, with two bundles of plantains, a little salt, and their umbrella. They would have a world of enjoyment, and never forget it. Tell them to keep *between* the Karens, not before or behind, lest the tigers eat them up.

"I have some most valuable men here—self-sacrificing souls as ever lived, who will do any thing to get the logs. Our work is going on beautifully now, and I hope

to be done next week, Saturday, but that is uncertain. We can only drag three logs a day do the best possible ; they are so far away, and you know we had *fifty teak* to get, and *seventy-four iron wood*. Don't go away before I come back.

"I am not very well, but I think it is only walking up and down the mountains so continually. To-day I rest. If you could send me a little medicine, pain-killer, or some other thing, I should be glad. I have a good deal of pain ; I think owing to sleeping cold.

"The boys must bring one suit each of their *thickest* clothes, and their large quilt.

"Aff'ly your

"ELLEN."

"THURSDAY EVENING.

"MY VERY DEAR HUSBAND :

"I have felt just like weeping ever since your note came in. You say you leave for the Association early next week ! I have been trying to contrive to go home to-morrow or Saturday, but see no way to do it. If I go, all go, and the last report is that the iron wood will no longer float. I am in distress. We have sixteen or more yet to float, many of them to find and cut, and nearly all have to be hewed and made smaller at the base. It is very hard for the people to remain so long, and next week I must dismiss, on account of the Association.

"I feel inexpressible anxiety about you, and shall all the time. I have no idea it will be possible for me to follow, and so nobody can tell how long another bitter separation. I have had so many they have become extremely painful. The more so now, as a thousand fears

and forebodings rise and trouble me. If you *should* be taken from me—the thought every year becomes more and more painful. I *know* we must sometime separate, either you will go or I shall go and leave you, both of which, I believe, are to me equally painful. My heart trembles violently at the thought of a separation. Who would sympathize in all your plans and studies? Who would befriend me—who counsel with *sincere* regard as you do? I every year learn more of my own weakness, and need of a counsellor. Pray do, if you must go, come back as soon as the meetings are over. It don't seem to me it can be duty for you to expose yourself to the cold jungles and hard fare of travel any longer.

“I shall write again on Saturday about your things. A thousand thanks for all your kindness. Had you not better bring up the subject of the preachers for China at the Association? It might stir them up. I long to attend it, but must submit, remembering the emblem of our Union, the *plough* and the *sacrifice*.”

“The Holy Comforter be with you.

“Ever your

“ELLEN.”

The following are some of the scores of dear little notes sent me at Kannee, from every part of the jungles:

“TO THE DEAR TEACHERESS:

“Now you say to me I must go home, and attend the Association. Teacheress, I cannot go. Why? The Nah Kans both follow the Commissioner, and there are no men left on the Institute grounds. I want mama to come down quick: I hear you are sick; I am distress. Do come, I pray you. Let the elephant and driver remain, and I will return with two new elephants, which

the brethren have just brought, and I will do all the business.

“ALLA.

“MAUNIEPAGA, MANAGER INSTITUTE.”

“KIND FRIEND :

“Our father in heaven bless the Teacheress forever.

“We hear you work exceeding hard to build up God’s kingdom, and we hear you have not help enough. We cannot very well go up to assist you in the work now, as we have to cut our paddy fields, but we have assembled and considered the matter, and all contribute as they can their mites, which amount to but twenty-five rupees, and twenty which we sent before, make forty-eight rupees. We *desire* to do a great deal more.

“CHIEFS OF THABAUDUC.”

This also reached me at Kannee from the Pant-Bghai country :

“MY DEAR TEACHERESS WHO LOVES US :

“That which I wished for exceedingly you have sent me—books, pens, and paper—things which I love best. When I saw them I held them up in the presence of all, and the children rejoiced with me ; the elders were also very glad, and their faith increased.

“The people of this village come every day to worship God, although they have no chapel ; but they are much afraid, and keep themselves armed, lest their enemies should try to kill them while at worship. Therefore, pray that love may increase among this people, who are still pagans. One of the villagers has been to the girls’ place and seen the work, and heard of the plans for the Karens, and has come back and told us a great deal,

until the hearts of all the villagers are very hot When I heard about it I raised my heart to God thus: 'Oh God stretch out thine arm and help mama to complete her undertakings speedily, I beseech thee.'"

"DEAR MAMA :

"I visited the new place on my way home from the Association, but you were in the jungles. Teacheress, your laying a firm foundation for the school here makes my heart rejoice beyond any expression. Why? Because it is like a tree with broad roots—that will nourish the trunk, and cause it to put forth leaves abundantly. The branches of a tree cannot nourish the trunk. They may die—but laying a solid foundation is the highest blessing."

The Rev. Quala also sent his kind remembrance :

"MY DEAR FRIEND MAMA :

"May the great love and peace of the Almighty God rest upon you and your pupils—girls and boys—forever !

"Teacheress, I know you do not forget us. Do you think I have forgotten you? I have not—not for a moment. I learn every thing about your schools and doings. Your power of doing is very great. I cannot forget, I remember you always, and as God blesses your work my heart is exceeding happy.

"You have increased our strength with bread, sugar, and cocoanuts, which we have received, a very great gift; besides the ten rupees to buy a goat for our babe. Do not feel anxious about us in the least. Every thing I need the Christians supply with a free will. There is nothing of this world that I want. That I may go and preach Christ so that souls may be saved—

this is on my heart continually. But my wife and child are sick all the time, and this shuts me up at home and makes my heart very sad. Because it is the judgment of Heaven I try to endure it. Pray for me, dear teacheress.

“TEACHER QUALA.”

This too I received as a great answer to prayer. Mr. Mason had told me if Quala opposed the girls becoming school-mistresses, he did not think it would be of any use to try, as he would not be likely to change when once determined. Thanks to the Almighty who can turn *all* hearts, he did change from a state of *indifference* to feel a lively interest, and subsequently did all in his power to help us on, and so I know He will yet cause all *good* people to favor the work.

CHAPTER XII.

HUNTING FOR IRON WOOD POSTS—CONQUERING DIFFICULTIES.

“QUA AU ! Qua au !” Look out ! Look out : cry the Karens one to another. “Tigers in this jungle.”

Scarcely are the words spoken, when :

“Ka ! Ka !” Tiger ! tiger ! screams the forester at the head of our little party.

I had wandered all day, and found only five suitable trees. The next day we started again on foot through streams and thickets, morasses and thorns, and at last up on to a high ridge of table land. I walked, as it saved them the trouble of cutting the way for elephants, as a houdah is so high. We were ascending, tired and slowly, the eighth or tenth hill, dreaming of our solitary work, when all came to a dead stop with this dread scream. It was not a tiger, but a leopard, right in our path. The Karens set up a tremendous whoop, and the beast trotted off very deliberately. A day or two after I saw a small one as I was upon the elephant. It was walking along leisurely a few rods distant in a valley, looking at me, as if making up its mind whether to notice our intrusion.

There was a beautiful teak log, seven and a half feet in girth, on the side of a hill, larger than could be drawn, so one of the managers built up a little saw-pit,

and contrived by his own wit to get the log on and saw it through *lengthwise*, and this was the first time he ever sawed a foot, but of course I had to go and encourage. At another time I taught them the use of the wedge, by which they saved two other fine logs.

Floating in the timber was the next great task, for the Karens had not one of them learned to swim, and never floated a log before in their lives. They often lost their turbans, and came near losing themselves too, but they wouldn't have a Burman to help them. Their self-respect was aroused, and they were determined to show that they could perform great deeds as well as Burmese. An instance of this national pride occurred once near our door. The bank of the river caved in, burying a very valuable teak boat; several Karens attempted to raise it up, but failed, so I sent for a Burman. Poquai, the Paku member of the board, hearing this, hastened over with a picked number of Karens and went at it, asking :

"Shall God's men call for heathen to help them in such a little thing?"

I paid the Burman and dismissed him. In about two hours Poquai brought up the boat, when all looked up with such laudable triumph and satisfaction, that I felt really proud of them. The very next night the boat, for which we paid forty rupees, was missing, and we never heard of it again. Probably the Burman knew where it went to. This makes the *fourth* that has been taken from us, or been lost, since commencing these schools.

Fifty twenty-two foot teak logs, when spread out on the school land, were worth one thousand rupees, the market price, and the Burmans could not help regarding them

with covetous eyes. So when the timber Goung came to make his report to government, he seemed determined to make out that the Karens had exceeded the number granted to them. I therefore accompanied him over the logs, measured every foot of them, and pointed out where one log had been cut into two parts. Still he sent in his report, counting the sawed and split logs as *two*. This led to a report on behalf of the Karens :

“ TOUNGHOO, 14th July, 1858.

“ To

“ CAPTAIN GEORGE D'O'LY.

“ DEP'TY COMM'R, TOUNGHOO.

“ SIR :

“ In answer to the memoranda kindly sent to me concerning teak timber, dated June 18th, 1858, I would say, I have received for the National Female Institute, as follows :

“ From the Kannee district :

Length.				Girth.				Length.				Girth.			
1 log, 30 cubits,				3 cubits.				2 logs, 11 cubits.				4 cubits.			
2	“	30	“	2½	“			1	“	10	“	4	“		
1	“	30	“	2	“			1	“	10	“	3	“		
1	“	25	“	4	“			3	“	8	“	4	“		
1	“	25	“	2	“			1	“	8	“	3	“		
15	“	20	“	4	“			1	“	7	“	4	“		
3	“	20	“	3	“			4	“	6	“	4	“		
2	“	20	“	2	“			2	“	6	“	3	“		
13	“	12	“	4	“			1	“	6	“	2	“		
2	“	12	“	5	“			1	“	5	“	3	“		
2	“	12	“	3	“			1	“	5	“	2½	“		
1	“	12	“	7	“										

62 pieces, averaging in quantity :

Length.				Girth.			
50 logs,				20 cubits,			
According to the grant.				4 cubits.			

“From the Government Timber Depot in Tounghoo, I have received, for one rupee, the log of damaged timber.

	Length.	Girth.
108 logs,	12 cubits,	$2\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 cubits.
Average of usable timber about		
	Length.	Girth.
75 logs,	12 cubits,	$2\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 cubits.
Making in all		
	Length.	Girth.
125 logs,	25 to 35 feet,	$2\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 feet.

“I shall feel greatly obliged if you will do me the favor to express to Government my most sincere thanks for this gift to the Institute, and to all who have aided me in obtaining it. In answer to the kind inquiry how much more will be required, I would say, the timber already granted will not be nearly enough for the school-house alone, without dormitories. I would, therefore, beg you to kindly recommend for me a further grant, as indicated in the form enclosed, *provided* that the Government will allow us to defray the costs of felling, and floating into town, from the amount of timber granted. Without this permission the grant would now be quite useless to me, as I could not command the means to pay for its transportation, and the Karens having lost two of their elephants, would not feel able at present to make any further effort. Owing in part to the inexperience of the Karens, the Kannee timber was pointed out in the most difficult places possible, in the deepest gorges, and on the tops of the highest pinnacles, so that it cost us the *severest* labor, and many months of time, with three elephants and a hundred men, to obtain it; and then nearly one-half of the logs had to be cut or sawed in pieces. I would therefore ask if a further

grant be made, that it should be given in localities accessible in the dry season by water; and that the Goung be ordered to give us *sound* timber.

"I also beg to state, that the report circulated that the Karens had felled sixty logs was *not true*, as I went myself over every spot where they had felled, and nearly all of them with the Forest Goung, and was obliged to ask for more timber. But there were no more girdled trees in the locality, and therefore he allowed me to make up the number with old logs partly decayed, which had been felled and abandoned, and which we could drag to the river only by cutting in pieces. This will account for the *number* in the Goung's report, so much exceeding the *quantity* in the grant of fifty logs.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"ELLEN B. MASON."

The following was Col. Phayre's immediate reply, ordering the Goung to give us *standing trees*, which would ensure good timber.

"D. BRANDIS, ESQUIRE,

"SUP. FORESTS IN PEGU, RANGOON.

"SIR :

"With reference to Mrs. Mason's request, in a letter dated 14th July, 1858, for a further grant of one hundred and twenty-five logs of teak timber, for the purpose of completing the Karen Female Institute, and your remarks thereon in your proceedings, dated 14th instant, I have the honor to inform you that under the special circumstances of the case, the Commissioner has been

pleased to accede to Mrs. Mason's request, and desires that the timber may be made over to her as required.

"H. A. BROWN,

"GOV'T ASS'T TO COMMISSIONER PEGU."

"Copy forwarded for Mrs. Mason by—

"C. A. ROCKE,

"GOV'T ASS'T. TO COM. TOUNGHOO, IN CHARGE.

"TOUNGHOO, 9th Oct., 1858."

Besides the teak we had to get in a hundred iron wood posts. The Heads reported them all felled, each village having felled its share, some twenty, some forty logs, but all they brought in were as crooked as serpents, and they could do no better, they said, unless I could be there. It was in February and very hot; but again I went up twelve miles, walked over mountains and gulphs, and not a single straight log could be found. I went into my hut too tired to speak, threw myself on the mat, and poured out my despair to God. The Karens saw, without a word, that I was distressed, and that made them wretched. With heavy hearts we assembled that night.

I tried to be cheerful, but dwelt on the loss of respectability which would follow to the Karen chiefs, and the triumph the Burmese would feel on comparing the posts of Jesus Christ's kyoung with theirs. I avoided, however, asking them to cut any more posts. I had not spoken long when the two head chiefs stepped forth and harangued the people with so much effect they all voted to fell a *hundred* more, on condition that I would select them!

No small task this to go over all these mountains again and find a hundred straight *iron-wood* trees. The next morning I set out, though with a great lead weight upon my heart, with a large company impatient for the work.

I soon found three beautiful trees as straight as a plumbline, but from four to five feet in girth around the base.

"Oh, mama, our people could *never* hew down *iron-wood trees!*" the chiefs exclaimed in dismay. Iron wood is the hardest timber known, and so hard it is seldom used except for house posts. At last they found that in no other way could they get them long enough or large enough for such a building, and they determined to *try*. Guess at the task—*eight men* had to work *three hours*, relieving one another, before they got down a single one of these trees. Then it took twenty men *two days* to hew it down at the base to the required size. In this way I passed over the ridges where iron-wood was found, leaving five and six to battle with each tree, as far as I could persuade them to join the battle at all. So we continued for two weeks before we counted up the whole number. The Mopagas and Bghais were on the point of giving out, and some did ; but the Pakus and Mauniepagas persevered, exhorting their weaker brethren with great gentleness, and at last the tremendous task was done. Then came the dragging or hauling, almost the hardest of all, for some of the best we had found were in the most inaccessible places. Four of the logs were fifty feet long without the slightest crookedness, and one day we sent for the farthest one far in the deep forest. Through ignorance or carelessness, when I was not with them, they had felled this one so as to let the top fall up the cliff, leaving the large end downwards, on the side of a mountain and over a tremendous gorge. After a long consultation it was resolved to hitch the elephant to the large end and try and turn it half round, so as to bring it to lie horizontal across the mountain in-

stead of perpendicular, then we might drag it off ascending circuitously. Not knowing in the least what men of sense would do in such a dilemma I allowed them to try this, but no sooner had the elephant started the log than it began to slide, pulling the beast down after it, and we stood horror-stricken, thinking it must be dashed over the precipice, rider and all, when it was stopped by a large clump of bamboos. The rider, a brave boy, had succeeded in leaping off, and as soon as possible the tackling was cut and the poor elephant released. But it was so frightened it could never be made to pull of any consequence afterwards.

The next day we started again with two elephants, two large iron chains, and provisions for two days, determined still to have the log. So they put up a wigwam of bamboo branches; and by my continual urging and calling I succeeded in getting all up from the gorges with their water jars and fire-wood by dark, for tigers, we knew, roamed over all that forest. The hardest one to get in was old Kargau. He had dug out one of those pretty, flesh-colored bandicots as large as a kitten, broken its legs, and stuffed it into his wallet to suffer all day till it should be spitted alive.

I sent my assistant to kill it. The mountaineer thrust him roughly away. I persisted, and it was at last put out of misery, but the owner never forgave it. They tell me it is the practice everywhere either to keep their small game alive or strangle it so as to retain the blood.

Perhaps the Apostles found it as hard training the Antioch Christians. As we assembled that evening under the bamboo arches upon the mountain, I called the assistant to read Acts xv. 20, and we had quite a warm discussion on the subject. All agreed with me

that it was wrong, except old Kargau, who had the bandicot. He wouldn't give up. Perhaps the others wouldn't if they'd found any, but it so happened that old Kargau was the only one that got a bandicot that day.

Toads and frogs they serve in the same manner, and toad hunting is very common. The toads are beat up by scraping the bare foot over the grass, when the toad will hop or croak, and the hunters pounce upon it at once, or give chase, break their legs, and clap them all alive into their bags. Snakes, too, skinned alive, they stuff wriggling into their bags for supper; and I really think it has cost me more labor to change these cruel practices than it ever did to learn a new language.

Tired and nervous, but not discouraged, my boys and I spread our mats and lay down, praying earnestly that God would teach me that I might teach them how to obtain the log. Then we made another trial. This time we took two very strong elephants, placed them above two large deep-rooted trees and hitched two long chains. Then some twenty men shouted to the beasts with such vehemence they gave a tremendous pull, and being goaded on, up came the prize stretched horizontal across the mountain, right above the great teaks, entirely clear from the fearful abyss beneath. When the Karens saw the elephants were safe, and the log positively secured, they gave one long mountain shout of joy, after which we all knelt and gave thanks to God. The same day we hauled it up the mountain, and the next day into the water.

The Burmese when they saw it said, such a log could not be bought for a hundred rupees—that it couldn't be found; and no Burmans ever did or ever could get such a log, or would even make the attempt.

The poor elephant that was frightened belonged to the Girls' School, and cost me four hundred rupees. Her name was Poma; and she was so gentle we could always ride on her with safety. She knew my voice like a child, and would put her trunk into my boys' bedroom window every morning for a plantain. They could do any thing with her. She would kneel down at their bidding, put out her knee for them to climb up, or hand them up water when they were thirsty, and she delighted in carrying them across the river on her neck; of course they were very fond of *Poma*, and were always making up nice bits of barks, or tamarinds and salt for her, but one day she was brought home sick. She laid her trunk on the ground and tears positively ran down her face! The boys and girls were very sad. I sent for a Burman doctor and took her to our own yard.

Finally, she seemed better and was taken off to browse among young bamboos, of which they are so fond. But a few days had passed when they sent to me in haste, saying, Poma had fallen down and was too weak to get up. I went to her some two miles. As soon as she heard my voice, she stretched out her trunk towards me and moaned as if asking for sympathy. The Karens brought two stout elephants to raise her up; but she couldn't stand, though she took food and drink from my hands, and from the girls and boys, while she would take from no others; but, alas, she couldn't swallow, and as soon as we were gone she rolled it all out upon the ground, having taken it from simple attachment, so I begged the men to shoot her. Her tusks brought forty rupees, but they often sell for eighty rupees.

After five different encampments, and six weeks with them, we succeeded in getting all the logs, with bamboos

and ratans to raft them down to the mouth of the Karen river.

I had delayed until nearly dark superintending matters, and then found the elephant left for me an ugly brute that I didn't dare mount. There was but one chief remaining behind, but he and his two men set to work and made me a bamboo raft three feet wide. On this they poled me down that wild, mad river, about six miles to our own camp. The following is a letter written to my friend Mrs. Wylie at this time :

"I have felt very sad about spending time in the jungles, traversing pathless mountains and glens in search of timber, but now I see the hand of God leading me onward, for in no other way could I have come so near the hearts of the people, or been made acquainted with their individual characters. Now I know whom to trust, and how each can be made useful.

"I am thankful that I was able to be with them, for it cheered them not a little, taught them to think and reason more correctly, and through God's mercy prevented sickness. During the last week many here came in to see the logs and look upon them with great delight and satisfaction. No doubt it will be far better for the people that they have had to work hard for the timber, for had I purchased it they would never have valued it half so much. Now they are pouring down to settle round the Institute.

"It was one of the most interesting nights I ever spent, when we encamped at the mouth of the Kannee river after more than three months of hard toil, six weeks of which I had spent with them ; now there lay the logs, strung to bamboos, filling the river.

"A hundred Karens were stretched around six or eight

camp-fires, covering the sand-bank just below my booth of grasses perched on the overhanging cliff.

“The full moon was rising behind the trees, its soft light shimmering upon the waters and lighting up the faces of the Karens, as they stood in dripping garments, some drying themselves around the camp-fires, others tending their chatties or cooking vessels.

“We all knelt down and poured out our hearts in grateful praise, and after singing a hymn, which sounded far over the waters, coming back in echoes from the mountains, I got into my little boat, made our way through the foaming surf, and rowed down to the city, reaching home at midnight.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RAISING—THE PIC-NIC.

A GRAND festival was that of ours! I mean the "raising."

It had cost us from two and a half to three rupees each to bring the iron-wood logs to the same size, and plane them.

Finally, a day was appointed for planting the posts of the Institute, and an exciting time we had of it. About two hundred came in, but at first had no idea but to raise them right up.

I called the Board, and explained to them how necessary it was to level the ground and to brick under and around the posts, and they said it should be done; but the other chiefs opposed, thinking it a useless waste of time. Finally, I was obliged to appear and address the crowd, which was so silent that I spoke only in my usual voice, which always seemed to have a strange effect upon them; probably the great contrast between my voice and their own high key was the secret of it; but I always recognized on such occasions the immediate presence of the Almighty God. Seeing by their eyes that all were ready, Chief Ledda of Baugalay seized upon the moment, struck an electric chord which brought out roars of laughter, and all rushed to the work; some to the ground, others in troops shouldering their spades and pick-axes, for digging out bricks.

They found this under preparation a pretty formidable

work, but after three or four days of hard labor it was done. Several thousands of bricks had been dug out of the old town wall, backed a quarter of a mile, boated across the river, and seventy tall, smooth, iron-wood posts were firmly planted six feet deep, enclosed in brick. In one of the posts was deposited a small lead box, in which we had a Government plan of the grounds, the history of the Karen Education Society, with a photograph of their President, a letter from Colonel Phayre, an account of the Schools, a notice of the Karen Bible, copies of the Bghai and Paku Associations, a few letters from the Head girls, a brief statement of the Government of Pegu, and a few coins. The opening was then so closed up no one probably could ever find it.

Connected with this was a Sunday-school celebration, the first one ever witnessed by the Karens in Tounghoo. The long beautiful lawn between the Institute and Young Mens' School had been prepared with stagings, seats, and a platform for strangers. Settees had been placed for the chiefs and elders, who arose one after another and addressed the assembly in their own native languages, but with an eloquence perfectly irresistible.

Several English Officers and ladies were present, who also addressed the congregation, Mr. Mason interpreting. The children then sung the "Happy Land," in Karen, Mr. Mason pronounced the benediction, and they were left to enjoy the repast.

Refreshments had been provided by our kind friend and helper, Captain Bond, Commander of the Artillery, and native food by Mr. Mason. Little eyes were very big with expectation on that day, for the long tables on the lawn were loaded with boiled fowls, rice, sugar-cane, plantains, corn-balls, Shan and Burman sweetmeats, and

English cakes; the eating stands were wreathed with flowers, and the orphans all appeared in their new dresses, given them by Mr. Mason.

No sooner had we left than down rushed the wild Bghais, pouncing like bears over all the tables.

"Children fed, and grown people hungry!" they muttered with scorn. "No good, no good." So one seized a fowl by the neck, another would turn a whole dish of rice into his turban, and another fill his wallet with cakes, and off they leaped, the ducks and hens dangling, and one old man walked off very deliberately munching two corn-balls, first one and then the other.

The children went home in great disappointment. The next day I assembled the whole concourse, and read to them Luke xiv. 13. "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: Ye shall not afflict my fatherless child;" and again, "Pure religion is to visit the fatherless," etc. "The stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, shall come and eat," and asked them if they did not some of them break God's law the night before. The Board of Managers immediately took up the matter, and gave them such a sermon, they all cried out:

"Stop brother, stop! We'll pay! We'll pay!" and immediately laid down ten rupees to buy again for the children. One chief sent off at once to the mountains and brought down his fatted pig, and all vied in giving the poor one good dinner.

But the young preachers now came down upon me with great earnestness, thinking I could not possibly have the least authority for making any festival at all.

Pic-nics, Sunday-school celebrations, gatherings for the poor, all alike were "devil feasts" to them. It might

do for a Christian land, but not among demon worshippers, they said. I told them, if it wounded their consciences to see the poor little children get a good dinner, they mustn't come, but they who approved might come and address them. For my own part, I believed the Bible was made for all countries alike, and that said, "*when ye make a feast call the halt and the blind.*"

The care of the young preachers, however, shows a beautiful love for Bible truth, which is the great safeguard, and will, in time, regulate all their intercourse. It is of no use to talk to these people, unless you can *prove* from the Bible it is right. The following letter from Mr. Mason shows their earnest desire for truth :

"No feature of the work among the Karens appears so full of promise as the eagerness with which the young preachers seek for instruction on Biblical subjects. During the three or four weeks spent with our associations, whenever I sat down to eat, there were always a more or less number around me seeking information on difficult subjects; and when I strolled into the forest, a long peripatetic train questioned me at every step. Sometimes I would seat myself to rest on a granite rock, overtopping the plains thousands of feet below, when all would quickly surround me,—a crowd of young men with their open Testaments, each eager to ask concerning some passage or other that he found difficult to comprehend. One would desire me to explain Paul's assertion, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' Another, the expression: 'I am crucified to the world, and the world is crucified unto me.' A third finds it difficult to understand, 'I could wish myself accursed from Christ.' A fourth could not comprehend our Lord's language in relation to John the Baptist; while still another was

perplexed with Peter's statement, that 'David had not ascended into heaven.' 'David, the good man, who wrote the Psalms, has surely gone to heaven. Were there two Davids?' Some had chronological difficulties to settle; others asked for historical information, and still others had numerous inquiries to make on the natural productions mentioned in the Bible; while not a few had questions to ask which Gabriel himself could not answer. Thus a single lecture would be diversified like mosaic, with theology and botany, exegesis and zoology, metaphysics and lightning wires, history, sacred and profane; geography, ancient and modern, with a sprinkling of almost every other subject of the past, the present, and the future. After lying down to sleep, I often heard the younger teachers inquiring of their seniors the signification of various passages, and asking information on numerous topics on which they had been instructed. In this way the knowledge communicated to one is passed on to tens, twenties, and thirties, making my school of theology as wide as the province, and its pupils as numerous as the ministry within its borders; and it is an undeniable fact, that when we need a man to go to a station where there is real self-denial to be endured, it is one of this irregular corps who volunteers. They are the cream of the churches, rising by the law of moral power, a law as immutable as the law of gravitation." *

It was while in the Kannee jungles that I made a trip into the ancient Mopaga country, in the north.

We started with one elephant, but found the road so very steep and rough I sent it back.

* Mr. Mason means that no schools can make a man, but he would also say that no man can be made without the schools, or without *letters*. No man can be a warrior without his arms.

The path led over three sharp Alpine peaks, and through as many deep glens, then out-gushed broad sunlight over an immense paddy field, with here and there a wee bit of a shanty, and I began to congratulate myself on finding a resting spot again, when I chanced to look forward, and lo, there were the boys who carried my little *bundle* away on the tip-top of another cliff, as far as the eye could reach. I had been quite ill the night before with fever, and was far too weak for such a jaunt, but it was useless to look back when once started; and besides, we could not look downward without clinging to the bamboos, as we should have gone to the very deeps. So we went plodding on, and even after reaching the narrow opening in the sky by clinging to the roots, rocks, and whatever could help us, still no house appeared, nor the slightest vestige of any village, but following our guide we wound along on the side of the hill, down, down, down, and were about to step off into a gorge as black as night, when a dozen hands were raised, and a whole flood of mountain music burst up the ravine, and held us spell-bound!

It was the little congregation of Wechaduc, yet far distant, at prayer, and singing:

“Rock of ages cleft for me,”

in their own native tongue.

We stayed our steps, and listened with emotions indescribable, glancing over the whole history of the past four years in as many minutes, until lost in bewildering joy; for well did I recollect the first visit of those tau-beahs to our house. The leader was the minstrel who came to inquire if God's son had come down from heaven. Now he came smiling down the glen to meet

me, his babe in a blanket upon his back for me to bless ! And on reaching the house all the mothers, to the number of a hundred, I should think, brought forth their infants for me to lay my hand upon their heads. I knew not what to do, whether to gratify them or not, for it seemed fearful to think of standing in the place of our Blessed Redeemer. However I patted their little heads, and shook hands with some four hundred, then went into the chapel, and explained to them who alone could bless their little ones.

The whole village consisted of only one house, besides the chapel and teacher's residence.

Imagine a building four hundred feet long, and thirty wide, divided into some thirty rooms ; then another house parallel, just separated by a verandah three feet broad ; then still another parallel separated by a verandah just the same, and all three alike, except the central row, which is perhaps ten feet shorter at each end, leaving an open court in front, and a work-yard behind. This central row belongs to the chief and his relations, and he holds his court in the first hall. Each compartment has its little bedrooms, just long enough to stretch one's-self in, with cooking-box, and all manner of jungle apparatus strewn on bamboos above, while beneath is a pig-sty walled up with bamboos to the floor, which is about six or eight feet from the ground, with little trap-doors in the floor, so that they may feed the pigs without going out ! There are three separate roofs to the building, and under the eaves extend long bamboo spouts. This constitutes the village of Wechaduc, one of the largest of the Mopaga tribe.

I found forty children in this village who could read very well, and repeat the Catechism by heart. Several

of them had been baptized. This school was taught by Nau Tejau, one of the Bghai head girls of the Institute.

Marvelous indeed are these Footsteps of the Wonderful.

The rains are pouring hard. The sawyers have all run away—won't work in the rain—demand higher wages—am in distress. No means to go on with the work. Call in the chiefs and girls. Lay the case before them, and entreat them to ask God for money to complete the building for his glory. All bow in prayer. Eight o'clock—nine o'clock—ten o'clock, and still we plead there upon our faces :

O Lord, if this undertaking pleaseth thee, "Establish thou the work of our hands."

Morning—go out, look over the half-sawed logs. Saws all still—not a soul comes—can't raise wages—no money. Oh Lord, do not suffer thy servants to be put to shame! Oh Lord, the heathen are rejoicing. They revile Thy Name—they cry: "Aha! aha! where is thy God! Oh Lord, make haste to deliver!"

Two o'clock—mail—a letter—read :

"CALCUTTA, *August 8th*, 1859.

"MY DEAR MRS. MASON:

"You will see by my letter to your husband that I have had the pleasure to receive from a friend a donation of eight hundred rupees for your school. It was from a friend who has lately gone to England.

"MACLEOD WYLIE."

Thanks, oh thanks to the Almighty Jehovah! Now "Let the heathen rage and imagine vain things," but we will acknowledge *the Lord our Deliverer*.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE KAREN NATIONAL BANNER.

“WHY cannot the Karens have a banner—a national banner—now that such numbers of them are coming out of heathenism?” This question was asked among the chiefs of Tounghoo, after a visit to the cantonments, where they had examined with great delight the English standard.

The Institute being set up, the question of banners arose and it was decided that every Karen clan which joined the Education Society, and helped to support the Girls' School, should be allowed to put up a banner on the building. Six clans raised theirs at once, taking for their distinctive flags the clan-emblems embroidered on their tunics. These are seen on the front posts or iron-wood pillars of the Institute in the picture. They represent the Sgaus, Pakus, Mauniepagas, Mopagas, Bghais, and Pant-Bghais, who have joined the enterprise. The two on the towers are things yet to be—open for the Pwos and Red Karens; but the others excited a great deal of enthusiasm, and the village maidens all vied with one another in weaving and embroidering the most beautiful flags.

It was after erecting these banners for the tribes that the question came up concerning a National emblem or a Union standard for all. Quala took up the subject with earnestness, and sent an epistle to the churches. They

then chose a device for them, which was a Bible with a sword across it. This banner has recently been presented to the nation.

The following is an account of its presentation extracted from the New York World of August 8th, 1860 :

"In the Mariner's church, in Cherry street, last Sunday evening, a national banner was presented by one of the largest Bible societies in America, to the most interesting and hopeful nation in all Asia, the Karens.

"This strange, wild people are being rapidly Christianized, and they have sent to America for a national flag to commemorate their exodus out of heathenism ! the most curious and exhilarating request that we have ever heard of from a new nation.

"The following remarkable letter was read from the principal native teacher.

"LETTER OF QUALA, THE SECOND KAREN APOSTLE.

"To all the churches in Tavoy, Maulmain, Rangoon, Bassein, Henthada, Kyoukgyee, Shwagyn, Tounghoo, Prome, Thayet, greeting !

"To the great teachers, small teachers, men and women, Tseetkays, Terays, Gounggyounks, Tsayas, Peons, young women, young men, deacons, elders, old and young, men and women, one and all, greeting !

"I, a son of Tavoy, Teacher Quala, trust you all know and understand the word of God, and can speak of the things pertaining to the truth and light which God has given us. In order that we may be able to conquer our enemies, and escape from every evil hand, God has given us a weapon. What is it ? What kind of a weapon is it ?

"Behold ! The children of Judah, when they escaped

out of the hands of the Egyptians, in order that their children might understand how they were delivered out of their hands, erected banners with emblems of the hawk, the lion, the bear, and ox.

“Again, the English nation, when they escaped out of the hands of the idolatrous Romans, erected a standard of the cross as a national emblem, and when their king went to rescue Jerusalem from the Moslem invaders took back Judah’s lion, so that future generations might understand. Again, the Americans, when they declared independence, erected a national emblem of the eagle, also some stars and stripes. This was to inform every nation that they would rise heavenward, over every enemy.

“Therefore, my brethren, young and old, mothers and fathers, grandmothers and grandfathers, nieces and nephews, uncles and aunts, cousins and friends, children and grandchildren, we the uncivilized, the children of the forest, barbarians, without books or understanding, without a king or a name in the earth, we, the nation in thick darkness, God has compassionated and sent His own Son Jesus Christ to take us up out of our darkness and bondage. We, in the year of the world five thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, received books from the hands of the teachers—the children of America. We received the Holy Bible, the words of God, and the ten commandments which he gave to his people, the children of Israel, by the hand of Moses. This was a treasure more precious than all the books of the earth—the best and above all books; the Chief among books.

“My brethren think, those who formerly had books had also rulers of their own and a country of their own. They had preachers and schoolmasters, and could devise

and execute with knowledge and skill, both for the mind and for the body. They had wise men and rich men, very many. But we, the Karens, were like wild beasts of the mountains—like the wild speckled fowl of the jungles. We had no knowledge, no understanding, no power. But now we have received instruction indeed. Now to us Karens God has given books and teachers, and now we too have schools and school-houses, all our own. Therefore, it is well if we rejoice with exceeding great joy; and now let us erect a National Banner, as other book nations have done. Let us erect it over our school-houses, and let us choose for our emblem, not a lion or any beast, but the weapon which God hath given us by which to subdue our enemies—even the “WORD OF GOD, which is the SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.”

“‘Now, teachers and teacheresses, friends, the children of God among the Karens everywhere—what think you? Will this be good, or will you differ from me? Instruct me, I pray you, if there is a better way. Dear friends, let us think of what our mothers taught us. “Dogs go in troops, they catch the deer. Villages united conquer enemies.” This is what I have to say: “Many work, much the reward. Much the strength, much the admiration. Much desirable, much desired. Much lovely, much beloved.”

“‘Dear friends, let us look at Luke xii. 14, 15. I saw a letter—Karen teachers asking support of the foreign teachers, and I was greatly ashamed. Brethren, teachers, churches, all, consider, I pray you. The white foreign teachers are our father and mother, but first they had to be instructed by others, but they didn’t lean on their instructors for their curry and rice. They did not ask their teachers to feed them. Let us follow the white

foreigners, and learn of them till we can make clocks, and glass, and swords, and cannon, and telescopes, and fire-carriages—till we know the earth's boundaries, and all nations and medicines ; but let us support our own school-masters and preachers.

“ ‘The white foreigners do not ask the Burmese to feed their teachers. The Burmese have teachers, and they do not ask the white men to feed theirs. Therefore, for us to ask this there is no place—not in the least.

“ ‘Do we not know ? Do we not understand ? Birds build nests ; the young ones learn. Fathers die ; sons take their seats Mothers die ; daughters take the mothers' places ; and think, I pray you, of King Solomon's words : “ A wise son is the joy of his father, but a foolish son is the grief of his mother.” Friends, let us think of our old sayings, what the elders taught their children :

“ Try, try, and you will do ;
Do, do, and silver will flow ;
Can't do—never grow.”

“ ‘And let us not seek for ourselves alone, but seek, plan, and devise for our posterity down to the remotest generation. Therefore let us erect a banner for our whole nation, and glorify God, that the surrounding nations may know that we have come out from heathenism, and are determined to be a Christian people.

“ ‘QUALA.’

“ This, Mrs. Mason says, is a literal translation of Quala's Karen letter, published in the *Star*, a monthly paper printed in the Karen language.. The Rev. Mr. Haynes, secretary of the American and Foreign Bible Society, preached a very able Bible sermon, which has

been requested for publication. The Rev. Mr. Stewart then made over the flag to the Bible society, remarking that his people gave till he had to tell them to stop giving; and Mr. Haynes, on receiving it, made some stirring remarks in relation to this mariners' church, especially in its connection with the great Swedish reformation in Europe.*

"The flag has a blue ground, with the device of a Bible and sword in colors, and a motto: 'The sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.' It is beautifully got up in the style of Bethel flags, but the motto is in the Karen language in large white letters, which stood out in the gaslight like old Phœnician hieroglyphics.

"At the close of the sermon, Mr. Haynes presented the flag on behalf of the American and Foreign Bible Society. Mrs. Mason stepped on to the platform dressed in a close-fitting black silk, and black traveling hat, to receive it in place of her husband, now in Burmah, on behalf of the nation. Mr. Haynes came down from the pulpit and made some appropriate remarks. Mrs. Mason then replied as follows:

* In 1834, F. O. Nilsson, a converted Swedish sailor, was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of the Mariners' Church, N. Y. In 1839, he returned to his native land to preach the gospel to his countrymen and kindred. After laboring several years amid persecution, fines and imprisonment, he was finally banished from the kingdom, leaving fifty-six baptized believers scattered in different districts.

In 1855, the American Baptist Publication Society adopted a system of Colportage for Sweden, and on the 8th of September, Rev. Andreas Wiberg, as Superintendent of Colportage, sailed for Stockholm, where he arrived on the 7th of November. Some fifteen Colporters were appointed, and soon all Sweden was traversed by this devoted band. As the result, there are now upwards of one hundred Baptist Churches, with a membership of between five and six thousand.

“‘I beg to thank the American and Foreign Bible Society for this Karen National Banner. I thank you, sir, in behalf of the twenty-five thousand Karen converts of Burmah, enlightened by the Bible which your society has so liberally given them, in their own language.

“‘I thank you in behalf of my husband, the Translator of the Bible for the Karen nation. I thank you in behalf of the four hundred young preachers and teachers of the Karen nation. I thank you in behalf of the four hundred district schools of the nation. I thank you in behalf of the four hundred Sunday-schools of the nation. I thank you in behalf of the seventy-five thousand Karens who have determined to come out from heathenism, and to receive Christian books.

“‘It may be known to you that many believe that a hundred years hence the Karens will be the ruling power in India, and the missionary nation to all Asia, because they so generally receive the Bible, while so many of the nations reject it.* Therefore I thank you, sir, in behalf of all the hundreds of thousands of Christianized, civilized Karens who shall, a hundred years hence, tell of this gift to their children, and be waving this National banner—and especially I would thank you in behalf of the *women* of the Karen nation.’

“The flag was provided under the superintendence of the Rev. Irah Stewart, the zealous Seamen’s Missionary of that part of the city, and the whole expense was borne by the Christian seamen of his Bethel church, who presented the gift to the Bible Society.”

* What I mean by that is, that the Karens will become the Right Hand of the English nation, just as the Bible or Letters is the Right Hand of the Son of Man.

CHAPTER XV.

SOME CURIOUS THINGS—THE HIDDEN WELL.

IT was on my way to Tounghoo that I wrote an account of my school plans to my kind friend, Robert Scott Moncrieff, Esq., of Calcutta. Also, I believe by the same mail, to my dear cousin in London, Mrs. Eliza Edkins, mother of the missionary Edkins in China. My cousin took the letter immediately to Miss Rosamond Anna Webb, Secretary of the "Society for Promoting Female Education in the East," the head of which is in London, but which has flourishing auxiliaries in almost all the large towns and cities of Great Britain. Yet I had then never heard of the Society. This lady was at once interested in the undertaking, and took the matter to her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Moncrieff of London.

"Why, this is strange!" he remarked. "I have just now received a letter from my brother in Calcutta, in which he mentions the same subject, and inclosed a letter from this same lady." So there my two letters met so singularly. And as if God would say, "There shall be no failure when I undertake," he sent the Rev. Mr. Hazeldine to see Mr. Moncrieff and Miss Webb. Mr. Hazeldine was Chaplain at Tounghoo, and had been out on a tour among the Karens, where he took the jungle fever, which had compelled him to return to England. But he had carried with him a world of sympathy for the Karens, which he at once poured out to Mr. Mon-

crieff and Miss Webb, and to the public in England. Now, I beg to ask if any Christian man, woman or child, can doubt for one moment that there was in all this a most remarkable answer to prayer?

This Society has been in existence twenty-seven years; has sent out, according to the Report for 1860, ninety female teachers; had then raised £44,595 19s. 6d.; had sent out work for sale to the amount of £24,510 10s. 8d., to assist forty-three others in completing their own arrangements; and to render aid in various ways, to girls' schools, superintended by missionaries' wives, and by private individuals. One hundred and twenty-eight of these schools are, at present, in connection with the Society; yet what are these among so many? They have now sixteen or more European teachers in the field, and are laboring in China, Burmah, Chittagong, Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, Madras, Tinevelly, Bombay, and many other parts of India; Ceylon, Mauritius, South Africa, West Africa, the Levant, and Egypt, in all sixty-four stations. Yet this Society began with nothing in 1834 and has been carried on entirely by ladies, and ladies of different denominations, working in union, for the single object, the Glory of God in the salvation of Heathen Women.

The following is the present acting Board of Officers of this Society:—*President*, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley. *Vice Presidents*, number, twenty-one. *Committee*, number, twelve. *Secretary*, Miss Rosamond Anna Webb, 15 Shaftesbury Crescent, Pimlico, London, S. W.

The Report for 1860 closes with this striking, and in America almost forgotten command:

“And bring my *daughters* from the ends of the earth.”

On hearing of my undertaking for the women of Tounghoo, the Secretary of this Society immediately opened communication with me, and very kindly made inquiries—offering to help us. This drew forth the following letter :

“TOUNGHOO, *August 22d*, 1858.

“MISS ROSAMOND A. WEBB,

“SEC. SOC. PROM. FEM. ED. EAST.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND :

“I feel myself under great obligations to your Society for taking an interest in Burmah. I thank you, especially, for thinking of our dear Karens, and in so friendly a manner offering me aid. I recognize in this fact a clear answer to my prayers. I see as striking evidences that the Lord is working among these Karen mountains as if a voice from heaven should proclaim ‘This is God’s work in the land of the Bghais.’

“Our second term and three days’ examination are just over. The girls have been more successful in learning than I have ever seen girls in my native country in the same time. They have now a tolerably exact knowledge of the gospel of Matthew, the Acts, the history of the Old Testament, the geography of Asia, Europe, North and South America, and a good understanding of the solar system. The latter has been particularly interesting to them, because they have always been taught that in an eclipse of the sun or the moon a demon devours those heavenly bodies.

“The girls’ school numbered, the last term, sixty members, all from the best families of the Pakus, Mopagas, Bghais and Pant-Bghais. They have not in a single instance appeared in soiled apparel. They have washed

and cooked for themselves, and brought their own food from the market. One was expelled from the Institution for theft. Besides this, severe measures were required in only one or two instances. One of these was the case of a chief's daughter, who, for neglect of duty, was sent out of school, or rather for one week was not allowed to recite her lessons. This was a great trial to her, as she had been the first in the school. Still I saw no manifestation of anger; on the contrary, all that she said was to beg for forgiveness, and she returned a humble and polite girl.

"The other case gave me great anxiety. We had a rule that every pupil should have her hair put up in a decent and orderly manner, with a few wild flowers, when she came into the school-room in the morning. One day almost half of the girls had neglected this duty. I sent them back to their rooms: and when I called them, not one appeared. There was evidently an opposition to the rule. They were all forbidden to enter the school, or come into my room for three days. This was a great trial to them, though they had their meals as usual. On the second day, three of them declared their resolutions to return home, and they would have done so, if others had been willing to follow them. I feared and prayed. But I sent them only this word, that if they went away, they would show to all the churches that they could not humble their hearts, and all the headmen would rejoice that they did not need them for teachers. That was enough. Not one of them left, and I had no further trouble in respect to cleanliness. Often during this period I would see their sparkling eyes peeping through the bamboos during the hour of recitation; that was a favorite hour with all, for I had introduced

the custom of allowing them to examine me, instead of my examining them.*

* I made the rule about the flowers, because the Christian girls had somehow obtained the idea that to be Christians they must quite neglect their persons, lest they should be proud like the heathen. In laying aside their ornaments, they also laid aside all taste, and to me the manner of brushing the hair all straight back, just like their grandmothers, was not at all attractive or desirable. After I had commenced the school in this way, I learned that Quala was strongly opposed, and declared that no girl who wore flowers should be admitted to the ordinance of communion, as he had gathered the impression that it was almost an unpardonable sin to use flowers in any way. A few weeks after Quala came in to visit us, and I asked him if he thought it sinful to love the pretty flowers that God had strewn all over the earth so beautifully. No he didn't think it wrong to *look* at them, but he was afraid of their influence.

"Now brother," I said, "here is a teacher who likes a silk dress, and he buys it, gives twenty rupees, simply because he likes it, for a good cotton one would last just as long. Now this teacher goes home, and his young wife comes to meet him with her hair all bright and shining, and some sweet little air plants, which didn't cost a single penny, are wreathed around it, making her look still more innocent and lovely. He glances at her dress, and sees it all neat and pretty, for she could not dress her hair in flowers and appear in soiled or tattered garments. But he frowns, bids her go out of his sight, and calls her the chief of sinners. Is he right? He has used up twenty rupees in cash, which might have done a great deal of good, she has spent nothing, only taken from her Maker's fingers a few fresh flowers."

Quala acknowledged that he was at first long in believing such things sinful, that it seemed to him God looked at the heart—the motive—the desire—and I am thankful to say he no longer saw sin in the dear little flowers. But how it will be hereafter must depend very much on the teaching given by

"I have for the Female Department one paid male teacher, two assistants, one Paku, and one Bghai; then others, and the young men who will sit as pastors and judges over their sisters.

Once before I had to do battle for my pet friends, the flowers, when I was a school ma'am under the old Green Mountains. "Elder Huntley," that was what every body called my father, "you ought to preach against them are posies." "What do you mean, gentlemen?" "Why them are posy-beds round the school-house. You see how we don't none of us want 'em. We send our gals and boys to school to larn books, not about them yaller weeds. But you see your darter there, Eleanor, she is determined to keep the yaller weeds, and she's even sot out some pine snouts, when there's my swamp, only a quarter a mile off, chuck full of 'em." The speaker had just been to me with a complaint on the subject, and the committee had been excited to send me word that "every posy-bed must be immediately swept out of the way." My school-house was set up on a ledge of bare rocks, so that not a flower, scarcely a blade of grass, could spring up around it. I proposed gardening for the "play hours," and as all entered into the sport with spirit we soon had quite a fairy land, and I found I no longer needed the ruler or the rod; I couldn't punish more severely than to deprive the pupils of working among the flowers.

We had another "bad thing," the committee stated. We had formed a School Temperance Society, and nearly all the boys had joined it. Some of their fathers were hard drinkers, and all used spirituous drinks more or less. The Temperance Society was condemned out and out, and the children compelled to erase their names. I was only fifteen years old, and as you may suppose was a good deal terrified at the prospect of being "turned out" on my first trial. Still I held on to the flowers, and only answered respectfully: "Gentlemen, when these flowers go, I go," and they let them alone. Now, what school-house is without its flower-beds? The Temperance Society was frowned down for the time, but do you think it was destroyed? Those boys are now young men, and as near as I can learn

two other sub-assistants, one for the sick, and one for the bazaar business. These are permanent. Under these are six heads for the boarding department, two for house-work, two for sewing, two for the ground around and under the houses, and one for the sick. Besides these we have ten monitors chosen monthly; the other heads are chosen weekly. The monitors see that all bathe and dress their hair properly, keep their places in the classes, and recite correctly.

"In the Young Men's School I have the superintendence of two general teachers, one cook, two hospital-heads, two house-heads, and two heads for the grounds; these heads too are all chosen weekly, the monitors monthly.

"Every Wednesday morning all assemble together, young men and young women, to take lessons in good manners, and in keeping a day-book.* So every thing goes on in an orderly manner, whether I am present or not. No one receives the least pay except an arithmetic or the money to purchase one.

"By having two schools at the same time, I find many opportunities to instruct the young men as to their behavior to the other sex. For example, it was a rule that six of the girls entrusted with the marketing, and six of the men, should purchase all their vegetables at the

they are almost every one leaders among the "Sons of Temperance." We may have to suffer for doing right, but God will step out, and defend us by his own Right Arm after awhile. It is treading on volcanoes, to rise up and oppose God, and every one finds it so in His own time.

* In this day-book we made a record of every rod of land which they cleared, every foot of road they made, and every stump they dug up, which excited great emulation among them, and saved the school much sickness in term time.

bazaar and bring them home. I soon discovered that while the girls came home with heavy baskets on their backs, the young gentlemen tripped on before, with a very light bag or bundle under the arm. I took great pains to change this custom, in which, however, I did not entirely succeed, because the young men were not in the least ashamed of it, and the girls were disposed to boast of the burdens they carried. One of the teachers said to me :

“ ‘Mama, if our wives work much and carry heavy burdens, we love them ; if not, we hate them.’ That is the prevailing feeling among the unbelievers. In time, I think I shall succeed in bringing the young men to be ashamed of such things ; but it takes more than one term to change heathen customs.

“ At the public examination I had the best of the young students examine the girls in the presence of the assembled chiefs. But I did not venture fully to unfold their attainments lest I should awaken opposition to the school. In fact, a teacher has already come out openly and declared to the chiefs that they would yet come under woman’s government. Pray for me ! Oh, pray for *us* in this exigency ; for here lies our great danger. Many were at the outset opposed to a girls’ school, because they said the girls would become indolent and useless ; but in fact they feared lest they should acquire knowledge. To obviate this objection the girls have willingly taken their spades and worked in the garden two hours daily, laboring as zealously as the men.

“ The men settlers around our place have a good school-house, and support a teacher for all the children in the village. My two little boys examine this school every Saturday, and teach the children Bible history from pictures,

requiring the scholars to read every thing in the Karen Bible. They repeat what has been learned before the whole assembly at the close of the Sabbath-school, which embraces all the colonists, male and female together, with both the schools.

“As these people live around me, I have a good opportunity to habituate them to cleanliness, order, morality, uprightness, love of children, and sympathy with the sick and bereaved, in all which they are in great need of teaching; so that even in this respect a school is formed in which I esteem it a precious privilege to give instruction.

“In regard to all that God, the Almighty God, and not man, has done here, I can say: ‘Behold, God is my salvation. I will trust and not be afraid for Jehovah the Lord is my strength. He whose throne is in Heaven—who sends his word upon earth, and his word runs very swiftly, He will rule from sea to sea, and from the river to the end of the earth. They who dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him; for He will save the poor when he crieth, and the needy and *him that hath no helper*. He is God, the faithful God, who keeps covenant and faithfulness,’—the Almighty. For the first time during the last year I have learned the meaning of that name, the ALMIGHTY, for no one can pray, ‘Give us this day our daily bread,’ like one who has no bread.

“When I first resolved to attempt this self-sustaining school, I promised my husband that I would write to some Society in England or Scotland, and endeavor to obtain help for myself. But my duties were so pressing that for six months I could not find time to do it. During this period God had sent me so much I could not find the heart to do it. It seemed to me a thing

forbidden. It appeared as if God had called me to trust, and to lift up my eyes to the hills from whence all my help came. I did so without fear or doubt, and now He has sent your Society to aid me further.

"I think I shall let the Karen girls of the highest class enter the Ornamental department. Because they are so diligent, Mr. Mason thinks they have a good claim to this privilege, and they take great pleasure in drawing, embroidering, and music. Even our old chieftains looked on the drawing books of the girls with visible pride, having a taste for art and brilliant colors. I will give an instance to show their love of the beautiful. After the posts of the house, seventy in number, were well set, I said to a member of the building committee that they would look very pretty if they were painted and lackered. The very next week the Pakus and Maunies brought one hundred and thirteen rupees for this object. One or two days afterwards a Mopaga head-man visited us, and wished to learn how every thing was to be done. I mentioned this, and asked him if he had heard what the Pakus were doing. He knew nothing of it, and said not a word, but after three days he came again with two other aged head-men, and counted out *ninety-three* rupees as a contribution from two villages only, for the purchase of paints for the posts!

"The land, building apparatus, furniture, and every thing indeed appertaining to the school, is made over legally to the Karen Education Society, that Society engaging to support and carry it on perpetually from 'generation to generation.' So that no Foreign Society, or individual, can have any claim upon the property of the Institute, or any control over it, it being left wholly to their own Board of Managers to control for them-

selves. With this knowledge before your Society, could you help me ?

“ If you would undertake the *permanent* support of a Principal and a native female assistant, you would relieve me of much anxiety. The support of a single lady would amount to about £72 sterling per year. The support of an assistant for the Karen department would be £10 sterling, and for the Burmese, £18. As to myself, I have no fears. I only wish that the existence of the school may be made as secure as possible.

“ I will now, as you desire, mention what we need most, to carry forward our work vigorously. Every thing which can in any way be of use in the higher classes, as worsted patterns, needles, thread, India-rubber, lead pencils, knives, paint-boxes, slates, and paper. Copies for drawing would be very welcome, as there is nothing of the kind here. And should any one be inclined to send a pianoforte, for our girls to try their fingers on, I should feel myself under very great obligations.

“ I have two atlases and a set of colored prints, on canvas, which are worth more than books in teaching Karens. We need, besides, six or eight collections of maps of the countries and political divisions of the world, for the use of my girls in their schools in the mountains; six or eight small globes for these teachers; a pair of large globes for the Institution; a magic lantern. A machine showing the motion of the heavenly bodies and their relative size, would be very valuable to us.

“ But I particularly need some pictures fitted to a magnifying glass—views of the principal cities in the world, the manners and customs of different nations, volcanoes, a ship in a storm, the idols of different countries, the Himmaleh mountains, a snow-storm, or

any thing else which may serve to illustrate natural philosophy, astronomy, geography, or the Holy Scriptures.

"A couple of hanging maps of Palestine would be of great use ; in a word, every thing which is useful in schools at home, would be so in a still higher degree among this people, who have never been out of the forests where they were born. But pray do not imagine that I ask you to send us all this. I only mention every thing, that the friends may know what will be of use in our schools.

"In conclusion permit me to express my warmest thanks to your President, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, and to the Committee."

The April number of the "Intelligencer," for 1859, a monthly, printed by this Society, contained the following promise in answer to the united appeals of my two friends :

"ULTRA GANGES.—*Burmah*.—The wonderful work going on amongst the Karens in *Burmah*, through the instrumentality of the American Baptist Missionaries, has been for some time before the Christian public, but until this year no opportunity of connecting themselves with it presented itself to the Committee. An urgent appeal for aid for Mrs. Mason's Karen Girls' Training School, at Tounghoo, was brought to their notice, and they then resolved to add *Burmah* to the sphere of their operations. The hearts of many had already been strongly drawn to this interesting mission, and it has been sufficient for the Committee to intimate their willingness to be the medium of conveying the aid which many desired to bestow, in order to procure the sum required by that missionary in her season of want and difficulty. Mrs. Mason also wishes to establish a school for Burmese girls, of whose degraded condition she has

given some very painful particulars. *The Committee have become responsible for the support of the Principal of one of her schools, for which purpose they will gladly receive contributions; friends have undertaken the maintenance of her Karen Assistant, and a grant of school materials has been made to her.*”*

The report of this Society for 1860, gives the following :

“There are few fields of missionary effort upon which the eye of the Christian rests with more adoring wonder and gratitude than upon Burmah. The deep interest which the Committee anticipated would be felt by their friends in connecting themselves with this work, as announced in the last report, has not been disappointed, and the ‘Special Fund for Burmah’ has almost met the demands upon it. Of Mrs. Mason’s Training School for Karen Girls at Tounghoo, the Committee have received heart-stirring accounts, and they have rejoiced in being able to support this laborer in her arduous, yet delightful work. The large supplies of school apparatus, which the liberality of their friends placed at their disposal for her, have arrived safely.”

The following letter contains the list of apparatus and

* The report also says :

“The Committee have this year undertaken the maintenance of a native female teacher for a school for Burmese Karen girls at *Kemendine*, under the superintendence of Mrs. Ingalls. To those who are acquainted with the history of that mission which ‘Judson prayed into existence,’ her name needs no introduction; and much gratification has been felt at this opportunity of sustaining her self-denying and zealous efforts for the benefit of the heathen females amongst whom she has taken up her abode.”

work sent on for the school ; so wonderfully God opened the minds and hearts of English Christians to see the utility of the work, and to sympathize in the undertaking, when I had almost said my father and my mother had forsaken me ; but I will not quite record that, though I had before leaving America made several applications for assistance in this work and received no encouragement.

“PIMLICO, LONDON, *April 26th*, 1859.

“MY DEAR FRIEND :

“I have the great pleasure of informing you that four cases have been shipped for you.

“No. I. contains a piano. No. II. contains a pair of globes. These are the gift of the Misses Foster.* No. III. contains a large map of the world, one of Europe, one of Asia, one of Africa, and one of America. Also, six portable globes for the girls' mountain schools. I think you will like these globes, they are on a new plan, and are found very useful in schools here.

“No. IV. contains a magic lantern, with a set of astronomical sliders complete, with a small book of explanation ; a set of Natural History sliders : one slider of the Bay of Naples, which shows Vesuvius in eruption ; one a Summer Scene, which changes to a Winter one ; one of Christ blessing little children ; and a Chromatrope, the bright and varying colors of which will form a

* It is not with a view of your writing to these ladies that I give their names, but only that you may know who has sent presents. Our friends never expect individual letters. They are satisfied when they know from me that their gifts have come into my hands and are sent off, but I like to mention their names.

fit conclusion to the sight of the lantern, and charm the dear Karens. This case also contains fifty outline Maps, a map of Palestine, a geographical slate, six Scholars' Atlas, three cases of pencils, three boxes of colors, three boxes of crayons, one dozen stumps; and the following gifts from friends: From Miss Emma Leycester, a stereoscope, with a dozen stereoscope slides; from the Misses Cheap and friends, a drawing-board, a table easel, three portfolios of music and drawings, some working materials, thimbles, etc. From Mrs. Colwards, some Scripture prints, ten lessons with pictures, a picture of the Sovereigns of England, some reward pictures, some canvas, wools, and crayons. From Miss Rutt, pencil and water-color drawings. From Miss Dawson, drawings, little books, and drawing materials. From Mr. Mac Farquer, canvas and wools in shades, and stereoscopic sliders. From Messrs. Suter & Alexander, fifty volumes of various kinds. From Mrs. Rushton, some things for sale for the benefit of your school.

"We have paid the freight of the four cases to Rangoon, but there will necessarily be expenses connected with their being cleared and conveyed to Tounghoo. These, we hope, will be met by the sale of the work. This case contains sundry articles not enumerated, but which you will find on the occasion of its being opened.

"This is but a dry 'list of contents,' my dear friend; but I cannot tell how I have rejoiced to see hearts thus opened to help you, and it was delightful to me to pack that case, No. IV., and to think as I did so, 'This will help in the school; this will give pleasure to some yet untaught Karen; this dear Sau Quala will be interested in; this his little girl will like to see. Thus every little packet had its interest, and I can but hope

“Oh, Lord, please show me the letter! Thou knowest where it is.” Now, reader, you need not smile—the very next minute I laid my hand on that letter! It was in a roll I should never have thought of opening.

Did not the Almighty make every particle of earth, and shall we say He is too high to do “little” things?

Among heathen nations all over the world, every mishap is attributed to the nats, or spirits of darkness. All our “wish-bones” and wish-charms come from the same source, and are really paying homage to Satan. An officer was one time walking with me on the deck of a steamer, when the new moon burst out. Instantly he begged pardon, stopped a moment, took out a sixpence, gave it a wave over his head, and tossed it into the sea! Now that sixpence was given to old Lucifer, and that educated gentleman was an idolater! It seems to me it is quite time that the saints on earth joined in arms against this subtle “bondage to Satan.” Let us redeem the Hearth-stone to Christ and *his* angels.

I have given the list of work for the benefit of those who may like to know what to send out from America.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TABERNACLE IN THE MOUNTAINS—COLONEL PHAYRE'S REPORT.

AM in the mountain village of Baumuduc. Chief enters in high spirits.

"We've seen the Perdo ! the Perdo !"

"Well what did he say ?"

"Oh, he's God's Commissioner,"—rubbing his hands—"he's God's Commissioner !"

"Why, how do you know ?"

"Oh, he shook hands with the *children* ! I know he loves us !"

The Commissioner of Pegu had just made Tounghoo a visit, and attended the Paku Association. He gave his hand to every one, old and young, and would even stop his great horse, and reach clear down for the wee babies which the mothers held up, by which he greatly won the confidence of the Karens. Another thing which greatly delighted them was his kind acts in helping them to teak for their chapels, in appointing for them their own magistrates, and in many ways, which had won for him golden tablets in their memories.

Mountain piled over mountain like Alpine boulders, and after two days we espied an opening leading to what appeared to be an old inhabited country, with a pinnacle some six hundred feet high, looming right up perpendicularly before us, crested with a cluster of the gigantic bamboo,

the banner of the mountains. Just under this cluster, upon one side of the summit, stretched the tabernacle along the ridge; a most picturesque sight, but I think I was full three hours in reaching it after the scene burst upon us. News had gone before, and on reaching the base of the pinnacle the path was bordered on either side by disciples all the way to the door of the chapel, waiting to hail the Commissioner as their benefactor.

Colonel Phayre remained five days, attending every service, and listening to all the speeches, which were partially interpreted to him as we passed along. He gave us resolutions and speeches on the pursuit of education, supporting the schools, on caring for their teachers, with missionary orations, equal almost to any in London or Boston. Sgaus, Pakus, Mauniepagas, Mopagas, Bghais, and Pant-Bghais, all addressed the assembly, and the scene was perfectly exhilarating. One esteemed deacon rose to speak in a soiled dress, when another told him to sit down, and let the clean folks talk, but generally there was an evident striving to be tidy and respectable. Each village had its booth encircling the great tabernacle, so that I fancied myself in the feast of Tabernacles among the cedars of Lebanon.

After our Association closed, we made an excursion over the top of the mountain down to sweet Wathako—a charming spot in a basin of the mountain, where we found a new teak chapel, very neatly built as far as it was done, which had already cost the little church a thousand rupees. The one in the village where the Association met, had cost them fifteen hundred rupees. All paid by themselves.

The village was swept clean and we all went into the old chapel and had a pic-nic. Every thing looked civi-

sized and rising, and the children were well trained in school.

Encircling this village in the mountains were groves of many hundred betel-nut trees. A betel or Areca nut grove is one of the most agreeable objects the eye rests on in Burmah. Imagine two hundred trees with trunks as large as hop-poles, forty feet high, without a single branch or leaf till you reach the top. The fronds, of the freshest green, floating out in the gentlest loveliness and grace, while the whole ground makes a chess-board of tiny brooks to water the trees.

It was at this place where they made an attempt to overcome two boys, when the Gospel was first preached there. One man entreated Pwapau to remain, and declared he himself would become his pupil whether others did or not. But the young men began to come in and he soon had a school of forty scholars. After awhile the father of two of the lads sent to call them home to keep a feast to the nats. The boys sternly refused to go or to perform any more heathen rites. The next day overcame the men of the village, thirty or forty stoutly armed, and surrounded the school-house. One of the boys was caught and compelled to march off to the feast. But the other Talao, leaped out of the back of the house, dashed into the jungle and escaped. This young man made a glowing speech on the Bible at the Association, and the Chief who led the armed band was there, and made a speech, too. He is now deacon of the church. Verily, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

The following is the Commissioner's report :

"To

"CECIL BEADON, ESQUIRE,

"SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA,

"CALCUTTA.

"SIR,

"1. Having lately returned to the station of Tounghoo, from a short tour among the Karen mountain tribes dwelling to the east of the Sittang or Pongloun river, I have the honor to submit, for the information of His Excellency the Governor General in Council, a brief report of what I have observed among that interesting race of people.

"2. The mountainous country of the Tounghoo district, east of the Pongloun river, in which the Karen tribes reside, extends over an area of about two thousand square miles. It is bounded by the line of the British frontier with Burmah on the north, along the parallel of $19^{\circ} 29'$ north latitude, on the south by the river Youkthwa, which divides it from the Martaban province; on the east by the country of the independent Red Karens, and on the west by the lowlands skirting the Pongloun river. Within the above tract of country dwell the several tribes distinguished by the Burmese under the general name of Karen. These tribes, though acknowledging a relationship to each other in race, yet bear separate distinctive names for themselves. Their dialects, in some instances, differ from each other, so as to render communication between the tribes nearly as difficult as if the languages were altogether distinct. The following are the names of the several tribes or clans within the above tract of country:—

"1. Paku. 2. Mauniepaga. 3. Bghai, divided into

two sections. 4. Wewau. 5. Sgau. 6. Mopaga, and one or two more not yet satisfactorily ascertained.

"3. It is impossible to give an accurate return of the numbers of these people, but they may be stated generally to be about fifty thousand, of whom over twenty thousand souls are either professed Christians or under Christian instruction and influence. They are scattered over mountains which rise five thousand feet above the sea. Their villages seldom contain more than thirty to forty houses. Their cultivation, like that of all the Indo-Chinese mountaineers, is carried on, not by terracing the hills, but by cutting down the forest on the mountain sides; burning the whole mass of timber and grass, and then sowing the seed in the ground among the ashes.

"As the next rain washes away the fertile vegetable soil, a crop cannot again be raised on the same spot for some ten or fifteen years. Each village, therefore, requires a wide extent of mountain land in order to have a rotation of cultivatable spots. This method of cultivation acts as a barrier to the progress of the people, since they are engaged in a constant struggle against the forest.

"4. Up to the year 1853, the several tribes, and it may even be said the different villages of the same tribe, lived in a state of enmity and actual warfare with each other. By open force or by stealthy manœuvre, they would capture women and children and sell them as slaves to other tribes; while they generally put to death all grown-up men who fell into their power. These predatory habits still exist more or less among those tribes who have not accepted Christianity.

"5. In my annual administration report I have narrated how, by the unwearied labors of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Mason, of Sau Quala, and other Christian Karen

teachers from the Tenasserim provinces, Christianity has been introduced among these tribes; how their languages have been mastered and reduced to writing, and how religion and education have simultaneously wrought a vast change in the habits, the feelings and the hearts of these wild mountaineers.

“6. The Government has been pleased in past years to make grants of money to Dr. and Mrs. Mason for the translation of books, and for the building of the school for Karen females at Tounghoo. Having now been present at the meeting in a central mountain village of a considerable number of people from all the tribes—an annual gathering held to recount their past proceedings; to compare their progress, and to animate each other to future effort—having witnessed this deeply interesting meeting, I deem it my duty to report, for the information of his Excellency, the Governor General in Council, the result so far of the work which has been going on among these tribes.

“7. Their educational institutions are closely connected with their village or clan system. Each village community constitutes a church or congregation in itself. Among the Sgau, Mauniepaga, Paku, and Wewau tribes, there are fifty-eight stations or churches. At each village there is a teacher and a school. The teachers are generally young men of the tribe who have been selected and instructed under the care of the Rev. Dr. Mason. The village teacher is not in all cases an ordained minister, but he it is who conducts the public worship, and is also the schoolmaster. In each village a church is erected, and the school is held in the same building. At those villages which I have visited, these mountain places of worship were neat wooden buildings, with a house ad-

joining for the minister or teacher. All are built at the expense of the people, and the teacher is entirely supported by the same means. I need hardly add that it is a completely voluntary system. A bamboo fence, put round the church and the teacher's or minister's dwelling, separates them from the rest of the village.

"8. Among the other tribes, namely, the Bghai and Mopaga, there are sixty-two stations, or parishes, as they may be termed, which I am informed are provided for in every respect as above described.

"9. In January, 1859, the Paku Association of all the churches belonging to that and some adjoining tribes, held a meeting at which I was present. It was at a village named Baugalay, situated on a fine commanding position, at some three thousand feet elevation, with forest clad mountains all round. There were about seven hundred or eight hundred people present, men, women and children. The Rev. Dr. Mason, with several Karen ministers and teachers, occupied a central platform of bamboos, slightly raised above the ground. Around the platform, under the shade of a temporary shed of bamboo, were the Karens, seated according to their tribes and families, clad in their picturesque national dress, and with intelligence and deep interest in the objects for which they had met, beaming in their faces.

"10. The business of the meeting commenced with a hymn and with prayer, both in the Karen language. The Karens have naturally a taste for melody, and the soft sounds of their language are well adapted to vocal music. Several of the young Karen ministers and teachers successfully addressed the assembly in earnest language, exhorting the people to make increased exertions to educate their children, to support religion, to procure

Bibles, and to be careful of them when they had them. One read a paper containing a brief account of the illness and death of a brother pastor, who had lately died. Several of the chiefs also briefly addressed the meeting, exhorting the people. Finally, it was announced that the associated churches had subscribed over five hundred rupees towards the support of the central schools at the town of Tounghoo, where both boys and girls are educated more highly than can be done in the village schools. They are trained as teachers for the other schools.

“11. It was a wonderful sight thus to behold in the midst of an assembly of tribes so lately savage, and with no written language, the evidence of a people appreciating the benefit of religion and of education, supporting pastors and schools, listening to speeches on social improvement and religious duties, delivered by men of their own race in their own tongue, abandoning their evil habits and their cruel wars, and living as quiet, industrious mountaineers, anxious for improvement. I was surprised at the youth of some of the teachers, and more also at the respect and attention shown them by many of the chiefs. This is the more remarkable, as we might almost have looked for jealousy from the latter at their own influence being impaired. It is not so, however. Dr. Mason has found, as was to be expected, that young people were more readily impressed with new ideas than those advanced in life, and has employed young men as teachers, while their education ensures them respect and influence among both chiefs and people.

“12. Though the people support their village teachers and schools, and will, and do, also support those youths who go to study at the Normal school in town, yet it is beyond their means to defray all the expenses of the latter institution. I was present at an examination

of the Female Institute at Tounghoo, by Mrs. Mason. Fifty were present. They appeared to acquit themselves creditably in geography, arithmetic, and other branches of knowledge. To show what a change education has wrought in the opinions of these people generally, I may mention that, in the absence of regular teachers in the more remote villages, some of the chiefs have applied for young women from the Institute to instruct the children of their tribe. This fact, showing a disregard for all previous prejudices—for they heretofore considered women only as useful drudges to ‘the lords of creation’—evinces the wonderful change effected in their habits of thought.

“13. I have entered into these details of the progress made among these tribes in order to lay clearly before the Governor General in Council, my reasons for making application for further grants towards supporting and extending education among them. On this subject I beg to annex copies of two letters to my address, one from Mrs. Mason, dated the 13th of January, 1859, and one from the Rev. Dr. Mason, dated the 21st. Both ask for assistance for the Normal School for Karen young men, established at the town of Tounghoo.

“14. Hitherto the government has contributed as follows towards education among the mountain Karen tribes; two thousand rupees for the translation and printing of useful works in the Bghai and Mauniepage dialects; and fourteen hundred rupees for books, apparatus, etc., for the Karen Female Institute; a grant of land at Tounghoo has also been made for erecting the building.

“15. With reference to the present application by Dr. and Mrs. Mason, I beg earnestly to recommend that the Honorable the President in Council will be pleased to sanction a grant toward the Young Men’s Normal School;

a school which is to fulfill the important object of furnishing instructors to the various tribes scattered over the mountains. The great importance of aiding the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Mason in affording these young men a liberal education, through whose agency these tribes may be raised from the depths of ignorance and barbarism to have hereafter, it is hoped, a prominent place among Asiatic races; the great importance of aiding in this noble object requires not a word from me to recommend it. I shall content myself, therefore, with stating that many tribes still remain to be recovered from barbarism, and recommending as follows :

" 1st. That the sum of three thousand rupees be granted towards the building at Tounghoo of a school-house for the Karen young men. This school is proposed to be of brick, and one hundred pupils are to be educated therein.

" 2d. That I be authorized to indent for, or otherwise procure for the said school, the following instruments :

" 1. A telescope, on stand, of sufficient power to observe the eclipse of Jupiter's satellites.

" 2. A sextant and artificial horizon.

" 3. A pair of globes, one foot in diameter.

" 4. A prismatic compass and chain, complete.

" 5. A set of school maps.

" I have not the means of making an estimate of the expense that will be incurred in procuring instruments, but I believe that twelve hundred rupees will be the outside.

" I have the honor to be, Sir,

" Your most obedient servant,

(Signed)

" A. P. PHAYRE,

" COMM'R OF PEGU, AND AGENT TO THE GOV. GEN'L OF INDIA.

" TOUNGHOO, *February 3d*, 1859."

I have felt very thankful to our Commissioner for writing this report, as it reaches a class of men who never or seldom stop for missionary publications.

Colonel Phayre too, being Agent to the Governor General of India, and now for Her Majesty, can speak with a power which no other person can wield in Burmah.

It is a day or two before the Bghai Association. Am distrest—sad—can't go out to my husband—no money to pay the workmen—Chinaman urgent for wages—doors and windows half done—go to God. "Oh Lord, may I go to the Bghai mountains? If it please thee that I go, do thou graciously send me some money; thou art the *Mighty God of Jacob.*"

Go to preparing some cake to take up to my husband. Am sure I shall go.

Morning. Door opens. Servant enters.

"Roll, ma'am, from the General." Opens out on the table, and counts out two hundred and fifty rupees! Hands a note. Read:

"MY DEAR MRS. MASON:

"I am very sorry for your having to leave so unexpectedly, as I have been planning to accompany you to the other side of the river to the school; but must hope for another meeting, if not on this occasion, at some future time.

"Wishing you, and Dr. Mason, every blessing and success in your work, and with kindest regards,

"Believe me,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"J. BELL.

"P. S. The two hundred and fifty rupees I send to help on your work."

General Bell was Commander of the British forces in Burmah—the same one who had helped me on my way up—one who has aided this work to the amount of five hundred rupees, has taken a Christian interest in it, and often cheered us with his kind notes. This I regarded as a special answer to prayer, and the text I set down was Ps. lxxxvi. 10 : “Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who *only doeth wondrous things.*”

It was about a month after the excursion to the Paku hills that I went up to the Bghai country, and wrote from there to my dear friend, Miss Webb.

“My schools are now having a vacation, and I am on the very tip-top of one of the loftiest Bghai mountains, writing on a divan of slender bamboos, raised five or six feet from the ground. A line of brown figures lies stretched upon one side in their Highland-looking blankets, a very tableau of mummies, and looking Israelitish enough to be brothers to the pyramid builders. Above us extends a dome of the purest blue, while the stars are looking right down into our faces.

“Upon the bamboos around are eight or ten more Karens, in real gipsy order, round their camp fires; some with crimson turbans, and bordered, Jewish-looking tunics, grasping their boar-tusked spears; others with long, black locks streaming over their shoulders; while the torch-lights glimmer through the feathery bamboos, making our pinnacle pavilion a perfect Alhambra. The moon is just rising *under* the mountain, sending up through the loop-holes whole showers of silver lights; then again they come softening, soothing, stealing around these dark, spectral shadows, just as the light of truth is now stealing around the ghostly shades of these heathen minds

“Upon one side, from a deep abyss, comes the cry of the peacock, which starts the fear that tigers may be our room-mates on the other side. Strange that these two inhabitants of the jungle should have an affinity for each other. It must be the sympathy of nature, of the beautiful, like some human beauties, without regard to spirit-comeliness.

“Four weeks ago, upon a sister pinnacle, there rose before us one of the grandest views among mountain grandeurs. We had traveled two days, climbing ridge upon ridge, peak upon peak, when suddenly a cry of joy burst from our bearers: ‘*Ta-Opo! Ta-Opo!*’ (the tabernacle!) all exclaimed in one breath. ‘Where?’ I inquired hastily. ‘Can you see it?’ ‘*Er, Er* (yes, yes), *Ta-Opo!*’ was the electrical reply, shouted from lip to lip, clear over the mountains.

“Truly it was a bewildering scene, where beauties new and wild seemed to burst out at every angle. Just at our feet there opened out one of those strange Toungya farms, of mountain and valley, filled ready for burning. The seared bamboos, strewn over every inch of ground, gave it the appearance of a ripened corn-field, and contrasted strongly with the lively green of the young foliage beyond; and this, again, came into bold relief against the dark green of the ancient forest, walled behind with purple pinnacles. On the left loomed up Mount Gayko, far above the others, bearing the reputation of having been conquered by a famous mountain on the south, and had his head cleft asunder; both, now however are at peace, being surrounded by Christian settlements. But the cynosure of every eye was Mount Magadoo on our right, on the very summit of which could be distinctly seen a long, colossal tabernacle, which, being of split bamboos,

glistened in the sunlight like walls of brass, reminding one instantly, by its position, encircled by hills, and its color, of Jerusalem's brazen dome. At our feet lay the narrow defile, now winding tortuously across the glen, now around the base of the hills, now lost in a gorge, and then reappearing up, up, up the long ascent to the tabernacle.

"It was, perhaps, four o'clock when we espied the scene of the great convocation, and it was not until after four hours of hard traveling that we reached the place. As we neared the base, we found the path widened and swept, and lined on either side with young men and old men, come to bear me up; for I had been ill, and was then too weak to walk far. I refused their assistance, as I had hired bearers in town to carry me through. One man pleaded hard that I would allow them to take me up.

" 'Please do,' he said; 'for it looks as if we had no love to our brothers.' My bearers were Paku converts. I refused; but again and again he came running on, and entreated so earnestly, I feared it might have an injurious effect to refuse, and gave permission; and although the way was still over two mountains, and very steep, this man, who was a Bghai Christian, would not for a moment leave his post, nor permit any one to take it.

"At length we reached the last peak, and found the path crowded, full of women and children come to bid us welcome, each one of whom must have a grasp of the hand. My pupils formed the foreground, and they went before us as a body-guard, forcibly compelling the crowd to file out right and left; when I walked up, giving the hand, until the throng became so dense, the khan of the village, fearing I should be smothered by the crowd, came

and bore me almost over their heads to the chapel, where I took a stand on the steps above, and gave my hand to one or two thousand souls, Abrahams and Sarahs, Deborahs and Dorcases, and wee babies.

“The next morning all were assembled in the *Ta-Opo*, which was one hundred and fifty feet long by seventy-five broad, built quite over the crest of the mountain, which had been cut off one cubit in depth to make a level space for the pulpit, which was placed in the centre, enclosed by a bamboo trellis, with a writing desk upon one side, and a preaching desk upon the other. Around this were seated four ordained Karen preachers, and above one hundred young preachers and schoolmasters; with my school girls arranged upon one side.

“It was the annual session of the Bghai Christian Association, and one of the most interesting meetings I ever attended. Committees were formed, resolutions brought forward, and speeches made full of burning zeal, on the study of the Bible, the care of the Scriptures, the supporting of the district schools, the importance of holy living, *on educating women*, and on brethren settling their own difficulties. At the close of the last speech on this subject, every one rose, and pledged himself not to go to law with his brother.

“Oh, the infinite power of the Gospel of Christ! To see hundreds of clear-eyed, high-browed, strong-armed men, who from their childhood had hated each other, kidnapped and speared each other whenever they could get near enough, now giving the clasp of peace, and publicly pledging themselves to love and help each other as themselves! And when I looked over the dense mass of heads, and saw at least three-fourths in clean, new tunics, jackets, and turbans; and the women, at least the

younger portion, well dressed, I felt that truly a great, a mighty work had been done in the Bghai country since 1853, when a party of those very men, who now spoke so eloquently and understandingly, came stalking up to our verandah, with a bamboo spear, asking if God's Son had come down from heaven. Then they said : 'Tell us quick, lady ; for we have come to see Him.' Truly they found Him whom they sought. They had 'seen His star in the East,' and had come to worship Him, and they found a Saviour. I could but exclaim, 'Praise the Lord, O my soul !' Truly the deaf have heard the words of THE BOOK, and the eyes of the blind have seen out of obscurity.

"The letters read from the churches of this Association showed that twenty-seven Bghai villages had come over to Christianity within the year ; had built school-houses, supported schoolmasters, and established, in place of their mythical *Mosha*, the worship of Jehovah."

In a letter about this time, teacher Quala addressed his brethren, the schoolmasters, as follows :

"TEACHERS, DEAR FRIENDS :

"Let us work and devise, and pray so that God's kingdom may be enlarged, and established for future generations. Behold how the Apostle Paul went from Athens to Corinth. Acts xviii. 1, 2, 3.

"Let us be of one mind, all of us, dear friends. If we do not become believers, but trust in God, He will help and strengthen us even more, and we shall grow."

"As for myself I know this. At first my mother and father did not know books, yet as I grew up I learned arithmetic ; I learned water-mills. The land into which my father and mother entered not I have entered. And

now, teachers, dear friends, let us be patient, and bear with our people. If we do not see food let us be patient. Let us not go in the ways of Balaam nor Judas. I know some do not bear as they should do; but I will not say much to the teachers, for they can read and understand themselves. Therefore do so, I pray you brethren, and see Luke xvii. 10; Matthew vi. 19, 20, 21, 22.

“TEACHER QUALA.”

At this assembling the Chiefs and teachers brought in three rules, which ought to be on every church door, or perhaps better, on every closet door.

1st. *That they will not marry heathen companions.*

2d. *That they will aid in supporting their teachers.*

3d. *That they will do all they can to enlighten the heathen.*

The girls of the Institute were arranged along one side of the platform, tastefully dressed in their own costume, of their own manufacture; and at the close of the convocation they all rose and sung in Karen, that inspiring piece :

“Hark! ten thousand harps and voices,
Sound the note of praise above,
Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices,
Jesus reigns the God of love.”

The effect was perfectly inspiring, and as the waves of music floated away over the hills, and down the glens, we could hear it echoed back from the neighboring pinnacles, as if choral voices were answering down from the heavenly plains

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MAGIC HAND IN THE MOUNTAINS.

It is the last day of the Association upon the Karen mountains. Up rises the moderator, and reads off fifteen names of schoolmistresses now ready for service, and the congregation is informed that any who desire a schoolma'am can apply to the Karen Board of Managers at the close of the session. The girls pull their turbans over their faces in bashful modesty, as the eyes of the assembly fall admiringly on the seat beside me. The Association adjourns, a score of chiefs crowd forward saying:

"Give us a schoolma'am! Give us a schoolma'am!" Here is a report from the first Paku who went out, the principal head-teacher in the school. The chief who called her had been a notorious robber, and I felt afraid to let her go.

"Teacheress, that chief will never become a Christian if she don't go. Our young men have been there, and no one can remain. If he gives his word she is safe."

This the chiefs all agreed in, and I left it entirely to her. Nan Tsah went, and God kept her, like Daniel in the lion's den. After some weeks she wrote back:

"MY LOVED TEACHERESS:

"As God has given me a place, I strive to do his work. After two days many left the school, and returned

to their play and work. When the chief returned with the maps, I said :

“ ‘ Chief, I came here to instruct your children. Put them into my hands.’ ”

“ ‘ I did put them into your hands,’ he replied, ‘ but they like to run about. They cannot sit still ’ ”

“ ‘ Chief,’ I answered, ‘ give them into my hands entirely, and if they do not learn I will be responsible.’ Then the chief said : ‘ It shall be as you say ? ’ So now there are twenty-nine learning very nicely, and new ones who never learned before nineteen. This is God’s power. Mama, I am a young girl, I have many fears lest I should not do well. That I may increase in wisdom and ability I entreat that you will pray for me.

“ NAU TSAH.”

Again she says :

“ Every thing you taught us I tell to the people here, to the women, and to the men also, if they ask me. I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Just as you divided the classes and the time at the Institute, so I do here, and read the Scriptures in the presence of all ; but the young men on Sabbath did not come to worship. Then I sent and entreated, and they came, but I saw they had been asleep, so I said to them : ‘ Brothers, is it good to sleep on God’s holy day ? Ought we not to get strength for the soul from God’s Word ? ’ After this all came to study the Bible in the school-house.

“ Mama dear, I am very happy. Pray that God’s spirit may help me.”

When it was time for the next term at the Institute, the chief heard of it, and immediately placed a guard over my brave girl to keep her from leaving them ! Nau

Tsah wrote to me that she couldn't get away, but that all were so good to her it made her weep, because she was unworthy, and she knew God was there.

Finally, I had to send to the chief that if he did so, the managers would not dare let him have another school-ma'am. So he gave up, and coming out to Nau Tsah, he said: "Teacheress, my people all love you. Promise me you will go to no other village." She promised, then he appointed an escort to attend her down, and as he bade her good by:

"Here, teacheress," he said, "here is a rupee, an umbrella, and a dress. Don't forget us."

Nau Tsah burst into tears on telling me of it. "Why," she said, "mama, God is too good to me, I didn't expect any thing." All had gone out freely, asking nothing, expecting nothing, but feeling amply paid in having the *privilege* of working, as they expressed it, in God's vineyard. Their mothers too, noble sister spirits, toiled day and night to spin and weave their dresses, while they were teaching gratuitously, because they felt they were doing it for Christ. Then I recorded this: "Now I know God will establish this school, and 'bring it to pass,' for He has done this, and He alone. Truly, He will cause righteousness and praise to spring before all nations."

The girls had made it a subject of prayer with me for the whole year, that God would open the hearts of the chiefs to receive their services. Then all opened at once, through the mountains, at every point of the compass, as if Jehovah had spoken: "Behold, and see if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing!" "I say unto you, *All things* whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer *BELIEVING*, *ye shall receive.*"

Another of the head-girls in geography, wrote from an interior Wewau village :

"Please send me the Map of Asia, for I have twenty-four children studying, and they are exceeding anxious to see the map."

Another wrote :

"They are all very kind to me. I have received the globe, and the children are delighted. We want Arithmetics, for they know the multiplication table perfectly."

Almost all the twelve heads were employed and brought in one or two new pupils, sufficiently advanced for examination. "Mama," said a preacher's wife very eagerly, during this Bghai Association, "shall not Nau Meu go to our village? I am so anxious to learn of her. Do, compel her to go."

"What shall I do?" said Nau Meu, in a low tone, as soon as she could speak to me alone. "They call me *five* ways."

"Don't you know who can tell you, Nau Meu?"

"Oh, yes, yes," she replied, and was soon out of sight. The result showed with what spirit she left the altar. Many villages had called her where she could have every comfort, but she turned from all to a most filthy, repelling looking people, a Bghai village, where she knew she must deny herself betel-nut, to them a very great sacrifice, and many things to which she was accustomed, and which it would be hard to bear. The following are her letters to Mrs. Dalton, of Edinburg, and myself, from the jungles, and translated literally :

"DEAR FRIENDS WHO LOVE THE KARENS :

"I, Nau Meu, one of the girl teachers, wish to say a word.

"I am now teaching in the Bghai country. I have *seventy* pupils, and they are trying very hard. I can now speak their language, for which I thank God exceedingly. They are all very kind to me, and I entreat you will pray for me, that I may do them good.

"NAU MEU."

The result was most satisfactory and cheering. The chief soon came down with ten rupees for the school, for which he had never given any thing before. He came with his men also and cleared his portion of the ground, the first and best of any village in the mountains. This people too began to come in more tidy; and when I asked after Nau Meu, their eyes always glistened with delight.

The result was, as is often in Christian lands, Nau Meu soon had an offer of marriage from the cleverest young man of the place, and the whole village beset her to accept it!

The following is from the same teacher to Mrs. Dalton:

"DEAR MAMA,

"That God's kingdom may increase I long greatly to do. I will tell you a word of my country. It is now four years since we first heard of the Eternal God, and eighty-eight have become disciples in my village. When we were in the hands of Satan, my elder brother had the small pox, and my uncle caught it of him, and another person caught it of my uncle. This person then kidnapped my uncle, as all the Karens used to do if they caught a disease of any one. Then my uncle caused persons to waylay my brother, and catch him, and would have sold him to the Burmese, but my poor mother wept continually, and at last borrowed money enough to buy him back. She gave two gongs which cost sixty rupees

each, and a large one which cost two hundred and fifty rupees.

“When my uncle became a disciple, he gave back the large gong to my brother, and one of the gongs which my brother gave to the man that unfastened his leg (from a great block to which he had been bound for two months). Now my wicked uncle has changed. He has built a house on the Girls’ Place, and we love each other much. The Tounghoo people, who are not disciples, do after this manner continually, and are very wicked. Now the school is dismissed that we may all reap paddy, but we love the school all of us with a great love.”

“TO THE CHILDREN OF MAMA WYLIE,

AND OF OUR ENGLISH CHIEF :

“We see all the plans here come to pass most delightfully ; therefore, we think God helps of a truth. But there are very many here who do not know God or learn books. Please pray for us, that we may instruct them and make their hearts light like our own. Now we see the sons and daughters of Tounghoo learning books, and we thank God with all our hearts.

“YOUR DAUGHTER, NAU TAI.”

Another comes—

“TO MAMA’S DEAR DAUGHTER :

“We are studying in the Institution, and by God’s blessing we have no trouble, but learn very happily. This we know is God’s great mercy. Please pray for us that we may be able to teach others even as we are instructed. I will tell you a word about our school. What ? This. Mama teaches us many things. Besides

God's Holy Book, and other studies, we learn to dress our hair neatly, to clean the house, to wash, to nurse the sick, to cook, then she lets us learn to swim, and row a boat.

"My dear young teacheress, I do want to see you much, and I want to learn to sew as you do. We have heard you are coming to us, and we rejoice greatly. I send you this letter of love. May heaven bless you, and send you to us quick.

"NAU TAI,

"HEAD TEACHER FOR THE GIRLS."

The following, in Karen, was sent in by the school-mistresses of the Institute, without any suggestion from me, with a pretty suit of Karen clothes, asking if they might give them to Captain D'Oyly, when he was leaving for Prome. It is translated literally :

"TO THE GREAT COMMISSIONER WHOM GOD BLESSES :

"DEAR SIR,

"Since you ruled over Tounghoo, it has pleased you to help us poor Karen people, so that we rejoiced greatly under your rule, and now when we hear you are going to another country, we feel that our hearts will go after you exceedingly, even as the deer thirsts for the water-brooks.

"We pray that the great King of Heaven may bless you during life, even as He blessed Mordecai and Queen Esther. For this reason, we poor people, before we received the Eternal God's commands, knew nothing at all of books. Now the English Commissioners have come to Tounghoo, and a place has risen for us to study in.

"This is God's great mercy, and we rejoice and praise Him, and the name of Jesus Christ continually.

"We can say only this, Great Ruler.

"NAU TSAH,	NAU TIJAU,	NAU LANUI,
"MEU,	"LAUTO,	"MEME,
"TAI,	"QUOQUAI,	"PAI,
"TEMAI,	"TSAI,	"MOO,

"HEAD TEACHERS IN THE INSTITUTE."*

Repeatedly have these warm-hearted girls begged me to thank their English and American brothers for liberating their nation; and truly, as I stood beside old Kirkstal Abbey, it seemed to me I could almost hear a chorus in the air of Tounghoo maidens, singing together with their freed sisters of Skeldale and Yorkshire.

"Au mu ah, Mama?" How do you do, or are you happy, lady? comes from the lips of stranger chiefs, with four extended hands at once.

It is an embassy from Shwagyn, followed by twenty or thirty men, with rolls of women's dresses of their own manufacture, and flowers, some of them bearing branches of trees, covered with the sweetest air-plants. A petition is brought entreating permission to join us in our new school enterprise, giving as a reason that Tounghoo is advancing more, and they long to join our undertaking.

The chiefs are accompanied by three of the best school-masters of that province, and they bring letters from Dumo, the ordained evangelist of that region, and from others, all pleading for admission to the Karen Education Society. They pay the initiatory fee, and are ad-

* I give the names because the time may come when these dry bones may become living coals of fire, and give us whole pages of history.

mitted. Their daughters join the Institute, and new life is infused into all the Shwagyn churches.*

Evening—

“Give me my shawl, Nau Tsah; how chilly this wind.”

“Won’t mama go in?”

“No, no, Nau Tsah. Leave me; come at 11 o’clock. Go now; call the girls, and pray with them in the school room.”

“What shall I do?” I had been crying to myself all day. “How shall I pay the milk-man, the dhoby, and the baker?” I had no funds left, and it was the last day of the month, when payment was due for a month’s supply. At twelve o’clock I retired to rest, calm and peaceful—knew it would come, though I had no idea how.

Morning—breakfast table with Mr. Mason—servant comes up verandah steps, a little bag in hand.

“Come in, Sammy. Hands a piece of paper—just a scrap—read:

* Alas! the devil will never let any good thing alone. They were subsequently compelled by those who ought to have been their inspirers to withdraw their aid, so of course as the people supported their own pupils, the girls had to return home, and the connection was dissolved, consequently our clever nice girls have been pounding paddy in the jungle ever since, instead of teaching the girls of Shwagyn. The chiefs and the principal evangelist, Rev. Dumo, came to me, and entreated me earnestly to say they need not obey the order. This I did not see it expedient to do. I knew God would take care of his own work. They withdrew, and a fearful blight fell upon the churches of Shwagyn. Their interest in books grew cold, and with Karens when the desire for instruction goes, their desire for the Holy Ordinances goes with it, and every other good thing. (See official report in *Missionary Magazine*, 33 Somerset street, Boston, Mass., July, 1861.) *I feel sure God will yet bring them back to the work.*

"I send an offering of four hundred rupees, which I wish to be applied, in any way you think best, for the domestic comfort of the Tounghoo missionary, and his family. I should like about fifty rupees of it to be applied to the purchase of Bibles in the Burmese character.

"GEORGE D'OYLY."

"Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in ME," saith JEHOVAH.

I might tell many stories about this Magic Hand in the mountains, but I will stop for only one more. One day a Bghai chief, who had not been baptized, came down almost in a rage to know what had become of his teacher. He had opened his village to books only about three months before.

"Mama, has my teacher gone with teacher Mason?" he asked with some appearance of impatience.

"Yes, brother, he has gone on a tour to the red Karens, but he will be back, we hope, in two months."

"Two months! I must have another."

"Suppose you take one of the girls, chief?" I suggested.

"*A girl!*" he repeated, towering up in scorn, and I could see the curled lip of disdain playing on every face among his attendants.

"Oh, never mind," I answered gently. "If you don't like you needn't have one, but just come in and hear them recite." Out of politeness, merely, he and his men entered the school-room. I called up the principal Bghai mistress to examine the school, briefly, in reading Bghai, in the Bible, in arithmetic, and geography. She was going over the large outline maps, and the school intensely interested, when the chief rose and walked along in a bending posture to the front of the platform, followed by his men. All sat down in profound respect,

but pretty soon their eyes began to peer open as if they would roll out; their hands fell down, their mouths opened, and there they sat, their heads stretched almost a foot forward. Finally, the chief said in a low tone:

"I'll have that one—that one," pointing to the mistress, who was questioning the others.

"Er, er," all his men joined in. "We'll have that one." Nau Lanui hid her face for shame, and the whole school was on tiptoe. After some persuasion Nau Lanui ventured to go with them, and then came the real triumph of knowledge, for every one of those young men stepped forward offering to carry something. One took her slate, another her hymn book, and even one grasped her little basket of clothes, a thing those men could not before have been hired to do, for with them nothing is so defiling as to touch a woman's dress, and nothing so degrading as to carry burdens for her.

However, all forgot these prejudices in their delight, and hope of acquiring wisdom. The girls vied with one another in helping them off; for, as we didn't like one to go alone, they offered to support two, and two went with them the same day fifteen or twenty miles into the mountains, which is as much as a hundred in a country of roads and carriages. On the way they met another troop, on a similar errand.

"We've got the best teacher there," the men called out.

"Then she shall go with us," the others retorted, and they came near bearing her off in spite of them.

"Let her alone! Go to the school and get another. Haven't you got feet?" shouted the men with their prize, and pushed on.

The adventure proved an entire success, and this girl has ever since been regarded as a kind of sybil or oracle among the tribe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

ONE of the young preachers who most interested our Commissioner at the Tabernacle feast was Baua, the pupil, who declared he'd go where the Holy Book went. I mentioned, in Chapter III. of this Part, that three ladies in Calcutta undertook the support of three native Evangelists in Tounghoo, and now I will let them bring in their sheaves.

Baua writes to his patroness, Mrs. John Milne :

“TO THE GREAT TEACHERESS :

“DEAR MADAM :

“As for me, I studied with mama one month, then I came home and went immediately to the Mopaga country. There I remained more than a year, and instructed the people according as I was able, and over fifty became Christians. It was God who did it, not man.

“At first the Mopagas' custom was this—They sacrificed a cow under a tree to the Te-Cha, Kau-Cha, the Water-God and Earth-God. Then they danced the sacrificial dance. When the festival is held no one is allowed to enter the village. This wicked custom through God's grace is now abandoned.

“I taught the Mopagas one year, then teacher Quala sent me on another mission to the Pant-Bghais, to the House of Teberkhe. There I was left alone (among one of the most independent tribes in the mountains).

Then I said in my heart I could not remain. Finally, I thought God was every where, and then I grew nappier every day, until, through His grace, the people gradually became willing to sit down and hear me read the Scriptures.

"Now, by God's grace, these Teberkheites believe in Christ Jesus, and behave well."

Giving an account of a missionary tour he says :

"We went once to a kidnapping Chief, and walking up into his house, we asked if he worshiped Jesus Christ, and if he desired to have him; but he sent us away to his grand-child's house. Here they gave us no food, so we fasted all day and night. Nevertheless, we instructed them as well as we were able. From here we went on to Meche village, and found those who worshiped, which rejoiced us greatly. Here the people have great fear of their enemies, and listened resting upon their spears, never for a moment laying them down. At one place we found a chapel all ready for us, but no teacher. After this we went to another village, but the chief would not let us enter his dwelling.

"One Sabbath day we preached in another village, but saw no rice, only a little corn, and we were very hungry. In all these north settlements the people were almost dying from hunger. *Many women came from a great distance to hear.* Beyond this village there is but one more, and we come to the Burman territory, where they pay taxes to the Monay Burmans. Dear madam, it was through God's great grace and pity that we were permitted to visit these villages. Please pray for this people."

Sometime after this Baua was sent out on a visitation to look after the younger schoolmasters, and re-

port on the state of the little churches. After reaching the farthest point, he heard of a new tribe speaking a new dialect beyond, very near the Burmese territory. He went to them and opened a Sankhie Mission. Baua says :

“Here God so enlightened *three women* that they urged the men till they built a zayat or chapel. They then cast aside the customs of their ancestors, and worshiped God in truth.

“When these three built the zayat, the elders abused them very much, but they went on as if they did not hear, cut down bamboos, and erected the building. When it was finished there were only six persons who came to worship in it, the three women and their husbands. They, however, were in earnest, and all went to work, *the women first*, then the men, to learn to read.”

Shapau, my Tutauman, writes to Mrs. Lushington, who paid the eighty rupees a year for him. The Rev. J. H. Warne, also of Philadelphia, an English gentleman of a large heart and earnest missionary spirit, has sent on twenty-five dollars the year for the same preacher, though he has had to do it from small means. Shapau says :

“TO THE CHRISTIAN LADY OF CALCUTTA :

“DEAR MADAM :

“I will tell you a little about what I have seen in the land of the Bghais. My heart is very hot on account of this people. If we look to the north and east we see three tribes of Bghais whose language is so different they cannot understand each other. The Gayker clan live in separate houses, often one hundred in a house, but sometimes fifty and twenty only. These houses have each a head or Patriarch of their own, whom they usually

obey. Formerly these clans never paid taxes anywhere. The Burmans could get nothing because they were so wild and savage. No one dared even to go into a paddy field belonging to another, and they built their houses on pinnacles to escape from each other, and so could raise very little rice. Nearly all that is cultivated is raised by the women (who do the work while the men hunt captives). These clans will not visit with one another, but each village sets traps around its house, with spears of bamboo sharper than any iron. Now those who have heard the Words of God love each other, visit each other at all times, and humble their hearts greatly. They build their chapels in the centre of the village, and all the chapels among the Bghais number forty-nine. Pray for this people, dear Madam."

Shemo, Mrs. Drummond's preacher, writes also to his Patroness. This young man, a Bghai, is one of the most promising native preachers who has been raised up in Tounghoo. It seems as if the meekness of the Apostle John, the boldness of Peter, and the wisdom of Paul, were all blended in this youth. He says:

"DEAR MADAM:

"These Pant-Bghais talk quite different from the Sgaus. I will give a few examples:

English.	Sgau.	Pant-Bghai.
What do you see?	N'te-m'nu lai?	N'tsa tee mà nau?
My elder brother.	Y'wai.	Y'mai.
My younger brother.	Y'peu.	Y'pe.
Hymn book.	Lee thàwee.	Tsai dàu lai.
Think.	Chò ko mok.	Ko ma chà.
What?	M'nù lai.	Dhà tai?
Girl.	Po meu.	Ma meu.
Boy.	Po qua.	Po quer.
Satan.	Meu kàu le.	Màu dele.

Shemo gives another list :

English.	Sgau.	Gaykeur.
God.	You Ah.	Ther Moo.
Satan.	Meu ka le.	Mo pra meu.
Eve.	E-eu.	Mo-ra meu.
Adam.	Tha nai.	A-raba.
Don't do, or make not good.	Ma t'qua.	Ja re quai.
Daughter.	Po meu.	Pro-meu.
Boy.	Po-qua.	Pro-peu.
Pa.	Pa.	Pra.
Mother.	Y'mo.	Y'no.
To lie.	Lo-che-lo twa.	Per shwa-per quoi.
To know.	Nah per le.	Ka cha the hu.
What do you see?	N'te ma m'nulai?	N'quoi ba ma?
Path.	Klai (fall'g inflec'n.)	Klai (risi'g inflec'n.)
Heaven.	Mo ko.	Pfa kau.
Earth.	Hau ko.	Hai-ko.
Food.	Me.	De.
Eat.	Au.	Ai.
Young woman.	Moo ga nau.	A per le.
Young man.	Po tha qua.	A per lau.

"Dear Madam," Shemo continues, "these people kill each other without remorse, so that all go around armed continually with spears and swords. Day and night they keep them buckled on. The women of this place are very handsome; but their costume is different from that of others. Their robes are short, their jackets are white ground, embroidered with crimson silk, wider at the bottom. The men embroider their pantaloons, and say they are rich.* Their houses are very good, and are separated like those of the Burmese. They keep it clean under their houses too, so that in the heat of the day

* Here is an instance of the ancient use of the term *rich*, meaning vailed or clothed.

they live under them, going up to sleep only. They do all their cooking, and transact their business, under their houses.

Thrapau—Mrs. Low's Missionary—was a Bassein preacher, a right Gospel Ranger of the olden stamp, always working, never begging—always cheering, never complaining. Like the general, his benefactor, he never stood for mountains, but dashed them out of his way. He says :

“I stood on a pinnacle, and looked and beheld that this work was not the work of the teachers, but the work of God. When I came up to this north Bghai region, at first not one would come to look at me. When I went into the house, one would watch me with his musket in his hand, while another went out to work. It was truly the kingdom of Satan, but now look below. I say no more that they are wicked men, or savages. They are my friends, and I rejoice exceedingly. As the Scripture says: ‘I lifted up my eyes and beheld that God had delivered them from the hands of Satan.’ Then I remembered the words of the Lord: ‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,’ and I resolved to obey. It is difficult laboring among them, but it is written for our encouragement, that ‘all nations shall be blessed in Abraham.’ I went up into a mountain and saw the country, far and near, dotted with villages. Let us rejoice that God has pulled down Satan's seat from these mountains, and praise the Lord of Hosts in the highest.”

This very energetic missionary has now no one to aid him, as Mrs. Low's time has expired. Those preachers who settle down and remain with a people, are supported

by the people; but those who travel about among the heathen, must for some time have foreign aid.

General Bell of Rangoon, or Mrs. Bell, also took up a missionary for a time. His name was Matwa. In one of his letters he mentions having been on a long tour to the northern boundary, and one evening reached a house where there were only women. They allowed him to enter, and treated him with hospitality, but seemed very urgent to have him and his companion depart before the men should return. Matwa, and his brother pioneer, made excuses and remained.

By and by the Karen war-whoop came sounding down the gorge, and a troop of marauders came shouting into the village, led by the chief, the master of the house where the young preachers were stopping.

Alone, and wholly at the mercy of the savages, Matwa said they raised their hearts to God, like Paul and Silas at Philippi.

On they came, leading seven prisoners, with halters about their necks. These were taken out to the centre of the village, and death was the doom pronounced upon one. The young preachers stepped out and entreated for his life.

"Back! back! you son of the white Kolah!" they cried fiercely, pointing their spears at his heart. He found their thirst for gold too strong. With a terrible yell they pierced the doomed man through and through. They then chained five of the captives to great logs, with their feet through the stocks, but the seventh man they liberated to go for the ransoms, assuring him if his brethren were not ransomed with six large gongs, or the value of a thousand rupees, the whole five should share the fate of their speared brother.

Matwa stood back, but refused to run, and through the care of the women he remained all night, a witness to their drunken orgies, and the next morning persuaded them to hear a few words about God's Son, how he forgave his murderers. In great astonishment they listened, and when he took out his books the young men and women caught them from him, and ran away, shouting with joy. "They assembled," he said, "in great numbers in a grove, commanding us to instruct them. So we taught them the alphabet, and some said, after harvest they would build a school-house, and learn books like the lowlanders."

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

SETTLING A COLONY.

I KNEW it would be in vain to build a school-house, unless the Karens would some of them live near enough to protect it, for the heathen would carry off every board, one by one. Besides, a *girls'* school could not be maintained without protectors, and if self-supporting these must be *Karen* protectors. Karens could not live there without *support*, and they could not find support without *land*. To put two or three families on to land there would be useless. So I applied to Government for a tract of land on which they might experiment; a tract large enough for the tribes near Tounghoo, so that those at first afraid might have the privilege of coming on subsequently, if they chose.

There were other good reasons for trying to bring the Karens down on to the plains. Their mode of cultivating the hill land, as described in Colonel Phayre's letter, leads them to be always migrating, so that it is very difficult to keep up their mountain schools with any regularity.

Then it keeps them poor, and renders it exceeding difficult to support their families and teachers. They

have nothing against times of distress, so that if there comes a drought, or if armies of rats destroy their rice fields, as they do a great deal, they have nothing left to fall back upon, consequently thousands die of starvation; and this operates most unfavorably to their civilization.

Looking this all over, Mr. Mason thought no one could do a greater good to the tribes in Tounghoo, than help them to begin lowland paddy cultivation.*

* Christianity always creates high and generous aspirations. The only question is, shall the Christian converts of Tounghoo be left to seek Burman civilization to the ruin of morals and religion, or shall their Christian government and Christian teachers help them to rise, and step forth a *civilized*, Christian people, strong and able men to advance upon the outposts of darkness? They are taught to read and to think, and the Bible is full of the arts and sciences. There must come a time, it has indeed already come, when these chieftains will begin to ask after the Saviour of the body. What temporal good is to come for all their hard toil in supporting schools and teachers. *We* ask this. Our fathers and mothers asked it, and, if the people of Christian lands now could see no earthly advantages arising from education, precious little indeed would our children receive.

I know Christian nations cannot educate all the heathen lands. They cannot do a great deal towards elevating them. What I plead for is this, that we do enough to show them that they have a place in our affections, that we sympathize in their hard strugglings upward, that we give them a brother's, a sister's warm grasp, and once in a while send them a lever, a wheel, or something to push on the car. Then they will help themselves, and find out peaceful ways and means for raising up their own people.

Most certainly the Blessed Redeemer himself taught, throughout his whole ministry, that in converting the world Christians must seek also the temporal benefit of those they would, save. It seems to me that was one great object of the miracles, and

An application being made for land to the Deputy Commissioner of Tounghoo, he wrote back the following note, in the latter part of 1857 :

it is not so much the amount given as the *sympathy*, which speaks to all the human race alike.

It cannot be right to turn the Karens, or any other heathen nation, out of one labyrinth into another, and leave them there, either to be devoured by beasts of prey, or to become beasts again themselves.

History might teach us lessons on this subject, if we would heed them. Look at the Goths and Visigoths. What made them come down and sack Rome? Oppression and neglect. What gave them the power of doing it? Their knowledge of truth and right, for although barbarians, they held in their midst the Letter Men of old, and they had a knowledge of the true God.

What brought out the Arabs? What inspired the Scottish Chiefs? Letters. And who could wall them up! There is an invisible, all-conquering power in Sacred letters, and if we would not have them turn into sickles and flames, we must first turn them ourselves into plowshares and lambs.

I speak earnestly, because with all my pleading for those men who are struggling so hard, I have obtained for them only one little pitchfork and rake. I think I hear some kind readers asking what is to be done for them : what do they want.

I will tell you. They want *instruction*. Their forests abound in valuables, but they know nothing how to make them available. In the first place, they want good rice land on the plains, and to be taught the cultivation of cotton.

Colonel Phayre once sent the Sea Island and South American cotton seed to experiment with in Tounghoo. I left before hearing the full result, but that planted around the schools, on rich soil, grew too luxuriously, and yielded only a small basket, but what there was had long silken fibres, and the seeds fell out at once, to the great delight and amazement of the Karens, I imagine that soil was too rich, as it went mostly to leaves, and on the sand hills it seemed to lack nourishment,

"MY DEAR MRS. MASON.

"If your mountain friends will only clear the land and cultivate it, I will give them as much as their hearts desire.

"GEORGE D'OYLY,
"DEPUTY TOUNGHOO."

but probably if the forest was cleared half a mile inland it would grow well in Tounghoo. The Karens would enter into the cultivation of cotton, I think, with spirit, and this would encourage the rice cultivators. But they would need to have instruction at first in adapting the soils, in seeking out suitable localities, and a machine for cleaning the cotton. Second, they need an instructor in working iron and lead. They have both in Tounghoo, and loadstone. They would soon learn to make plows, and other agricultural implements for themselves, axles, and carpenter's tools.

They need instruction in preparing leather and making good strong shoes, which their people would buy all over the hills. Pegged shoes, if introduced, might be the means of raising up large villages in the mountains, with pegs alone, as I have seen in New Hampshire.

Their buffalo and cow hides, deer and goat skins, might then be of use to them. Preparing leather would bring them to work their limestone, and their rock salt, which is found somewhere in the hills of Tounghoo. It would also bring out their valuable barks, nuts, oils, and catechu trees, all of which abound, and their Careya, ebony, and mangrove trees on the coast, would supply tannic acid.

They need a master in wood-work of all kinds; their mountains abound in beautiful woods, and they might learn to make wooden wares for themselves, instead of using bamboo troughs. Their red wood is almost equal to mahogany, the hopea, and a kind of turminalia, which they call "bitter wood," because the teredos won't eat it, might be very useful for drawers and chests. They have sassafras too, and ebony is so abundant, they make their great pestles, six feet long, of it. They have matchlock-wood and lance wood, and a soft white wood that

Captain D'Oyly gave orders that the Burman Thugyee should accompany me, and the Karen Chiefs to select

might answer instead of pine. Wicker work they would excel in, and the ratans wreath their gorges all through the mountains. I have seen them thirty feet in length. Their forests, too, abound in cordage plants, and they already understand a curious kind of rope braiding in Tounghoo, that far excels that made by any of the other tribes, and they braid thatch in a very superior style, which lasts twice as long as Burman thatch.

If they could have instruction from a practical Botanist, their forests would yield medicinal plants largely for export. They have gamboge in any quantity, liquid amber, the camphor plant, (*Blumea*,) a kind of native cinnamon, ipecacuanha, manna, clove, cassia-bark, citron, bhang, nux vomica, castor-oil, cutch, turmeric, betel-leaf, leea, sessamum, cardamum, ivy, sarsaparilla, heart-seek, garlic, and gum-arabic—not the true, but the gum of the cashew tree, which is quite as good. The true arrow-root, (*Maranta*,) also, is beginning to be cultivated, and might be to any extent. They have a pine from which tar and pitch might be manufactured in abundance, and the wood-oil, I am sure, might be put to some economic purpose, besides supplying torches.

They have the best of dye-plants, the cashew, melastoma, shoe-flower, ebony, and physic-nut, for black dye; ruellia and asclepias, for blue; sappan, tamarind, morinda, log-wood, for red; safflower, gamboge, butea, turmeric, and jack, for yellow; and they make a fine green with turmeric and soap-acacia. They have four or five indigenous trees producing excellent varnish, but all goes to waste.

(If you ask how I know these things are there, I answer, my husband says so, and he's my Cyclopedia. See his "BURMAH." Phinney, Blakeman & Mason, New York.)

To redeem these riches of earth, or to elevate the Karens, it needs the help of Government, and the help of philanthropists. Especially are these aids and encouragements needed for the women of these nations, for does not woman educate

the land, and give them good fields in the vicinity of the Institution, and on the strength of this we started out.

Fancy us mounted on two great elephants—I on one, and the Burman head-man on the other. Each of us with a score of followers. The Nah Khan and several Karen chiefs are of the party, and two of our best assistants on behind.

On we go, over logs and bogs—now on a wide open prairie, the sun burning into our very brains—and anon sinking up to the elephant's body in a broad marsh, sinking, sinking, so fearfully—our hearts beat loudly, and our hairs almost stand on end, lest we should never again emerge from its yawning deeps.

"There, Thugyee, there's a nice field. It stretches up a long way, too."

"Yes, but this I gave yesterday to a couple of Burmese."

Wander—farther and farther.

"Come, Thugyee. Here are fields."

"But the Burmese yonder, pointing half a mile off, will want this to enlarge their fields."

"And this?" Coming to another tract of wild land that might have been cultivated thirty years before.

"Oh, this is grass land. I couldn't give this to the Karens."

the farmer, the soldier, the teacher, and the legislator. When the Prince of Wales was in New York I presented the subject to him, particularly in regard to Female Education in India, taking the opportunity to give some particulars through Colonel Bruce, concerning the Karens, and the Girls' School in Tounghoo. The Prince answered very kindly, and I hope may not wholly forget either the school, or those who have so kindly aided us.

"Karens want grass lands too, and the Commissioners said you must give them good land."

So we travel, two whole days, over an area of nearly fifty miles, always receiving the same answers. At last I stopped short :

"Thugyee, listen ! The Commissioner ordered you to give the Karens land—good land—and near the school. We've traveled long enough. Give us the land !"

Upon this the Thugyee rode off hastily to a long jungle skirting the river.

"There," he says, "take this."

"This !" the Karens exclaimed in dismay. "We can never clear off these great trees. It will be useless. Why cannot he give us grass land as he does the Burmese."

"Wait brothers, be patient—see what rich soil. Look at those paddy stalks as large as your little fingers," pointing to the fields adjoining. "Let us get this if we can, for he don't mean to give you any thing." Then turning to the Burman :

"We can have this, you say ; then we must have the whole jungles, as high as we choose."

"Yes, only where the Burmese have commenced clearing."

There were many obstacles to the cultivation of this tract, which were almost insurmountable to the Karens.

The strip of good land was very narrow, the trees thick and large, the Burmese fields close adjoining, and there was a public road running through the lot.

Fourteen men were all we could persuade to attempt the business the first year. They succeeded in clearing and planting each a pretty good piece of land, and with

great pride they watched it. One morning the rice was about two feet high; they all came running down to me with fear and wretchedness depicted on every face.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Gone! Gone!"

"What is gone?"

"The paddy. The Burman buffalos have destroyed the whole."

"How did it happen? You hadn't good fences."

"Yes, we had fenced every lot carefully; they must have been turned in." None but those who have gone through what we had in securing land—in persuading wild men to make an attempt at civilization, and in supporting them while doing it, can begin to know or understand our grief on that morning. The men went to the Thugyee for redress.

"You must catch the buffalos," he told them. So they watched day and night, and at last succeeded in catching two. They received for all their loss *five rupees!*

Upon this they were utterly discouraged, and all but two returned to the jungles.

So the matter rested for several months, when the Thugyee came to me to know if the Karens were going to cultivate that land any more. "The Karens cannot cultivate lowland," he said; "the Burmese can, and it must not lie waste."

We told him the land would be occupied, when he left with a very dark brow.

I called the Karen women, and explained to them how fruitless all my efforts for a permanent school would prove without protectors, and endeavored to arouse their philanthropy and love for Christ's kingdom. It was not however until several days of prayer and exhortation had passed, that they could be persuaded to go up and

live in the rice fields. Finally six families volunteered, and I engaged to advance them rice for six months. To cheer and strengthen them I went up every week, helped them plan the little settlement, and strengthen them to persevere. The first week, on my reaching the camp, they all came out and grasped my hand with tears, so like my own children had they become. I found them all huddled into one circular hut, built of brush and reeds, and a little bedroom for the night-guard in the top of a tree.

The second week they gave a happy surprise by leading me up into a neat little chapel where a boy teacher, about fourteen, sat by a pretty bamboo table, surrounded by twenty little children in school, learning to read.

The Commissioner had liberally invited the Karens down to the plains, promising them land and protection. This had greatly encouraged the chiefs, and they mustered up several new families for the work. How should they get buffalos was the next question, and two or three resolved to sell their fruit gardens. I was one day speaking of their great want to Colonel Phayre, when he said :

“I’ll make them a loan for buffalos.”

“You will?” I asked in surprise. “Are you in earnest? Would you *dare* to trust them?”

“I will,” he answered with a quiet smile, and to our great joy ordered the loans, sending this kind note to Mr. Mason :

“I request you will have the goodness to inform the Karens to whom this advance is made, that I don’t name any particular time for repayment of this advance, but that I expect them to repay when they, with ordinary exertion, can do so. They have my best wishes.”

This too we recognized as a special answer to prayer, for which we thanked God, and took courage.

CHAPTER II.

PROCURING FISH PONDS—CATCHING A THIEF.

“HALLOO! there, you Karen dog. Pay me half a rupee!”

Seeing the women and children running, I inquired what had happened, but before they could answer, a stout, hard-looking Burman came leading up a Karen to the chapel, declaring he'd take him to court. On inquiring I found one of the new settlers had stepped into a pond, and with his ax had caught two fishes for his supper. The pond had been rented by the Burman, and there was no way but to pay the fine, which I did, for he was very poor and hungry.

On the east side of the Sittang river there are fifteen or more large ponds brim full of fish. These are annually rented out by the government, and bring in a little revenue. But the poor always suffered on account of the heavy fees demanded by these pond-holders.

One time when I was in the jungles, a villager complained to me, and begged me to intercede for him. They made a small trap by the shore, trying to get a few fish for their suppers. The gOUNG came along, ordered it destroyed, abused the poor man, and imposed a fine, which caused him to sell his pig to pay. All this was contrary to Government rules, for Colonel Phayre, on purpose to protect the poor, had made a provision that no river or creek should be taxed at all, or hand-nets

any where, or any kind of small traps. Moreover, the ponds were to be rented to the settlers *around them*. But this was all Greek to Capt. the Rock, then Deputy Assistant in charge, consequently I sent up the following petition :

“As the present monopoly of one man over all the ponds in Kannee, makes it exceeding hard for the Karens here to procure any fish for daily use, I would beg the privilege of taking one pond for them in the immediate vicinity of the Karen paddy field, during this present year.”

The answer was, contrary to the printed law before him, that government could recognize but one pond owner in that region.

“Apply for the whole,” says Mr. Mason, which I did at once for two hundred rupees, the same as the Burmese had paid. No excuse could be mustered for refusing, so I took them for one year. This caused universal joy among the poor of all classes; great numbers were about to enter into the fish trade, when the cholera scattered them. I had intended to let the Burmans have one half, but I sold thirteen ponds to the Burmese for just what I gave, reserving two of the best free for the Karens, and other friendless persons. *So the Karens, Shans, and poor Burmese, were liberated from their oppressors, and supplied with fish in abundance for the taking.* The ponds and the buffalos had a most happy effect, and many now came down to join the colony, until my hands were doubly full.

“Mama, will you buy me a pair of buffalos?” “And me?” “And me?” came from twenty at once.

But who was competent to buy, was the perplexing

question. The Karens were no judges of buffalos—the Burmese would either cheat or rob them. Just at this time a Shan was introduced to our camp, an old herdsman. So he was sent out with the bravest Karen there, to make the purchase of one pair of buffalos, and a cart. On returning, the Karen only came to me with the change. At that moment the Shan made a motion behind the Karen, indicating that all was not right, but on questioning I could obtain no satisfaction. Immediately I called two Karens, and sent secretly to inquire how the buffalos had been sold. They had ten miles to walk; but I felt sure there was dishonesty, and as we had many to buy it was an important matter. The Paku member of our Board also came to my aid, and so cross-questioned the two during the night that he drew forth a confession, and early next morning sent Thatug to me with ten rupees more.

The thief came on his knees begging forgiveness, and promising solemnly to steal no more. We forgave him, but his history was a sad one.

His place flourished above all others. He was far more industrious, and kept his garden in better order, and was always ready to help anywhere and everywhere; besides, he was so fearless, he was really a great acquisition to our new settlement. But one day I was called to see his wife, who lay nearly senseless, the blood streaming down her face. He had struck her with a club, and nearly killed her, then fled to the woods. Upon this I learned that he was a murderer, feared by all. He had speared one man in his rage, and had sold one wife to the Red Karens, and whether she was living or dead no one knew. I immediately gave notice to the Acting Commissioner, who sent his peons and cast him into

jail. Some thought him served right. Others looked on with trembling to see a brother of the church in jail, and altogether I scarcely knew what to do. It was true he had sold his wife and killed a neighbor, but then it was before he heard God's commands. Others in the church had been either robbers or kidnappers. If God and the church had forgiven him, those things ought not to influence in this case. These thoughts, with his humble pleading, troubled me not a little, for he made no plea, only: "O Lord, I'm a great sinner. I have an awful temper; I can't govern it—it will send me to hell. Oh God! Oh God!" "Who maketh thee to differ!" whispered a still, small voice within. Mr. Mason was in the hills, but I could not rest. So I sent to the jail the same night, paid his fine of fifteen rupees, and set him at liberty. He came right to me, fell upon his face, and implored me not to send him off from the place. We took his garden for the fine, and gave him five rupees, with a new piece of land outside the school lot to begin anew. But one morning the neighbors came leading Thatug again. They had suspected him, had set a watch, and caught him stealing young trees and plantains from his old garden. So then it was the general voice that he must be expelled; and he was, on condition however, that if he conducted himself well for one year, he should again be restored. For a time he tried and did pretty well, but before six months were gone he was caught again stealing a goat in the night, which he carried to a poor man, and they killed and ate it together. So he was brought down once more, led by a cord around his body, and the man who ate with him was brought as a witness.

"Why, don't you know the partaker is as bad as the thief?" I asked.

"No, we never heard of such a law."

"Well, if they take him up to court he would just witness himself into jail with Thatug, and I don't see why he shouldn't be there too."

"No, no," they cried, "he is not a bad man, and never did any thing of the kind before. He shall not go up at all." The case ended in giving Thatug six months of hard labor on the roads; yet strange as it may seem, I believe this man will be found at last with the forgiven thief in Paradise! He has gone back now to the new settlement a changed man, and will yet, I have no doubt, be one of the most upright and faithful. I assure you, reader, we don't know the strength of temptation till we encounter it *under the same circumstances* with our brothers.*

* I had another hard thing to meet in those days. Nah Khan Qualay, the man who had been first to take up the work, and help it forward, on whom I relied more than upon all the other chiefs together, came, when we were assembled, dressed in sackcloth, standing under the house pleading for forgiveness. In amazement I inquired what that meant, when he confessed that he had two wives! It appeared that his real wife was very sickly, and bore him no children. He saw a pretty slave girl and bought her, provided for her and all her family at a distance from his home, and had joined the church without letting this fact be known. Some did know of it, but it is a rule with Karens not to inform. He had been a member of the church three years, and all this time had been transgressing the law of God. Seldom did I ever suffer such mental distress as then. For three days I could only groan. The slave wife had now a little son, and of course the truth must be told, so that all confidence in the man's integrity vanished like the dew. The report spread far and wide over the hills, and hundreds came to see the humility of the greatest Khan in the jungles. Qualay sat on the ground in soiled garments, the

The next attempt at purchasing buffalos ended in buying a sick one that died in two days, and another old

very picture of despair; confessing to every one, and begging forgiveness of every one, offering too, to put away the young wife, and never look on his boy again. I couldn't help pitying the man, for his great desire was to have an heir to his title and his property. Still such deception and transgression could not be lightly passed by. He had built himself a handsome house on the girls' place, so as to hear petty causes there, which would be a great convenience to the Bghai tribes, and would serve to bring the heathen Karens around us where they could hear of God, and see the schools. I was hoping for great good from this arrangement. But this sudden disclosure dashed all our plans, and crushed all our hopes.

Mr. Mason and Qualah both agreed that he must be excluded from the church, and then came the question—should he have a court-house on the school land. I referred the case to the settlers, and told them they must decide the matter, simply exhorting them to do it in the fear of God. The decision was that his house must be pulled down and removed from the school land, and that he should no more visit the place until restored to the church. I had not quite expected this, and for a week my strength left me. It seemed to me impossible to go on in our arduous work without the aid of this Chieftain. The Board of Managers all felt so too, and had every thing at stake, but the Law of God glittered above their heads like a two-edged sword, and they dared not shield him. He is the greatest man, they said. Every eye is on us. Nobody believes we shall dare speak out. Finally I suggested that we call the Nah Khan and let him judge himself. So we did in the presence of all the Board of Managers, and the principal chiefs. We laid the whole case before him, the injury he had done the cause, the unhappy influence on the minds of all the tribes going and coming, and cast the whole burden of deciding the matter upon his own conscience. Then appeared the true Christian shining out over all his transgressions.

"I have laid a stone of stumbling; I will do all I can to re-

one that "wouldn't draw." But perseverance! nobody can tell what it won't do. After a while the Karens learned to do better, and every day the buffalo regiment had to be paraded up before the Institute, and nothing would do but I must go out and review. What in creation constituted a good buffalo I had not the slightest idea, except that it ought to have sound hoofs, a clean tongue, and ears that "would stand." This I learned as they did, by the sick one being minus all these

move it." This was his answer; coming up from under the floor, for he utterly refused to enter the chapel while the stain was upon him. Immediately that man went to work with his own hands, solitary and alone; he took off the boards and the roof from his house, the big tears dropping over all, which so excited the commiseration of the crowd they all stepped back in awe, except the principal chiefs, who, with great deference, offered their aid. When they got to the posts the crowd was called, and in a few hours the beautiful house that had cost months of labor, and was a great ornament to our grounds, was gone, and the Nah Khan, who had been *my brother*, had gone too. Here again were visible the footsteps of the Wonderful, for instead of the people fainting, as I had feared, they were ten times stronger than ever before, so that the wildest Bghais came pouring down, having confidence in the Law of God. Singular too it was—a short time after this a large teak monastery south of our school was burned down, and the lighted thatch falling on a small house just below where this stood, was burned. Had that building been there then, probably nothing could have saved the Institute, as the south wind blows very strong. Truly God is *Almighty*. I feel happy to say the Nah Khan kept his promise, never visited his boy, and only once or twice had it brought to him. After two years of exclusion he was restored to the church, and now having buried his poor invalid wife, he has been lawfully married to the mother of his boy. But I expect that boy will be to him an Absalom.

good qualities. Practice however makes perfect, so we persevered in the study of buffalos till we all learned that long horns were obstinates, big bones wouldn't fat, and very small hoofs would break and run. So at last they got learned, and in the end the Burmese acknowledged the Karen buffalo herd to be the handsomest and best of all in the region. The same experience we had with the carts. At first the Karens were sure to come home with some broken-backed cart, which the Burmese had put off on to them for twelve rupees, while they might have bought a new one for sixteen. Of course I couldn't tell them they had been deceived. There's nothing like learning one's self. So I advised them to go immediately and get a load of paddy. They went off in high spirits, but, coming home, over went the whole load upon the ground in the middle of a broad prairie. There were only two men. One had to go for an axletree five miles, and as soon as he was gone the crows and vultures pounced down upon the load, and in spite of the cartman appropriated a good share of it to themselves. "Amai ! this old rickety cart wasn't worth two rupees," I heard them telling the others on their return. They never mentioned it to me, they were so much ashamed. Ever after they took care to buy good carts.

Rice is the staple food of this place instead of bread. The Karens have no money to lay up in advance, and they would be quite at the mercy of the traders in the rains. I resolved to build a store-house, and store for them one thousand bushels of paddy ; then they could buy of me at cost when the paddy was up ; for the Burmese raised the price from thirty to seventy rupees the hundred baskets, or from four annas to a rupee the bushel for unbeaten rice. The Burmese traders were

shrewd enough to see what I was doing, so they kept up the price, and I had to pay forty-five and fifty rupees the hundred, and in the same proportion the Karens had to pay for all eatables.

Their ploughs, yokes, every thing indeed, I was obliged to look after. These obtained, I must then go up and divide the land, and this was the hardest of all. No new cultivator would raise his ax till I apportioned off his lot. It was of no use for me at first to delegate this business to another. Mama must say herself what should be theirs. So I submitted, knowing they would after awhile learn to trust the assistant, who always accompanied me, which they now do ; but for many weeks at first I had to go out twice and three times the week, nearly the whole length of the land, five miles in extent, dividing off their lots, arranging for their school-houses, their dwellings ; prescribe for their sick, cheer them on, and instruct them in the Scriptures. These Bible studies they missed more than any thing else. They had been for more than a year constant attendants at our Bible class, and so deeply interested they could repeat a great deal by heart, and I never visited them without a Bible meeting ; but these field labors were really much harder than all my teaching in the house, although there I had no help except natives and our own boys.*

* One day on returning, I was met by the girls, saying, my little Franky was sick. Without a moment's delay I hastened to him. This was on Monday. On Wednesday evening, I had no little Franky in this world. When I saw he must die, I bent down and told him the worst, just as I had always done when giving him medicine. "You are going to Jesus, darling," I said, "you are not afraid to go?" He looked up, at first

startled, but instantly signified that he was not afraid, looking up so lovingly in the midst of his agony.

The dear brothers were parted—our little span broken—and so sudden—so unexpected—and by a death so inexpressibly painful, I had scarcely strength to lay him in the grave. His papa was in the hills, and could not reach us, so I buried him alone, with our kind friend, Captain Bond, and the Karens. I heard a minister once remark in the pulpit: "Some people under bereavement go about their business, and you scarcely see any difference. while others are entirely overcome. This is owing to finer and more acute feelings in the one than the other." So a lady once said to me when my heart was breaking: "Why, you look just as usual!" I think the Master taught us on this subject. He bore about with him the heaviest bereavement, yet worked on with cheerfulness.

My angel boy was a dear little missionary, and taught a Sunday-school of little Karen orphans for two years before he died. The children and girls of the school were inconsolable, and one wrote me long after: "I think of my little teacher, and I cry every day because I know I can see him no more in this world."

Our little Franky was a beautiful boy, with light flaxen curls and bright black eyes. He was much of a reader. He was well acquainted with the histories of England, the United States, India, Rome, and Greece. He laid by story books at my request, and took history almost entirely. Humboldt's travels he was well read in and Layard's researches, and one of the last books he read was Buchanan's Researches in India. Pilgrim's Progress was his daily companion, which he loved as his eyes.

The stroke was indeed heavy, and tears were my nightly companions, yet I trust tears of submission. His ma died when he was only three months old, and kind Mrs. Bennett, now of Maulmain, became a dear and tender mother to him until I went and claimed him, which was before he could walk much. There was only three months difference between him and my own little boy, so they were like twins, and until the last week of his life, my pet lambs would jump into my arms at once. His name was Francis, but when he came to me I named him *Meus*. He was

a daring, restless boy, and it was very hard for him to keep from cutting the benches and spoiling the inkstands in school. One time I had to pay quite a bill for this, but I only gave him the pay, telling him I would have to go without my dinner that day. His little lip quivered, and he couldn't possibly swallow his own dinner. He would often come, after we returned to Burmah, twine his arms around me, laying his sweet face close to mine, and whisper: "I'm so glad you didn't leave me in America, for then I should have been a *bad* boy. You know I couldn't *be still*, ma," leaving tears of tender gratitude upon my cheek; and truly, I was afraid to leave him, lest he should be treated with severity for his restlessness, and so become stubborn. My dear boys one time bore a heavy weight upon their hearts for months, at last they came to me and made a full confession of all their heart-sins, and poured out their long pent-up sorrows. After this they were very happy, and tried hard to live in the fear of God. They had sinful hearts, but they struggled hard and obtained the victory, so that I recollect only a single instance where a wicked nature betrayed itself, and then but a moment, during all the last year of his life. From being restless he became quiet, from being careless he became exceeding watchful, and from being hard he became as tender as an infant in all his emotions. The change was remarkable and striking, and I doubt if boys ever enjoyed more together. They studied every thing together, reciting to one another; with my examining them on Saturdays, they got on so as to enter the High School Latin Class in Newton Centre, Mass., after reaching home when seven years old, and they went through arithmetic alone. They generally kept their study-hours very regularly, knowing that an exhaustless fund of amusement was ready for them as soon as the lessons were well learned. They had their own little Burman high-backed saddles, their own pony, and their own boat. At four o'clock, they donned their short Bghai pants or Highland costume, and steered with all speed over the river to the orphans, who knew just when to expect them, and were always ready on the beach; and these poor children miss them now.

They taught all the boys in the settlement how to swim, and

girls to row a boat, and to ride. My darling was a fine rider and could manage any pony that was brought in to our village. He was thrown two or three times, so was his brother; but they both learned so that they would gallop up and down the roads at the swiftest possible speed, without saddle or bridle. Boating was a source of great amusement to both the boys, and this too they taught the Karen students, having first learned themselves, for the young men coming from the mountains were extremely fearful of water. One time, Franky was rowing me across the river, when there arose a sudden squall which came near capsizing the boat. We had a dozen Karens in the boat, and all too much frightened to give the slightest assistance. "Bail out!" he cried, "and sit still. We'll go it." This reassured the Karens, and he landed us all safely. It was a very wild scene, and one of great peril. The wind was blowing a gale, and the whole river in the wildest commotion, the breakers all around us, and the white crested waves every moment dashing over us. Edwin had rowed his boat across, and stood ready to strike out if we went over. And over we must have gone but for my brave little pilot, who stood up amidst the wild waters, and gave his orders loud above the roaring winds, and in a tone so calm and self-possessed it inspired every one present, so that each one did the very best thing possible, and so we all reached shore without harm. It was really a great feat, but he, dear boy, was amply paid by seeing that his pa and I appreciated his skill.

With all their play and study, one would think they couldn't have been of much service to me, but oh! they were, and when gone, I missed my darling on every rock, every wave, and in every corner of the house. All the time I was in the jungles after timber, Franky and Edwin were our accountants and apothecaries, selling, during that time, four hundred rupees worth of medicines and books to the Karens. Every ounce of this and every book they had set down in perfect order, and rendered the account to their pa, with all the money received in. Franky, also kept my bazaar account for me, and servants' bills, and every thing expended in the family.

Then they were my interpreters in Bghai, Burmese, and Hin-

dostanee, and did a world of business by superintending the sawyers, and the men clearing the ground. They were so useful, I appointed them my little Nali Khaus, or agents, to go between me and the Karens, and in this capacity they both had served most diligently for two years, doing the same work as an English and native assistant together. Soon after this parting, I was brought very low with fever, for three weeks; and in the rains I wrote to my daughter:

"I have scarcely done any thing for many months but nurse and doctor the sick. Cholera has been raging all around our door; and out of our little settlement, thirty-four are now sleeping under it. I have taken four very severe cases of cholera into our own house, and by God's blessing, they are now well—the last was Quala, whose wife has just died with cholera in the jungles. He is going to take his two children to Tavoy as soon as the creeks open. Oh, how dreadful is heathenism! Poor little orphans cast out, utterly alone and helpless. One little babe, after its father and mother died, was allowed to roll under the house and die. Just now, two more are left, and my girl, my dear Nau Tsa, is gone to take care of them. Both have cholera, none to feed them or help them. Twenty-five orphans are now with us, all made so within three months! Why are not you and your little brother of the number? On the mountains they all flee and leave the sick to die alone, and remain unburied until the wild beasts enter the house and devour them. I send you, darling, the 'Mind of Jesus;' read it every night, with the 'Faithful Promiser.'

"With all our sorrows we feel that the Eye is upon us, and life is ever spanned with a rainbow. I mean the *Christian* Life. Even when the dark billows go over us, love turns them into eyes of Heaven.

"We mourn continually for little brother, and Papa feels that his *Benjamin* is not, and this makes his third little Franky gone up to heaven, but I am sure *Meus* is still working for his poor orphans here."

CHAPTER III.

THE "KING OF TOUNGHOO"—THE POWERS OF THE AIR.

OUR sufferings were thought to have been caused by cholera. If I thought otherwise, it was not wise to think it aloud; but scarcely had we recovered, when the "King of Tounghoo," as he crowned himself, called with a train of Burmese:

"Mrs. Mason, these Burmese have come with a petition for some land. You see I know nothing about the matter—nothing at all," he said. I begged to explain that the Burman Thuygee had given the land to the Karens, by order of the former Deputy Commissioner. "But you bring no documents. I can deal only with *documents*. You had better write immediately to the Commissioner for documents."

"The Commissioner knows all about the matter, and has given orders that they should not be molested."

"Aye! That your school house over the river?"

"It is the *People's* house."

"Oh, ay, but I've not much opinion of this mission work. Missionaries no doubt *mean* well; but it's all useless—there's no changing savages. You'll never succeed."

"The Commissioner thinks we *have* succeeded."

"Well, but Mrs. Mason, what shall we do about this matter? It's very unpleasant—particularly unpleasant."

"I don't see how any thing can be done. The Com-

missioner of Pegu gave the Thugyee orders commanding him what to do."

"The Thuygee! How? what? Where is it?" in apparent amazement, whereupon the Thugyee was obliged to produce the order which commanded him not to trouble the Karens, and not to give the jungle to any other party till the boundary should be settled.

"Yes, I see; but, Mrs. Mason, these people say they want to enlarge their fields. I know nothing about it—nothing at all. It's very bad—very bad, indeed, this mingling of races."

Two weeks after this boding interview, I went up into the rice fields, and, to my dismay, found the Burmese had gone to clearing the Karen land.* We were entirely at the mercy of Captain the Rock, so I wrote up to him. He replied, that he had ordered all work to cease, and had appointed a Burman to go out and investigate the subject. Commissioned a hostile Burman, and that, too, directly contrary to official orders! I entreated that the subject might be left where the Commissioner himself had left it.

"That cannot be," he answered. "It is clearly my duty to prevent all trespassing. I shall to-morrow re-issue my order to the Goung to take up any Karens whom he may find trespassing upon the land in dispute."

Entreaties were again put up. No reply—work all stopped—Karens in great distress—Burmese rejoicing—

* The Burmese claimed the land on the ground that their ancestors held it; but the Karens of Tounghoo tell us that only thirty years ago, they occupied much of the rich rice valley on the east of the Sittang. They were forced back however, and now had no right except that government had given it to them.

declaring that Captain the Rock has determined all should go back to the hills. One Burman comes riding into the fields with an elephant to trample down the Karens—their houses are pulled down—Karens terribly threatened and frightened—flee to prayer—all of us in the chapel till twelve o'clock.

Morning—Rangoon mail—read :

"To ———, ESQ., COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS, TOUNGHOO :

"SIR :

"I herewith enclose to you a copy of a letter, dated the 8th of February last, which I addressed to Captain D., directing him to make over to some mountain Karens, some vacant jungle land in the circle of Kannee. As this has not been done, I herewith invest you with special powers to proceed and do so.

"When completed, I request you will send me a copy showing the exact boundaries given to the Karens.

"Any Burmese settlers on land within what the Karens applied for, who have entered since the date of the application, will be directed to quit.

"I have, etc., etc.,

"A. P. PHAYRE,

"COM. PEGU, AGT. TO THE GOV. GENERAL."

By the same mail, the following came to me from Col Phayre :

"As soon as the papers reach me I will do my best to make every thing satisfactory. I consider it a great object to induce the mountain Karens to come down to the plains. You may be sure I will do all I can to encourage them."

The order had been issued previous to Captain the

Rock's order, and had been ten days or more on the way, so it was very singular it should reach us just at this time, as if God, foreseeing the distress that would come upon us, had so arranged it on purpose to comfort us, and to grant *special* answer to prayer. Truly, "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." I immediately telegraph to the Commissioner :

"Thank you! *Thank you!* Heb. vi. 10;" and took for our subject in the Bible class that evening, 1 John v. 14: "And this is the confidence that we have in Him, *if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us.*"

This arrangement sent the Karens for a time back to their paddy fields. But the result of this Officer's investigations will be seen in Mr. Mason's official letter to Government :

"TOUNGHOO, June 12th, 1859.

"To

"COL. PHAYRE, COMMISSIONER OF PEGU.

"SIR :

"I have the honor to acknowledge the reception of your letter, dated May 18th, 1859, making inquiries relative to the Kannee lands now in cultivation by the Karens. To make the matter as plain as possible, accompanying will be found a map of those lands, reduced by Mrs. Mason from the Surveyor's, made by the Superintendent of Customs. According to a statement in one of your notes to Mrs. Mason, that 'No interference or occupation of the land, after the date of the application, could be allowed,' Mrs. Mason pledged her word to the Karens, who were very fearful lest they should lose their labor, that the land they cleared should be their own, and fifty-five men have been at work in the forest, more or less, for the last five or six months. Mr. —, in

making his boundary, has cut off *twelve* of the *best* paddy fields cleared by the Karens, and running along the water courses where the water is a cubit deep, leaving them only a narrow strip, where the water is but ankle deep. These fields, on which they had worked for some six months, he has given to the Burmese, whose broad rich fields stretch as far as the eye can scan.

“Mr. ——— admits that the Karens are wronged by the arrangement he proposes, because he recommends *remuneration* to be made. He writes me: ‘The Commissioner will, I doubt not, consent to a moderate pecuniary indemnification being made to them.’ Now if the Karens have commenced their cultivation illegally, they are not entitled to ‘pecuniary indemnification;’ but Mr. ——— says they *are* entitled to it, therefore they have commenced cultivating their lands *legally*, Mr. ——— being judge; and all we ask is to have this legal occupancy confirmed to them. Money is not the article wanted, *but the land*, and Mr. ———’s special powers were to make over the land applied for; and by refusing to do this, and recommending that the Karens shall be driven off the land for a pecuniary indemnification, he seems to me to have traveled out of the docket, and assumed ‘special powers’ not granted him. Instead of making over the land as directed, he goes into a lengthened statement of reasons for taking it from the Karens, and giving it to the Burmese; the main one of which is, that the Burmese are rich!

“The whole space of good paddy land is very small for a large number of people. The remainder is either too sandy or too dry for paddy, and will answer only for *Toungya* (temporary) cultivation, or for gardens.”

In mentioning the boundary line, he remarks: “The

great objection to the Surveyor's boundary line is its unevenness,* but it is no more uneven than the Sittang river, which bounds one side, and Allah made that."

The Superintendent of Customs was not a man that feared God, and being overawed by Captain the Rock, he too ordered the Karens off the land, so again they were compelled to leave their work. He was soon after removed to another post, and again the work fell back into the hands of Captain the Rock, who had long hoped to be appointed Deputy Commissioner of Tounghoo, but hearing that the vacancy was otherwise filled, he was like a wild elephant, ready to trample nations, government and all, into the ground, so he sent in another note :

"TOUNGHOO, 25th July, 1850.

"MY DEAR SIR :

"A few days ago two Burmese came and complained to me of your Karens, as I prognosticated would be the case. I ordered the Kannee Thugyee to investigate into the matter, and to report to me. He is here now, and may I beg you to attend and hear further investigation into the case."

On his departure from Tounghoo, the Superintendent of Customs had issued an order permitting the Karens to resume their work again, and had commanded that no one interfere with them, being compelled to do so by Col. Phayre. This order Mr. Mason sent up to the court.

Captain the Rock replied : "I must issue a fresh

* "This has been caused solely by the Burmese themselves, who sowed their paddy broadcast into the forest of the Karen land, and for peace sake Mrs. Mason marked out all this to the Burmese in the survey."

order, and *insist* upon the land being *vacated* by the *Karens* till the *decision* of the boundary comes from the *Commissioner*."

This threw the Karens and myself again into the deepest distress. Mrs. Mason telegraphed to Colonel Playre, and soon this note came from Captain the Rock :

August 3d, 1859.

"DEAR SIR :

"I beg leave to send you the accompanying telegram. Your people are to reap the *one* crop that they have *now cultivated*. I will issue the necessary order."

The Superintendent, by order of the Commissioner of Pegu, had sent an official telegram to Capt. the Rock, saying :

"The Karens were to be allowed to raise one crop from the lands they commenced cultivating *before I took the subject in hand*."

"Now let us show the Burmese what Christianity is. We'll not utter a word of triumph as they did to us, but we'll only speak kindly," says the principal cultivator, in which all the others join. Praising God and giving thanks, they proceed again to their fields. Two or three days pass. In comes the Thugyee with another paper, utterly forbidding the Karens to proceed. We again remonstrate, and the following is received from Captain the Rock :

"I told the Thugyee explicitly to let them alone, as far as the *crop sown* by them was concerned, which it is most clearly understood they are to have, but I don't understand that they are to *continue* further cultivation."

They were in the midst of ploughing and sowing their

fields, in the greatest haste, as the right season for it was rapidly passing.

Entreaties follow, telling Captain the Rock that the Karens cleared the fields themselves, that they would have no rice for the whole year, that they had already suffered extremely by cholera, and that they and their little ones were starving, begging him to inflict any punishment upon me if he would only let the Karens raise some rice for their families.

Answer :

"I shall certainly adhere to my resolution, and not allow either party to reap any benefit from the land," and the Thugyee ordered every one to leave the fields with their families and buffalos. Hard as it was to write to such a wicked man, I did again, stating, that if compelled to drive away their buffalos, the Karens would never be able to repay the Government loan, and he alone must be responsible for the money. Upon this he permitted the Karens to remain in their homes and tend their buffalos, *provided they would not raise a hand to work on the land in question*, but threatening that if they did that, and were brought before him for trespass, their fine should exceed all the value of their anticipated crops.

Picture, reader, forty or fifty families in as many different houses, scattered up through the fields. All of a sudden there appear red-belted peons all along, hooting out government orders to stop all work. The plough is stopped in its furrow—the sower's arm is caught back with its handful of seed—the uplifted ax is jerked from the hand of the forester—the poor mother bending over her potato patch is ordered into the hut, and the armful of faggots is knocked from the arms of the little child.

Weeks pass—Captain D'Oyly, as a special favor, comes from Prome. Captain D'Oyly, the benevolent Commissioner, who gave them the land. A man remarkable for deep penetration, for skill in dealing with the different classes of nations. A man noted too, for his sympathy and fear of God. To him the Commissioner of Pegu writes :

“I consider it of great importance, that the mountain Karen tribes should be induced to settle in the plains, and cultivate land. I feel assured you will also see the importance of the case in that respect, and also of the question generally being settled satisfactorily and justly for both parties.”

Four days pass, and Captain D'Oyly is laid on a sick bed—one week, and he dies. A pall ! a pall ! Alas, for the Karens !* Captain the Rock again takes the field—and the Karens are scattered.

I send a text to the Commissioner of Pegu :

“For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers

* Captain D'Oyly's horses had died before in a singular way. He had four or five, one pair of beautiful iron-grays, which were great pets. First a common one died, then another, then one of the grays. Captain D'Oyly was in the jungles upon official business, and seeing all his ponies going, his friend, Captain Bond, roused up, and examinations were made again and again, still the ponies died until every one was gone ! The natives cried *snakes* ! I have no doubt but it was *snakes* ! Captain D'Oyly was a Christian Commissioner, and sought earnestly to honor the law, human and Divine. He detected a Burman of high rank in harboring robbers, and sharing the booty, for which he fearlessly cast him into prison. It was soon after this that all his ponies died ; and since we commenced the paddy cultivation the Ka-

of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Months pass—Captain Blank comes up—Karens petition—Captain Blank reads the papers—comes in :

"Dr. Mason, I have given this whole business a thorough investigation, and I am convinced there has been some *humbug* about the matter."

"Call in the Chiefs," he says to me. "Tell them they shall have the land."

"My dear sir, pardon me. These people will not believe. They have been wearied with promises. They are *starving*. Here are thirty men looking to me for bread, and words will not relieve their despair or their suffering. They want *action*."

Captain Blank looks dissatisfied.

"Tell them," he replies, "my word shall not fail. They shall have the land, *every foot of it*. But I cannot do it now. I must see the land for myself when the crops are off." (He has been directed to settle the boundary at once.)

They should have it, he said, if government had to pay the Burmese for it. Then, of course, the Karens could not see the necessity for longer delay.

But so the matter is left, the Burmese enjoying their rich harvests; the Karens cut off from all labor, living on one meal a day, with their little ones pining and dying.

rens have had four elephants die, two of which cost seven hundred rupees each. Perhaps the snakes had crept out to them also.

I confess I feel that my own life, and that of every one who attempts to work for God's kingdom in Tounghoo, is in jeopardy, as well as the school buildings.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BORDERERS—THE BRIGANDS.

ON the north of Tounghoo there are three or four desperate brigands. One Laquay, a Karen Burman, rules over a beautiful region of hill and dale, and has long kept the whole country in awe. His adherents are notorious cow-stealers, and they steal other creatures besides cows too. One morning I received this note :

“MY DEAR MRS. MASON :

“Can you make room there for the beautiful *young lady* I send you. I hope you will pardon the liberty She was brought into court this morning from a Burman village.

“Yours, sincerely,

“GEORGE D'OYLY.”

The young woman was about twenty-five, a Karen. She trembled with fear, and it was long before we could glean any thing from her. Her story illustrates the manner in which kidnapping is still carried on by the Burmese, and their adherents in the hills.

One night, a year before, she was with her little brother in the rice field, when two strange men came near them. They caught her; the brother escaped. The men tied her arms behind, stopped her mouth, and led her away very rapidly. As she entered the woods she saw the smoke of her native village, which was laid waste by the marauders, and subsequently learned that her Chief

had been taken and hung on a tree. The girl was driven on to a village distant three days' travel, where she was sold for nine buffalos; the two men who caught her receiving two for their booty, and the man who paid the kidnappers was Laquay. She stopped about three weeks in his house, subject to despotic power. She was then taken by a second master to his home for a few days, and then by a third, and fourth. In this way she was led about in the mountains for a whole year, until her heart was quite broken, but her last master, as usual, was a *Burman*, which led to the discovery. She remained with me several months, and one time a party came down for her, bringing a present of a pair of short pants for the Commissioner, richly embroidered. They professed to be her uncle and cousins, but the girl acknowledged no relation. The Commissioner sent me word not to let her go until her own family came to *him*. This they never did, and it was found that these men were in the service of Laquay. Her home was distant several days' travel, and among a tribe which knows nothing of the English, except false reports, circulated by Burmese head-men beyond the frontier. Finally one of the chiefs attempted to send her safe home. A village chief took her on to one beyond, and that one to the next, and so she reached the outer post of the book-villages, when the head-man, at the entrance of the kidnappers' region, agreed to take her through to her father. The arrangement was made by one of the schoolmasters, who was not shrewd enough for the savages. She had been gone a month, when the teacher learned she was in the hands of her old master, and had been in the stocks in his house for three weeks. On this news reaching court, the Karen Nah Kahn was commissioned to go up

with an armed force and take her clear home. They had a perilous time of it, and held a parley by signs outside the village, and I believe the Nah Khan finally bought her off, with a few blankets. They reported her at last safe with her family, but I always doubted the truth of it, not a single Christian Karen dared to venture among her clan, as the way led through hostile tribes. I have not much doubt but she is still a prisoner to Laquay. This man retains his Thugyeeship simply because the government fears him, believing he is league with their Burmese enemies. Beyond him is another Karen prince, quite his equal, and their blood feuds keep up continual hostilities.

These men are not so savage, but they have much shrewdness, and keep scouts around among the Burmese, and often they are in court right before the Commissioner, and he knows nothing of them. They soon judge of his strength, and daily their reports are carried by runners to the highest pinnacles of the mountains.

These scouts watch the Commissioner's daily life. If he goes to church, if he prays at home, they know it; and according to these reports they act. After two or three attempts, they learned that Captain D'Oyly possessed a hidden power, and they thought it best to be quiet. Captain D'Oyly never stopped to parley with marauders. At one time he burst all of a sudden right upon the northern brigand in his strong hold, which convinced the robber that he had *power* to deal with. At another time he dashed into another mountain fortress, and burned it for their evil deeds. After this no more was heard from the brigands as long as Captain D'Oyly was in Tounghoo.

One day Captain the Rock appeared at our door with

a troop of wild men, who had came down for redress. A marauding party from the north had made a descent upon their village, four hundred strong. The men were at work in their fields, so they plundered the village, tore open their sacks of rice, cut down their store-houses, and carried off thirteen captives, two of them tender infants, who were dashed in the jungles, and left to die of hunger, or to be devoured by tigers. The remainder were still in captivity. The plundered chief had just called a school-master and built a chapel, which was the real cause, I suppose, of the attack, as the old king of the mountains began to fear the Gōd Book was coming too near to his castle.

Captain the Rock at last understood the matter, but persisted in pronouncing them fools and owls and —— for not explaining to him before, while it was his undignified and abusive manner that had frightened them so that they couldn't explain.

The Commissioner of Pegu was made acquainted with the matter, and gave orders that the Christian Karens should be armed, and be permitted to go out themselves and recover the captives. They could easily enough have done this then, before they were carried too far inland, and this they petitioned for leave to do, asking no aid but arms and ammunition. This order Captain the Rock neglected to carry out, but called a company of Burmese sepoys, and ordered the Karens to file in under them. The Karen magistrates refused to do this, and very wisely, for they said they knew they could never accomplish any thing with Burmese leaders, and then the failure would be attributed to them, consequently nothing was done, as Captain the Rock intended from the first. The plundered chief was continually coming to the Karen Nah Khan, and all to me, and it seemed as if they

had not a friend in the world. Finally news came that the mountain king was on the march downwards, threatening to destroy every friendly clan, and burn Tounghoo. Captain the Rock, becoming alarmed himself, at last gave permission for the Christians to go up and redress their own grievances; but then it was in the midst of their rice cultivation, which they could not leave without creating a famine in the land, besides the enemy, seeing the ruling power in Tounghoo so dilatory, had gathered strength and boldness.

Captain the Rock found, when too late, that he had warriors to deal with, and was himself in a dilemma. He resolved to send up a Burman head-man to *investigate*, which was really acknowledging the power of this mountain robber. A keen-eyed, subtle Burman petitioned to go up, and was appointed—a man whom Captain the Rock knew to be hostile to the Christian Karens, and a dangerous leader anywhere. He went up to the plundered village with soldiers, and arms, and music, and shouting, as if leading a parcel of boys on a foray. The first thing he did was to order an entertainment at the expense of the sacked village, and then insisted that the chief must drink with him. To escape an open rupture the chief at first complied, but again he was called not only to drink but to *dance*, for the entertainment of Captain the Rock's Charge d'Affairs. Then the chief rose and said respectfully :

“Th'kyen, I am a Christian. I can neither drink again, nor dance, nor go any further in this drunken carousal. Our religion forbids it.”

“You, a Karen dog, dare refuse me?” he exclaimed in thunder tones, leaping up, and with his own hand, this representative of government struck down the plundered

chieftain in the presence of his people, and beat him with his *elbow*—a punishment awarded to slaves and women. This was the redress, and *all* the redress the abused villagers received. The whole matter caused Colonel Phayre intense anxiety, but he was in Rangoon, and Captain the Roek intended to be “King of Tounghoo,” as he had proclaimed.

So the captives lay in their chains, mothers coming wringing their hands in agony for their little ones, and husbands almost distracted for their wives. The plundered chief would have attacked the robbers, and there were enough that would have supported him, but he could obtain no permission, and having submitted to the English government, we counseled him not to do it without permission.

After nine months of captivity he finally borrowed gongs of all the friendly villages round about, and ransomed his people all but two, paying from fifty to one hundred rupees each for them, or that value, with the hope that government would sometime recover the gongs. For the remaining two they demanded fifty rupees and a pair of buffalos, and they were in the hands of the captors when I left Tounghoo.

When the new ruler arrived, Nah Khan Qualay resolved to have his people's wrongs redressed, and the affair was investigated, but the Burman who beat the Karen was too subtle for the deputy. Either by bribes or stratagem, he managed to have only the deposition of *one* witness taken, and that one amounted to nothing, only that the Karen was not much hurt by the beating. That every body knew before. It was not the *hurt* of which they complained, but the *indignity*, for it was saying to the robbers as clearly as if he had spoken out: “Come on, the government can't

harm you," and this the enemy well understood. So the matter was hushed up, the gongs unredeemed, and the two captives left in bondage.

Colonel Phayre finding these independent Karens a pretty formidable host to deal with, resolved to form a mountain police of reliable Christian men, who should be able to protect their own schools, chapels, and homes. Upon this I petitioned that fifty might be enlisted from the paddy cultivators on the plains; the following were the reasons given in addition to the thought that if they were to be paid, it would help the cultivators to pay for their buffalos.

They would be *stronger* men now, for after a year around the schools they could walk twice as far, carry twice as much load, and accomplish twice as much in *contrivance*. They would be more *obedient*. It would inspire the men on the mountains to see a body of soldiers practicing on their own parade ground. They would feel more secure because the Institute Guard acts as the pulse of the nation, holding immediate and daily communication in a direct line with every village and hamlet, from Shwagyn to the Burmese territory on the north, and to the Red Karen Kingdom on the east. Then this post (the school settlement) was of importance to protect, as here would be grouped their most costly buildings, libraries, and school apparatus, and with schools, too, almost constantly in operation, while in case of danger no immediate help could be obtained from cantonments. But above all these considerations, the Kannee Pass led right through their paddy settlement, and this was the key to the city from all the northeast. Colonel Phayre was very willing to allow this arrangement, provided it did not too much weaken the guard on the

hills. The new Officer was empowered to organize the Karen police, but when he called for the men, they hesitated.

"Is Capt. Blank going to organize us?" the Karen chiefs inquired in dismay. "Teacher, we are afraid." They remembered the sacked villagers had obtained no redress; they remembered the rice land was not yet given, and when he sent for them, only a very few would come at all. Colonel Phayre's plan was to form two companies in the mountains, supply them with arms, and a certain quantity of ammunition monthly, and let them learn to use them themselves in the jungles, paying them a mere nominal sum, just enough to make the hill men recognize them as soldiers. This he and Mr. Mason had arranged, as the cheapest, wisest, and best for the people, and this pleased the Karens far better than to come to town on full pay.

Capt. Blank's judgment was to make them barrack soldiers, and have them thoroughly drilled. Mr. Mason doubted the expediency of doing this, and did not like to meddle with it; besides he had no time. Then Captain Blank turned to me:

"Come," he said, "Mrs. Mason, they will do any thing you tell them. Call them down, and encourage them to enlist." Mr. Mason, under the circumstances, thought I had better do it. So the Board of Managers was called. They immediately telegraphed to every pinnacle and glen by their runners, and in two days nearly two hundred Chiefs and men stood before Captain Blank, the Deputy.

"Great Chief, greeting," they said, as all appeared in Highland garb and dignity; but they noticed he didn't give the hand as Colonel Phayre and Captain D'Oyly had done.

"Say to them, I will enroll two companies, with two Captains, two Lieutenants, eight Sergeants, and one hundred and sixty men."

"Th'kyen, we are afraid. We are ignorant men. We don't understand white men's custom."

"Never mind, I'll send a man over here to teach you."

"Suppose your man drinks, he will spoil our young men. Suppose he flogs, our people will all run away."

"He shall not do either. I know a good man who never drinks. I'll send for him."

"Would he be patient? We cannot learn quick. We don't know Burmese talk."

"He shall not flog or drink. He shall be patient. I want you to remain on the plains until you have learned thoroughly."

"Th'kyen, we are Chiefs. We have the care of our villages and of God's work on the mountains. We cannot remain."

"But I will pay your Captains forty rupees the month, the Lieutenants twenty-five, the Sergeants sixteen, and the Sepoys eight."

"Th'kyen, let the great Governor keep his money. Give us arms, powder, shot, and *land*. We will learn to shoot; we will defend our villages and chapels."

"But I cannot give you these, unless you come and learn soldier business."

"How long must we stay away from our homes?"

"Till you get learned."

"Shall we then go back?"

"You shall."

"We cannot learn with the Burmans. They do not worship God. They drink and swear. Our young men would go in their ways and be ruined. We cannot drill with heathen "

"You need not. You may have Karen barracks in your own village, and be drilled here."

"How can we learn here, Th'kyen."

"I will send men to teach you. You shall be entirely separate from the Burmese, and have nothing to do with them."

"Shall we not have Burman officers?"

"No. I will make Karen officers."

"Shall we certainly be taught in our own village, and not be called over to learn with the Burmese?"

"You shall."

"Th'kyen, our men cannot support their families on soldier's pay. Give them less money and land."

"You shall have the land, as I told you, every bit of it," impatiently.

"Mama, we are afraid. If he means true why does he not pity our starving brothers? Why does he not let us have the land *now*, and why does he not bring back the captives? Teacheress, we fear this Government man. Do you advise us to enlist?"

"I cannot advise. He appears truthful. Perhaps he don't think, but you will get no arms unless you do enlist."

"Teacheress, pledge your word with this Governor's, then we will enlist."

"Captain Blank, they are afraid," turning to him. "They fear Government will ensnare them. They will not enlist unless I give my word with you."

"Pray, give it, Mrs. Mason. I will deal honorably with them." And so I give my word that the promises made them shall be sacredly kept, and they give in their names, the best Chiefs being appointed officers.

Sabbath—over the river—Chiefs and men assembled

for worship. Hark ! What are they listening to ? Why do the young men look at the Chiefs, the Chiefs at one another, and all at me so questioningly ? Drive, drive ! clack, clack ! go the hammers—up—up go the rafters all through that Holy Day. It is Captain Blank's workmen building him a new house. Nothing is said.

Monday morning—just down—Chiefs on the verandah :

"Teacher, I want my name taken off from the list of *Bos*" (Officers). "And mine." "And mine," said one after another.

"Why, what's the matter now ?"

"Oh, this ruler *don't know the Ten Commandments!*" As usual, I go to Mr. Mason :

"You had better go over," he said, "and reason the matter. Tell them you can't be surety, and they will probably encounter many temptations, but on the other hand, if they do not enlist, Government will give them no arms, and there will be no protection for them against their enemies." Over the river—all assembled in the Institute.

"Then what shall we do ?" they cry all at once, greatly excited.

"Don't you know what the Bible says ?"

"Er, er," answered Poqua. "'Let him that lacks wisdom ask of Me.'" Leave them to prayer and consultation. Again the Chiefs appear on the verandah.

"We have determined what to do," and they hold out a list of resolutions :

"1st. *We will not work on God's Holy Day.*

"2d. We will not drink arrack or toddy, or brandy, or allow our men to use these drinks.

"3d. We will take care only of our own country.

"4th. We will have permission to leave our business honorably, if we dislike it."

"Oh, ho! Captain Blank won't sign any such paper," I said, taking it in to Mr. Mason.

"Then we may *not do*," was the determined reply.

"Why do you name the third?" Mr. Mason asks, just then stepping out of his study.

"Because, teacher, this Governor *don't know the Ten Commandments*. Whether he'll be good or bad we don't know. Supposing he is bad, then he gets angry with us ignorant Karens. He says, 'I'll punish 'em,' so he sends us away over to the west and leaves our homes unprotected; then old Bogyee, or another enemy, comes immediately, destroys our villages and breaks up our schools."

"This is correct reasoning, but why the fourth resolution? That is contrary to all military usage."

"Teacher, we know our people. If a Karen don't like he'll run away. No officer, no money, no Government can hold him. Then we are made ashamed before the Great Governor, and our name is destroyed before our brethren in America." I begged them, if determined to take it up, to soften it down a little and be polite, which they tried to do, and then went up, asking for his signature and the Government stamp.

"Oh yes, yes; I'll sign it. Come with me to court." In court—delighted of course. Immediately, there comes a Burman gong, and pours down fifteen hundred rupees upon the floor before the Karen officers. Then another follows:

"What's your name?"

"Chief Ledie."

"And yours?"

"Chief J'Que." So he goes round, and takes the names of all the officers in his book.

"Done! Take your money and be off!" gruffly, with a haughty toss of the head.

"Give us the paper, Th'kyen," entreat the Chiefs.

"Go—go. Can't attend—full of business," says Captain Blank in displeasure.

"We wait, Th'kyen," and there they sat until noon, when two came over to me.

"What *shall* we do, mama?" they asked in great distress.

"Have you signed any receipt?"

"No."

"You sure?"

"Yes."

"Have they not taken your names?"

"A Burman set down our names, but we hav'n't touched the money."

"But you've given your names, and without the paper!"

"We gave nothing. The Burman *took* our names." I took the matter again to Mr. Mason, and he decided that they were under no obligation to take the money, without the signature promised to their resolutions, as they had told him they could not serve without it.

"We will not touch it!" they cried resolutely, and again took their seats to await his convenience. Two o'clock comes, three o'clock, and no indication of the signature; four o'clock, and Captain Blank leaves court.

"We go, Th'kyen," say the Chiefs, rising.

"Take the rupees."

"Give us the paper, Th'kyen!"

"The Mengyee will give no paper. Take the money and be gone."

"We leave it here, Th'kyen."

"You *dare not* leave it. It is yours, and you are responsible."

"We *will not* have it, Th'kyen, without the paper."

A secret messenger is dispatched to Captain Blank. He reappears, throws them a letter in Burmese, ordering them away gruffly. They desire to have the paper read, but are peremptorily ordered out that they may close doors. So they take up the money, and being half-famished, having sat there all day, they go immediately over to their Karen settlement, and send the Assistant with the paper to Mr. Mason. Mr. Mason reads:

"You are to obey me and the officer whom I place over you!"

"That all?" he asks in dismay.

"That's all."

Terrible the indignation that we knew would rise in every breast, that evening, among the Karens. Long we sat deliberating on what course to pursue; until Mr. Mason became alarmed:

"Go over," he says, "and try to soften their indignation and help them arrange for guarding the money over night, for they will surely be robbed."

Ten o'clock rings the bell-man at the Main Guard. Shemoop is called—jump into my little boat—reach the landing. The gong is rung, and in a few minutes nearly two hundred men in their Highland tunics, with dachs in hand, and in great excitement, are hovering close around me in the moonlight.

"Come brothers, let us go in and talk over this matter. Now speak, each one. Say just what you choose," thinking it safer to let them exhaust their pent-up feelings first. And they did speak, one after another, and

poured forth their indignation upon the English Government, until every eye gleamed and many leaped to their feet, snatching their daks and war-clubs in one wild clamor.

"Gently, gently brothers."

"Sit down!" shout the Captains. "Let mama speak." Instantly every voice is hushed, every form is dropped upon the floor, and every eye is fixed to hear if I can say a word in extenuation. Very gently, in a low voice, I ask:

"Are there not kidnappers in your nation?"

"Yes."

"Would you like Commissioner Phayre to declare *you* all kidnappers?"

"No—no—we understand."

"You saw the Great Commissioner at Klurlae. Did he ever tell you a falsehood?"

"The Great Commissioner tell a lie! No—no—he couldn't tell a lie! He knows the Ten Commandments."

"Then do not put this sin upon the English Government."

"No—no—we must not."

"Then again, did you not say this man didn't know the Ten Commandments?"

"Er—er. We had reason to fear."

"Then, ought you to call all Englishmen bad?"

"No—no, but why don't he learn? He knows books. He is a disciple."

"Is he a disciple? What does the Bible say is the beginning of wisdom?"

"The fear of God," answers Pwama, again.

"Without the beginning, can there be progress? Ought we not to pity rather than be angry?"

"Er, er, the teacheress is right; but we'll carry it back," exclaim the Captains, in one breath.

"May be he'll put you in jail."

"Let him put us in jail—let him cut off our heads—we can bear it," thundered the Captains, towering up. "Brothers," they cry, turning to the sepoys, "you hav'n't taken one anna of this money. You're free. Go home if you choose. To-morrow we carry all back and pour it at the Governor's feet. *We won't eat government money.*" In half an hour, scores of these men, who had enlisted as soldiers at my earnest entreaty, were tramping off up the mountains, as hard as they could go, declaring they would never again come down at the call of Government. The next morning the Captains went up once more to Captain Blank, with Nah Khan Qualay, and begged for the right paper.

"I can never sign such a paper," he replied. "No Government officer would agree to such propositions."

"If the paper does not please the Governor, let him not sign it; but let him dismiss his humble servants to their homes."

"I shall not dismiss you. You have enlisted."

"We go, Th'kyen," rising, and bowing themselves out.

"Go where?"

"For the money, my lord." And so he allowed them to depart; but on their reaching the river, a messenger was dispatched to call them back. They went and stood at the foot of the steps, half expecting to see an executioner.

"Here," says Captain Blank, "here's your paper," and gave them the veritable document, just what they had asked, stamped with the government seal. With joyful eyes they brought it to Mr. Mason, and desired us

to write a note of thanks to Captain Blank, which was done, assuring him that blessings would fall upon him from every pinnacle of the mountains, when he sent us the following kind reply :

“ It gives me much pleasure to think, that in carrying out the signing of the Karen petition, I should, at the same time, have afforded you so much satisfaction ; and, I trust, with your valuable assistance, to be able to show that the Karens, if properly cared for, will show themselves as able settlers of the country as the tribes around them. I was much amused yesterday, to see the Karens sit so utterly regardless of the rupees before them. I supposed they would grasp them like Burmese and Shans ; *but, I see, they are not to be bought over from the service of the great God you have so wonderfully introduced among them.*”

“ Now let us thank God,” said Poquai, one of the Lieutenants, and in humble awe and love they bowed there at once, and sent up their warm, heart-breathings to the Almighty, whose own Right Arm had wrought their deliverance.

It was then thought that Captain Blank had only been trying these Christian officers to see what they really were ; but, however it was, we knew the answer was from the Lord ; and that night we took for our text in the Bible class : “ I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever ; with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.”

It was really a great task I found on my hands, acting as interpreter for government, there was so much fear of duplicity or stratagem. One of the young preachers, who was invited to join as chaplain and doctor, on a pay more than double what he was then receiving, wrote back :

"I have been speaking with my people, and, they say, they will never consent for me to leave them to practice soldier business, but if I want to go to study the Bible, I may go a short time. Besides, I think too, I should want to go to preach, and could not. So I would rather not be a soldier."

A sepoy was sent to drill the men day after day, but not a word could be understood by either party, and of course :

"The savages ! They could never learn. The dullest owls ever seen !" These were the encomiums passed by the sepoy, while the Karens looked on utterly disheartened, and were about to give up in despair, when our lonely Edwin stepped out as their amateur fugelman, and all were at once inspired, because he drilled them in their own language. For weeks he trained them about, until they knew the terms and the turnings, the marchings, and haltings, and all became inspired with zeal to emulate the Hindoo sepoys, and I really think they did succeed most remarkably.

One day a messenger came in out of breath, saying : the Bogyee Brigand, who had sacked the village mentioned, was pouring down his men towards the Christians again. The Deputy Commissioner sent up an embassy with a written message, threatening this Rob Roy of the North, if he didn't behave himself he would set a thousand rupees upon his head. His ambassadors went as far towards the hostile region as they dared to, put up the message on a stake in the path, and hastened back to court as hard as they could go. They pickets soon found the missive, and hastened to send it to their leader. In a few days a letter was found much nearer home, from the daring brigand, bidding defiance to the Government, and

telling the Deputy to beware or he would come and spear him and burn his town. The mauraunders came on, gathering strength at every step. Again he reached the plundered chief's village, which now lay powerless before him, for his force was said to be several thousand strong.

"See," he says, "what gain from these white Colahs ! What have they done for you ? Resist me now, and I'll burn your village ; join me, and I will redress your wrongs in a different way." The plundered chief was entirely at his mercy ; he had no power to resist the demands of such a sweeping force, and, of course, gave him food and shelter. Some said his people joined the warriors. If they did, it is not strange, though I think it was untrue ; but the Border leader pushed on, coercing and persuading, and, under the magic name of Menlong, he carried all before him.

The Deputy Commissioner is sleeping quietly in his own house—one nearest the invader's route. What dreams he of danger at that midnight hour ! But hark ! a knocking at the door. What is it ?

"Th'kyen ! Th'kyen ! Menlong ! Menlong !"

Captain Blank starts up—the English forces are called in haste—out to the battle—meet the brigand, who flies into the forest—Captain Blank with six Englishmen give chase—the friendly Karens see the Commissioner's danger—rush to the conflict—the robber is overborne, but he sells his life dearly—three brave Karens lie slaughtered at his feet—the prisoner is taken down to the spot which he had reached nearest to town, and is there hung.

Toungahoo is saved—but was it saved by foreigners ? No, indeed ! It was saved by the Karen Police of native Christians, who gave the warning, and who so boldly risked their lives for their ruler.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAND GAINED—MY DAUGHTER—THE HAND ON THE WALL.

AMIDST these labors it was seldom that either Mr. Mason or I could stop to call on English friends. So Captain D'Oyly, who was Commissioner on our return, suggested that we have tea Bible meetings alternately at his house, ours, and Captain Bond's. Captain Bond was Commander of the Artillery in Tounghoo. Very unlike to each other were they, yet both bearing the image of Jesus. Captain D'Oyly had a penetrating blue eye, and a light moustache. He was tall and commanding, and no good person could look on his thoughtful brow without the highest respect, and a fellow-feeling of sympathy. Still more would they have felt this on learning his high and noble principles, mingled with a Christian spirit as gentle as a lamb. I had been in Tounghoo only a few days, when he sent in a kind note offering to aid me any way in his power in establishing the school; and inclosed at once one hundred rupees for it. I well recollect the morning when it came in:

"Why mama," my little boy said, "God's arm stretches clear up to Tounghoo!" Truly, it did seem like the ancient work of the Almighty God among the Israelites.

We accepted Captain D'Oyly's kind offer, and usually, except when he and Mr. Mason were in the jungles, we

met, the first year on Sunday evenings, the second year on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, for the study of God's word, religious conversation, and sacred singing. Those were precious seasons, and often other Christian friends joined us. Lieut. Norris, son of Norris the Oriental scholar in London, was often with us, and after he had left Tounghoo with his regiment, behold, sixty rupees came rolling in, his *parting* donation to the school! God reward him, friend and helper, wherever he is. Captain Curtis, too, and his darling wife, whom every body loved, and occasionally others, dropped in. As for Captain Bond—good, kind Capt. Bond—I don't think I can describe him. Imagine, reader, that you are in a terrible dilemma for steps to your door—can obtain no carpenter or timber. Suddenly you look out and there are your steps. Your chairs are all giving out; no bottoms left. A boy comes up: "Ma'am, the Captain told me to come round and get one of your chairs." Off he tugs it. In a day brings it back, made over new. He is just out and happens to glance at your barefooted little boys. "Boys, come down and dine with me to-morrow." They come back with bright new shoes. This magician that transmutes lead into silver the year round is Captain Bond, and when he left Tounghoo we couldn't help mourning as for a brother.

One day he sent me in a Christmas present. What do you think it was? A neat little box as ever was, with a lid and a key, and on it was printed: "Officers' Box for Mrs. Mason's School." Within was forty-nine rupees! He took very great pains and trouble first to obtain subscriptions from the officers, but they liked the box-plan better, and he raised for us, from the officers and their wives in Tounghoo above five hundred rupees, to help on

the work ; and when he left he found a friend to take it up. This friend was Captain Charleton, who has also raised several hundred rupees from liberal friends and helpers in Tounghoo.

His mantle fell on Captain Bustard, and so God has ever raised up for the work friends in need. Indeed, the Mission in Tounghoo might well be called the Indian Officers' Mission ; and it is a striking feature of the Asiatic Missions in all parts, the great liberality and Christian interest manifested by Officers and their wives in the evangelization of the heathen. This fact the reader has probably noted in this little narrative.

With all the help, however, that I had received, there was nothing for a building for the Young Men's Normal School in Tounghoo. For this we were asking God when I went up to the Baugalay hills.

One morning as I stepped into the chapel where Col. Phayre stood with Mr. Mason, and a group of petitioners, he left them, and coming towards me said, smiling :

"And what is your petition, Mrs. Mason?"

"Oh, I have one," I answered. "Do you hold out the sceptre?"

"Yes, let me have it," and so I sent in the petition for *three thousand rupees* for the Young Men's School-house, as mentioned before, and in about a month received a reply that it was graciously granted.

I have so often mentioned Colonel Phayre's name, I suppose you would like to know, dear reader, how he looks. Well, I can't describe him. He's something like the apocryphal lion. He is a student of Bible Law and of the Natural Sciences. He is as tall as king Saul, rides on a high white charger, lives in a high dark house, and is a bachelor. But as for his looks you must judge

by his deeds. I'll tell you of one. One time when he was on the Karen hills with Mr. Mason, a very poor Karen came along and offered him a pet jungle fowl. The Karen teachers stood around, some of them vexed that he offered such a present, others amazed that the Commissioner took it. He did take it, however, right into his own hands, thanked the poor man, and carried it himself to his own cook. My girls could scarcely keep from bubbling over, they were so amused to see such a dignified personage "soothing" that wee bit chick, and I thought to myself it symbolized very well the Girls' School.

When they wished to kill a pig, or a goat, he declined the attention, and never allowed one of his followers to take so much as a banana, without paying for it. Then he took care of himself, and would never let the Karens or Burmese serve him except as hired attendants. This was so different from the usual course pursued by Burmese officers, the Karens were very quick to remark it, and tell it to the villages beyond, and I do really believe those mountain men would lay down their lives for him.

This policy was pursued by Captain D'Oyly also, except when he went out, as he sometimes did, entirely alone, without a single servant, and let the Karens do every thing for him, eating just what they set before him—in their own dishes!

At such times the Nah Khans insisted on cooking for him themselves, and considered it the highest honor. When he died, the Karens and poor Burmese flocked from every quarter to see him, but were rudely repulsed by the guards of Captain the Rock. They came pouring in to me, and we mingled our tears together.

"He was the Poor Man's Friend," they said. "Shall

we not see our friend?" I finally petitioned for them to the Brigadier, when the house was opened. The Officers of Pegu have, to their honor, erected a monument to Captain D'Oyly's memory, in Tounghoo, but he has a far more sacred and enduring monument in the hearts of the poor.

The Young Men's School had given me quite as much anxiety as the Girls' School, but I felt that I could never build another house. Indeed, I would have been glad not to look at one again for months, so weary I was of saws and crowbars, planes and chisels, and the endless strugglings of the workmen to cheat or trouble me in some way or other. We were obliged to employ Burmese sawyers and carpenters, and they worked only for *money*, being constantly persecuted by the priests for building a Christian School-house. I had therefore to superintend every bit of the building, to watch closely every groove cut, and even to stand over the sawyers and see every foot of beam, board, and rafter measured.*

Our great object was not to get a large number of scholars in at once, or to "drive ahead" the pupils of either school. That was not the great want of Tounghoo. It was to make them thoroughly established, *self-supporting*, and *self-managing*, and thereby be an example to all the wide-extended region beyond.

* The "Female Institute" is a two story building, and was completed at a cost of ten thousand rupees. The Chief Commissioner, Col. Phayre, was at Tounghoo, on Sunday Feb. 2d, and attended divine service at the Institute. He expressed himself as highly pleased with the architectural appearance of the structure, both within and without, and thought the style of building very suitable for an edifice devoted to educational purposes.

But both must have foreign teachers for some years. I should think seven years, or ten at longest, would be sufficient, so that they could work their own way, both men and women.

As Mr. Mason desired not to give more of his time from his translations, the question arose as to how the young men should be supplied with a teacher, and the matter was referred to the Board of Managers. They wanted some one at once who had the language. They had heard much of the Rev. E. B. Cross, a Missionary of the Union, then in Tavoy, of his skill in teaching. They had seen, and the young men and girls had studied with a great deal of delight, his arithmetic, and the elementary part of his astronomy in Karen.

They voted to petition Mr. Cross to come to their aid, and the Board in Boston to grant him permission. Leave was given, and Mr. Cross came up, which we felt was another great answer to prayer.*

* The Young Men's School-house is now probably completed, built by Mr. Cross, with the three thousand rupees from Government, and such help as the people could give. Mr. Cross also very kindly superintended the finishing off of the Institute for me, after I left—no enviable work to do. They are also supplied with the valuable apparatus which Colonel Phayre procured, also several articles through Mr. Wylie and Mr. Mason, and a very nice set of Colton's large colored outline Maps, presented by the Publishers, in Philadelphia, through the Rev. H. L. Grose. The school is now in operation, entirely in the charge of Mr. Cross and the Native Board of Managers, the chiefs supporting fifty pupils according to their engagement. For all over this number Mr. Cross has to look to foreign aid, also for all the help given to the preachers and their families in times of distress and famine, or sickness; and as these preachers go out without any stated salary, taking just what the people can

Time passes. In Rangoon, January, 1860. "Telegram, ma'am."

"MY DEAR WIFE:

"Captain Blank went out on the 17th of January, and set the boundary to the paddy land, *and gave back the fields the Karens had cleared to them.*

"F. MASON."

Then I fell on my face and thanked the Lord, and immediately telegraphed to the Chiefs to read the 124th Psalm.

Truly, "The rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous, lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity."

The Karen tribes rejoiced with great joy, and made such strenuous efforts, they brought in the next month *one thousand four hundred rupees* for the Girls' and the Young Men's Schools.

Come from the closet. Rap—rap. Open the door. Telegram again—read:

"Captain Blank came in yesterday, saying: He feared he should be under the necessity of cutting off *the front of the Karen school lot, for a public road.* He wasn't certain, but he thought D'Oyly had no right to give permission to remove the road. You had better go immediately to the Commissioner. He can help you. No other one can.

"F. MASON."

Almost distracted, but turn over papers—find the gov-raise for them, they sometimes, when among small, poor churches, go hungry and naked, and destitute of medicines, books, and stationery.

ernment map given me by the Deputy Commissioner, D'Oyly. Apply for help—the Commissioner puts his own signature, stating that the school land extended to the river, thereby making it impossible for any person to interfere with it hereafter. Again saved—again thank God, and record this :

“Truly I had fainted, unless I had *believed* to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.” And now, “I will praise Thee, for thou hast heard me and art become my salvation.”

The care of the Female Institute I wished to leave as a legacy to my daughter Ella Rasalama. I should have nothing else to leave her, and this had been all these three years my most earnest prayer that God would fit her for the work, and send her to it. Not that I would bind her forever to it in person, but I desired her to feel the same interest in its progress that I had in establishing it. There was no way to awaken such an interest but by going herself, and entering personally into the work.

It was most remarkable—the way in which God had raised up friends for her. When in the States in 1856, my time was so entirely occupied with the older members of our family, I had not a single month left to arrange for her. I sent out notes to two or three Seminaries, to see if any would take her for the small amount I could pay. Immediately Professor Briggs, Principal of the Lassel Female Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., came forward and offered to educate her for the nominal sum of one hundred dollars the year. This was indeed a great answer to prayer. Then to show his tender sympathy, God sent to my aid Mrs. Emma H. Grose, wife of the Rev. H. L. Grose, then of Galway, New York. Mrs. Grose had been an old and dear class-

mate of mine in the Utica Seminary, New York, under Miss Urania Sheldon.*

* Wife of Rev. Eliph't. Nott, D.D., President of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. A few months ago, this aged Patriarch sent for me to come and see him. My dear teacher introduced me, and with the most solemn emotions, I received the benediction of one, who seemed to me the very picture of Elijah, when about to ascend up to the Mount. No one could look on that noble brow, that majestic image of the *Aleph*, without the deepest awe, and yet his words breathed the tenderness of woman: "Tell the Karens," he said,

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."

This was his dying message to the heathen, which, now I understand more of the *vast* meaning of *I*, seems to me prophetic. When so low, he expected every day to depart, the dear old President sent me his autograph, with these words:

"Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

"ELIPH'T. NOTT,

"UNION COLLEGE, May 29, 1861."

Mrs. Nott writes, under the same date:

"MY DEAR MRS. MASON,

"Enclosed you will find my husband's autograph, as you requested—accompanied with my warmest wishes for the prosperity of your good cause [alluding to the 'Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, for Heathen Lands], which I greatly fear has suffered by the universal demand upon the time and attention of our women in behalf of the army. I can only add that you have my best wishes for your success.

"Affectionately yours,

"EURANIA E. NOTT."

This autograph, with a darling little picture of her own precious self, I keep in my Bible. I have reason, indeed, to feel the deepest gratitude to this kind friend of my youth, for it was through her influence and efforts, that I enjoyed the ad-

Mrs. Grose enlisted friends of hers ; Mrs. — Smith, now of —, Illinois, and Mrs. — Hewit of Galway, with the Principal of that Seminary, — Smith ; and these friends, with Professor Briggs and his generous corps of teachers, gave me the most valuable aid in educating my daughter, and preparing her for her work in Burmah. These dear friends not only relieved me of pecuniary cares, but always stood by me in encouraging her to return.* Some unwise persons however used their influence to prevent it, and to turn her sympathies away from the heathen, until they so far succeeded it became a source of the deepest grief to her to even contemplate the work of instructing heathen girls, and more still to think of parting with her school-mates. Day and night I cried unto the Lord, and to my great joy, on my arrival in the States, I found her preparing her outfit. After all was arranged, she left me with her little brother, to go and bid farewell to her old school companions and relatives. She had been gone only three weeks, when one morning a letter was brought in :

“ MY DEAREST MA,

“ Brother has told you all. You won't blame me, ma—you won't blame me. But ma, I *couldn't* go to Burmah. Don't ever mention it to me again, for I can *never* go.”

vantages of education in her school, free of all charge. And she, also, interested D. C. Bennett, Esq., Messrs. Beebe, Whipple, Curtis, and other benevolent friends in Utica, to supply my board. May God reward her and all of them—I cannot.

* Dear Mrs. Grose, too, was the first lady who encouraged me to undertake this school plan, and much has this true friend sacrificed to help it on.

Reader, last year your papa or your husband was a prosperous merchant. You looked on a store full of goods, but one day the Herald said, your husband or your father was a bankrupt! Do you remember the *agony* of that morning? Well such was mine. It seemed as if the sun was blood, the heavens all black, and the earth full of groans. I got into an omnibus and rode towards home mechanically, but went far beyond, and for my life I couldn't suppress the tears. I fancy the passengers thought me crazy. Suddenly, it seemed as if a voice fell from heaven: "Go to the Fulton Prayer Meeting." I changed 'busses, and rode back. Went in. Told dear Mr. Lanphier I wanted a bit of paper. He gave me a seat at his desk, in the upper room there, of the Fulton Street Church. I wrote a petition for prayer in behalf of my daughter, and found I had covered two pages of foolscap! Tore that up. Wrote another. Drew it into one, but that was so wet with tears it all run together, wholly illegible. Tried again, and at last handed him a paper—I don't know now what was on it—I only know, when the gentleman at the desk presented it, he stammered—stopped—looked at the signature—tried again—and at last called on the congregation to sing,

"From every stormy wind that blows!"

Reader, were you ever so sick as to have singing send knives running through your brain? You know then how I felt. They prayed for every body else, but my petition was turned into singing. In my distress I left and went above.

I went home with the conviction that my feelings were not right. That I was rebelling against the *cross*. I had

once led the dear child up to the altar, when her God supplied the sacrifice. Now he required it again, and in deep brokenness and humiliation I laid my mouth in the dust.

Weeks passed—my daughter returned, on the promise that I would never ask her to go any more. Can you imagine, reader, what that promise cost me? Oh! none but God can weigh that price.

One day she happened to take up the "Noon-day Prayer-Meeting," which lay in our room. Finally, she said:

"Mama is this book true?"

"Yes," I answered, "I have no doubt of it."

"How far is it there? I should like to go in." I gladly put her in a carriage and sent her with her dear little brother, for she had grieved until she had become very weak and thin, and was, I think, fast sinking into the grave. She was interested at once, and went in as often as she felt able.

Some weeks after, one Monday morning, on my going up from breakfast, she said to me: "Mama, if I would go to Burmah, could you go right off?"

"No, darling, I couldn't go now, but I could get you off?"

"Well ma—do please now—right off—don't wait—for ma I don't dare trust myself."

Mother! imagine my joy if you can! Immediately, we went down to see Mr. Cunard of the Royal Line Steamship Company. Mr. Cunard was not in. The attendants were anxious to know our business, but we waited and gave no clue. By and by Mr. Cunard came, busy of course, but I stepped right to him, told him who we were, and our errand, which was to know if he would allow her to take a second-class cabin and dine at the first-class table.

"No, Mrs. Mason, I couldn't do that. It would be a ruinous precedent. We never do it."

He had just spoken, when he glanced at my darling, and I suppose, saw her eyes filled with tears.

"How old is your daughter, Madam?"

"Seventeen."

"Where is she going?" I had told him before.

"To her papa, to teach the heathen women."

"Well, Mrs. Mason, I'll tell you what we can do. We can make a child of her, and give her a child's berth."

Noble Cunard! Little did he think how much he was then doing for Christ. Heaven will, I know, reward him, with all the blessed ones who have aided this work. There, in New York, Mrs. T. C. Doremus, the missionary's friend in New York, went with me and put the dear child on board the cars, when she started *alone* to traverse half the globe to the Tounghoo women. I could not go. She could not wait. But oh, such nights of agony were mine! Kind Mr. Cunard had given her an introduction to the Captain. I had written to him and to the stewardess; dear friends in Boston would meet her and see her safely on board. Miss Webb, Secretary of the Ladies' Society in England, would meet her in person on the other side, and take her to her arms. I had, too, learned to trust; still, none but a mother can begin to imagine my distress. God preserved her, and to the inexpressible comfort of myself and her little brother, she wrote back:

"LONDON, Nov. 29, 1860.

"MY DEAREST MA, AND PET BROTHER,

"I assure you I have now more confidence in an Overruling Providence, and in *prayer*, than I ever had before

in my life. Ever since I started on this work I *have been blessed*. It certainly was not right that I should remain in America, and now I *know* it. Perhaps my reluctance at first may make me more faithful hereafter. It was *the Lord* who brought me out of the land of my birth, and the land that I love, and I *know* He will take me safely through. I am naturally one of the most timid things in the world, yet see how from the first He took from me every fear, and gave me health and strength for my day. See how he gave me favor with Mr. Cunard, and then so many warm, kind friends in Boston. And then He blessed me by not allowing me to be much sea-sick, and gave me favor with the Captain and all the passengers; and see how He tempered the winds so that we had a delightful voyage until the last two or three days."

She goes on to speak of a gale, which she says "was terrible, and the Captain said he never saw so fearful a night. The steamer rolled and pitched frightfully, but this was only to try our faith, and show his own Almighty power. Even then, amid all the danger, God did not let me tremble or fear. I knew no harm would come. I knew that you and the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, were praying for me, and I knew God always answered the prayer of faith. And it was so, for on Sunday, P. M., we landed safely in Queenstown harbor."

At a later date she mentions going round with one of Mrs. Ranyard's Bible women* to see how she worked, and found such awful sights she fainted. Again she was visiting Industrial and Ragged Schools, to learn how missionary work was done in London. And Mrs. Ran-

* Mrs. Ranyard is the author of the Missing Link, the Book and the Story, etc.

yard had given her ten pounds, to send out two Bible women in Tounghoo, and she was to transmit quarterly reports to her.

She adds: "I have commenced a new life, I hope a more devoted life, and shall strive hard in future to '*Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.*'"

"Will you come home to tea with me, Mrs. Mason?" a Christian friend of Brooklyn asked me one evening. I went.

"Do you remember putting up a petition some time ago, in the Fulton Prayer Meeting?"

"I do very well, indeed, and how nobody would pray for it."

"Ah, you are wrong there," he said, and then he told me how distressed he felt because no one noticed the request. He didn't know the name, or me, but somehow he felt so wrought upon, that he trembled from head to foot. *He had never risen in that meeting*, had never led in prayer there, but he rose, for he couldn't sit still, he told me, and called attention to the petition, requesting that some one should pray for it. Immediately, prayer was offered—a most fervent, earnest prayer. And reader, don't you see, God said the word *then*—right there—that it should be answered? "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee," saith the Faithful and True I AM.*

"Would I could hear from my girls," I said, mentally,

* The friend who called attention was S. C. Warner, Esq., one of the Secretaries of the American Tract Society, and the one who prayed was the Rev. Mr. Bingham, also the Rev. J. Q. Adams, and Mr. Wesser, with that all-prevailing friend of God, Mr. LANPHER, these all helped me by their fervent prayers and sympathy.

and immediately bowed before God, and expressed my want to Him. Scarcely had I risen, when my son brought in a package from the post office. Tounghoo stamp—open hastily. Is it indeed an answer? Yes, truly—out fell a package of Karen letters.

Nau Meu writes: "I am teaching the school in my native village, and have been up to the Institute and procured maps."

And Nau Pwakeu writes: "I am teaching the school at Klaumeduc of forty-six children, girls and boys. I am instructing them in the Child's Book, Arithmetic, Geography, and the Map of Africa. By the Lord's help they are learning a little, and I cannot praise Him enough."

In my chamber in Philadelphia. Door opens—maid hands in a letter—the heart beats quick, for the postmark is Tounghoo—open—read:

"TOUNGHOO, *January 14th*, 1861.

"MY DEAR WIFE,

* * * * *

"CAPTAIN ROCK HAS BEEN DISMISSED—NOT REMOVED,
BUT DISMISSED BY GOVERNMENT FROM ALL SERVICE.

* * * * *

"F. MASON."

Has not God said: "Whosoever shall offend one of the least of these little ones, which believe in me, it were better for him that a *millstone* were hanged about his neck?" It is perilous pushing against the Immanuel stone—the Just God I—STONE—and so every one has found it, whose hand has been raised against this work in Tounghoo.

CHAPTER VI.

RED KARENS—THE UNDERTAKING CROWNED—WHAT HAS BEEN GAINED.

INTO this school I introduced the study of simple medicines, with nursing the sick, and it was required of the graduating class to be skilled in this department, each one being required to serve a year as nurse in the Institute.*

Every morning the chief nurse, and her assistant, would take their little box of medicines—eye-water, cough drops, pills, fever powders, tonics, syrups for babies, salves, etc., cups and spoons, and go from door to door, to every sick pupil, and every house in the neighborhood, inquire into all cases of sickness and suffering, see to cleaning their apparel and rooms, then report to me. Three times the week this class brought up, with rice-water or broth, the boiling tea-kettle, to make arrow-

* The following extract, written in 1858, mentions my own calls in that line: "I am obliged to read and answer many letters of natives, often twenty or thirty a month, which makes great demands upon my time; but this gives me influence among the people, and a better knowledge of them. Besides, I administer to the sick from the Red Karens in the north, to Shwagyn in the south; that is, I write recipes and send them medicine, and we often have to give medical prescriptions for ten or twenty after the Bible Class in the evening, before I can think of tea." It was for this reason that I appointed doctresses, that they only might come to me, and not all the villagers. The doctresses also have charge of the village.

root, or tea, on the platform ; then learn how to turn the sick, and how to walk and talk around them. Of course these nurses became very popular, and when the Karen Police was formed the Deputy Commissioner recommended that each company should choose one to aid it. This was done, the Karen officers engaging to pay them eight rupees the month from their own allowances. The following letters have been received from them :

Nau Temai writes, on the 28th of March, 1860 : " Since you left I have been nurse to the soldiers, and to all the people, as the officers appointed me for three months. I have also taught the common school in the Institute village."

Nau Tai says : " As appointed I remained and attended on the sick for some time ; but as there were no more sick ones, I wished to be doing something. Then Nah Khan Mounng Po called me to his village, and put the school here in my hands. It is not a large place, so there are but ten children, but I also attend on the sick here."

The Karen Christians are entirely dependent upon their teachers for medicine, for if they go to their seers, or to the Burmese, they find only exorcists, who compel them to use charms and prayers to demons.*

* Burman doctors are usually astrologers, who have the same horoscope, or nearly the same, as they used to have in Europe. It is divided into the same number of houses or mansions. Did not Christ allude to the popular notion of the Lunar Mansions, when he said : " In my Father's house are many mansions ?"

I often feel thankful to the old Phenician astrologers, for had they not wreathed medicine with the glory of the stars, it might never have blessed the world as it has done. The Per-

On the 29th of March, 1860, one of the Heads of the School wrote me from the capital of the Red Karen kingdom, where she had gone, the First Female Teacher and Bible Reader to the Red Karens. She says:

“MY DEAR TEACHERESS:

“After you left here Kaypo Gyee sent again to the
sians were really benefactors of all races, when they expended four hundred thousand pounds annually on astrologers. At present Shem's children, and some of Japheth's, seem to hold on to the study pretty tenaciously, and the Mussulmans, Hindus, Burmese, and Talaings, have their nativities regularly calculated. The doctors of all these nations seem to have taken lessons from one *Materia Medica*, the same, I suppose, that the Pharaohs used.

. They divide the heavens into twenty-seven mansions, through which the moon passes in her orbit. Each mansion has its day, and each day its peculiar influence. If a man is sick, the question arises in what mansion was he born? then what month? then what medicinal plants and herbs were in blossom during that month and day? The leaves, blossoms, bark, or roots of these plants will certainly cure him, if prepared in secret. Some of the drugs used by these apothecaries would astonish a Gipsy. In the prescription of one that was analyzed was found “The thigh bone of a dog, the jaw of a monkey, the vertebra of a fish, part of the grinder of an elephant, the fore tooth of a rhinoceros, some bone of a turtle, and two or three bits of broken china.” The rest of the dose consisted of bits of roots, and barks, to the number of two hundred and eighty-one! about equal to another famous panacea—“The ashes of a toad burned alive in a new pot!” A doctress in Bombay recently deposed that she had sold about fifty tolas of this medicine at one hundred rupees the tola! Of course the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses will, for some time, have to be the doctors and doctresses of the land.

Institute for teachers to instruct the women of his country. Then my husband went for me to teacher Mason, who said I had better come, and he gave me ten rupees to buy provisions and other necessities for the way. So now, as appointed by you, I have come. When we came the weather was very hot, so we traveled nights much, sleeping but little, and reached here after four nights from the Wewaus, fourteen from Tounghoo. Mama, Nau Pai, your daughter, set her heart *firm by God*, and after *giving up every thing*, came on to this people to instruct the women.

"We arrived here on the 27th of March, and I have seen the king Kaypo Gyee, and his wife and children, and all his household.

"The king has built a new chapel. It is the Lord's doings. Rejoice with us, dear mama. Now I am here, and in order that I may be able to do good here, and that the kingdom of Christ may increase and be established, pray for me continually I entreat you. Dear mama, the distance between us is very great. I can scarcely hope to ever see you again, but may the Lord bless you and my little teacher Edwin forever."

The Red Karens are a very interesting but barbarous race, whom no foreign missionary had ever visited until 1859, when Mr. Mason made the hard tour across the mountains, ten or twelve days' travel from Tounghoo. Sau Quala had visited them with Mr. O'Riley, when Deputy Commissioner of Tounghoo, in 1856, but it required the white missionary's influence to induce them to receive the Truth.

Mr. Mason writing from there, asks :

"Shall I describe to you the Red Karen kingdom? Imagine one enormous Illinois prairie on the summits of

the highest mountains in Vermont, and you will have some idea of Karen-nee. It is pillared by mountains between two and three thousand feet high, in the form of a triangle with the apex to the south, and overlooked on the two sides by mountains two or three thousand feet higher than itself. Towards the base, and towards the north, nothing is visible but one eternal plain. The country is divided into three states by this tribe, which possesses the highest mountains between Tounghoo and the Shan States. They have a walled capital called Gnoe-dong, of five hundred houses, and the old Saubwa they call a king. They are a very savage people, and live by bartering slaves, whom they kidnap from the surrounding nations.”*

* An English traveler told me he met a party of three hundred being driven over to Zimmay, the chief town in the Shan States, where he afterwards saw them exposed for sale in the market. One young woman of the party, a bride, was taken into the old king’s seraglio, while her despairing husband was goaded on for sale. Mr. Mason himself, while there, saw two Tounghoo women sold into slavery, who had just been kidnapped.

Again he writes:

“KAREN-NEE, *Jan. 1st, 1859.*

“MY DEAR WIFE:

“The Cross hung bright in the south. and the Morning Star had just stepped over the horizon with her forty toes, when wrapped in the Wylie coat, I passed out on my elephant from the city of *Kie-he-a*. I was somewhat surprised to learn that there was not a man, woman, or child left in it, except the heir apparent, and one or two associates, who were preparing to return to the field of warfare. He remarked to me last evening: ‘I cannot say but all in this village will have to go away to-morrow, or the day after;’ and I now find that as I had been told, his return was to be the signal for all to flee without any thing more being said. It seems the people were moving

For the opening of this mission Mr. Mason received one thousand rupees from St. George Tucker, Governor of Benares, through Mr. Wylie. This too was in answer to prayer, and came in a most remarkable way, when he was in great want of means. Indeed, the mission could not have been opened but for this supply. For a time the wars drove all the assistants from the field. Finally, Shapau, Mrs. Lushington's Evangelist, came in, saying he wished to go again to visit the Prince of Karen-nee. He looked up his own people, and Mr. Mason undertook the support of three for four months to sit down in their midst and learn their language. They found the language hard to acquire. Mr. Mason pronounces it Karen, and the people a tribe of Bghai Karens, yet the dialect differs very essentially from those of Tounghoo. After a time funds ran low, so Shapau sent back his messenger to the Bghai churches to say, that as the people had not yet learned wisdom, it would be necessary to bear the expense of the mission for one year, hoping they would sometime believe, and be ready to support teachers themselves.

The Bghai churches immediately made a subscription,

off all night. I am going to leave the three young teachers behind, as that is an earnest that I really intend to return. At parting the son and heir asked to shake hands, and he gave me a very firm grip, then pressed my hand to his forehead. I pity the old man, but he is only suffering now what he deliberately planned for others in similar circumstances a few days ago. Truly, 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

"It seems that in the limestone rocks in the neighborhood there is a cave which is only large enough for one man to enter, but that opens out on the upper side, on the top of a precipice, which is perfectly inaccessible. This is the old king's place of refuge."

raised some seventy rupees, and sent it off with several teachers to help them carry on their new foreign mission, and this was all an extra effort, for they paid just the same into the school fund, and for the girls, as they had done the year before, and even more ! Weeks and months of hard discouragements passed, but at last one day the old Saubwa brought in to him sixteen rupees, saying he had also ordered his people to carry him rice !*

It was in March, 1857, that Colonel Phayre wrote to Mr. Mason : " We can only look forward to the gradual influence of the teachers and Nah Khans to keep the kidnappers within bounds. *I feel sure they will soon join you.*"

In March, 1859, this prince of kidnappers sends all the

* He also sent to Mr. Mason the following letter :

" You have sent teacher Shapau to us, and I rejoice exceedingly. As the Pakus support their teachers, so will I. and furnish him his food. Teacher Shapau is now my teacher. If I eat, he will eat ; if I starve, he will starve. You have sent him to me, and I have received him. Have no anxiety for him. I promised you when you were here to build a zayat. and I have been faithful to my word. I have built three. I will most certainly have my children and grand children learn. When the dry season arrives, I wish very much that you and the teacheress would come out here ; for my people greatly desire to see you. You came once, and my people said, ' the teacher has a good heart.' You are the man to instruct. If you come, let us know the time, and we will go to meet you. When you do visit us, do not trouble yourself about eatables ; I will furnish you with food. Pray for me that I may become a Christian. God bless the teacher."

Nearly the same he wrote to me, begging for a schoolmistress from the Institute. and promising her support and protection, and giving as a reason that his women could not learn under men, as it would be contrary to their customs.

way over the lofty water-shed to request that two teachers from the *Girls' School* in Tounghoo come and instruct his country women. Side by side with the slaves he has taken from their very households—their own sisters ! To these he offers every protection. Truly did not the Commissioner's words echo the prophecy ; "The captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered ?"

You may like to know, dear reader, how my Ella Rasa managed all alone on her long voyage. Every body was kind to her, and God provided that an excellent Scotch lady should be going right on to London, who took her in charge. The following letter will show how the Most High opened the way, step by step :

On reaching England my daughter wrote back :

"The voyage has done me good. I have now a keen appetite, color in my cheeks, and am gaining strength. I have no cough since I left you."*

December 17th, she says : "My *dear* ma and brother, A way has been opened most wonderfully and *providentially* for me to go on, which is a *proof* that it is God's will that I wait no longer. *No one but God could have done this.* It was beyond all human power, and now, ma, you need have no anxiety about me. And now I want to tell you, all the way ever since I left you I have prayed earnestly that if it could please God, and be for the good of his cause, He would open some way for me to go immediately on to Tounghoo, without much delay in London. I had no idea how He would answer this prayer, but fully believed He would, and I resolved, if

* Some, who urged her not to go, insisted on believing she would die on the passage, and even called a physician to persuade her to abandon the thought.

any way was opened, as it would be a direct answer to prayer, it would be my duty to proceed," (without waiting for me, as had been pre-arranged.)

She speaks of having been most touchingly set apart to her mission work by a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Herbert, who laid his hand upon her head and prayed for her very earnestly. She a member of a Baptist church, in Massachusetts, set apart by an Episcopalian clergyman, in London! How beautiful is love! How subduing to prejudice and self!

My dear friend Miss Webb also writes :

"SHAFTESBURY CRESCENT, PIMLICO, LONDON, *Dec. 22d*, 1860.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND :

"As to our precious child, darling Ella, a very remarkable chain of circumstances has taken place, and now the dear girl is hoping soon to be at her work.

"A week ago, my kind friends the Hoernels, our own Church Missionaries to North India, called to take leave of me before their return. Circumstances made it desirable for them to leave their eldest daughter behind, but they were unable to do so, because they had been obliged to take her passage by the overland of the 20th of this month, *two months ago*. I offered to take the passage of them for Ella, and I did so. I know dear Mr. and Mrs. Hoernel well. He is a clergyman. They are elderly people, devoted Christians, and themselves the parents of daughters. I knew she would be as safe with them as with yourself. On Monday last I took Rasa to see Mrs. Wylie, who was in London on that day; on Wednesday I went down to Southampton with her, and on Thursday I took her on board the steamer. She shares Mrs. Hoernel's cabin, and they seemed to like

each other very much. Mr. and Mrs. Hoernel promise me that they will not lose sight of her for one moment, until they give her into Mr. Wylie's care. Mrs. Wylie has written to him to receive her, and to arrange for her going on to her father. She provided £70 of the money required, and for the rest I took the money we should otherwise have kept for you. Now I hope the dear girl will reach Tounghoo before the end of February, and re-assemble the Karen girls. As our annual allowance was for the Principal of *that* school, I suppose we shall now consider dear Ella Rasa as supported by that, and our American ladies will help the Burmese. Our interest has always been for the Karens. I hoped that you had a teacher ready for the Burmese school, from your circular, but I do trust you will soon find one.

"You will be glad to know that *Mr. Hazeldine* accompanied us on board, and helped to get things right

"I do trust the American Society is taking root.

"I paid £102, i. e. \$510, for Ella's passage only. You could not have obtained a bare cabin by long sea for less than £120, i. e. \$600, for the two; then there would have been cabin furniture to provide, and the large outfit required for three months at sea. Besides, how much time she has saved by going overland.

"Your very affectionate,

"ROSAMOND ANNE WEBB."

On reaching Calcutta Mr. Wylie very kindly met her, and took her immediately to Mrs. Lushington's residence where she spent the night, and the next day Mr. Wylie, with the tenderness of a father, saw her aboard the steamer for Rangoon, where the Captain took her in charge for five days, when the Rev. Mr. Stevens met her

in Rangoon, and like a true brother, as he has always been to me, took her all the way to Shwagyn, where she found Mr. Mason waiting to receive her.

She says: "When I met papa he was as nervous as I was; and the Karen girls held both my hands and wept for joy, that a girl mama had come! I like my home and the place."

Later dates bring the following reports from the Institute:

"TOUNGHOO, *April 14th*, 1861.

"MY YOUNG TEACHER IN AMERICA:

"Edwin, whom we love, and have not seen so very long. Blessings be on you and mama always, I pray.

"I will now tell you a little about the Girls' School. We think now, if it pleases God, we shall study this year with *great delight*. We shall have a great glad time. We are learning music. Pray that we may increase in this also.

"As for myself, since my mother's death, my father tells me to learn fast, and do like my mother, and take care of every thing connected with the Girls' School. I will give the names of the girls now in school whom you know. When you have done studying may God bring you safe back to Tounghoo. This is our earnest prayer every day."

(Here follow the names. Nine of the Heads have married preachers. Eight have married students, and several are still in the Institute.)

Another writes:

"DEAR YOUNG BROTHER WHOM GOD BLESSES:

"Now I see mama, your sister, I must write you my little pet brother who loves the Karens. Because of God's

blessings I am well. God has taken care of me. I will tell you a little.

“Last rains I lived at Qualaduc, and kept school, and they gave me all I wanted—food a plenty. The children who learned books were fourteen, because there were but six houses. I have something sad to tell you. Last rains God called my father away. Then my mother and brothers do not like me to learn books in the least, but as for myself I do not remain at home. I have put my heart to study thoroughly, *and become a schoolmistress for the Lord*. Young brother teacher, the friend of God, we see our teacheress your sister, and our hearts are very hot. She does *exactly* as you did, and oh, we are so happy !

“NAU PWAKU.”

April 17th, 1861, my daughter writes: “I shouldn’t know it if I was sick now, but really believe I am not, and you would scarcely know me for the ailing, and often sad-hearted child I was at home. It is so *funny* to be called *mama*, as I am by hundreds who crowd in to shake hands, for they have been coming in ever since we reached here; company after company, from the hills; but I am very happy, and have no doubt but God was calling me here. School commenced on Monday, April 15th, with six pupils. Now, Wednesday, we have ten. Only one has come yet from the jungles, because we sent out word that school would commence in May, and it is yet April. I begin now, because these few came and begged of me to do so, offering to board themselves until May. I teach every day, from ten in the morning until five, P. M. Then comes music, an hour. I can do no more than this at present, because it is so

hot. The thermometer, yesterday, was up to one hundred. The girls are studying the Bible, natural philosophy, geography, history, writing, and drawing. My girls love me, and I love them. Small pox is all around, and said to be in this place." (Yet the girls would brave the small pox in their eagerness to learn.)

Again she says: "You can have no idea how tired I am, and my feet *ache* so. I've not sat down a moment to-day, except to breakfast. At six this morning I took my tea while dressing, and immediately after crossed the river to the women's prayer meeting. After meeting came my singing-school. I wish you could see it. I have more than fifty scholars, (Mr. Mason, writing in July, says she has two hundred,) learning to sing by note, and new tunes. I have just taught them that beautiful thing in the Sacred Lyre,

'There'll be no more sorrow there.'

Pa translated the chorus for me.

"Singing takes so long a time I'm never home to breakfast until eleven o'clock, and then so tired I can scarcely speak from having tried to sing loud, and yet they are saying continually, 'Mama, we can't hear.'"

She writes again to her brother: "Don't on any account forget your Karen."

In August, my daughter reports forty-five young women fitting for teachers, all supported by the Chieftains. She was having a vacation, but the Head Assistants would not leave her. They were continuing their studies, and making an album quilt for the Secretary of the society which supports her. It was to contain specimens of their own patterns in weaving and needlework, and the names of all the girls in the school. She is quite

delighted that she has a little namesake there. Nau Tsa, the chief Head, who married a very superior Bassein preacher, calls her first born, a little daughter, Nau Ellie, *Miss Ellie*. I am rejoiced that my daughter enters into this so heartily, for I would rather have her name live in the hearts and names of the Karens than be reckoned with the highest earthly nobility.

The plan of the school in Tounghoo was an *experiment*, but no experiment ever succeeded more perfectly, for it has united these wild clans under one banner, and awakened a spirit of enterprise and energy, such as they never before felt or knew. The Karen Education Society at first numbered only sixty Chiefs, but it has increased to two hundred and sixty, and thus far they have been more than faithful to their promise. Since the school was opened in 1857, the Chiefs have contributed

Cash, Company's rupees, - - -	4,400
Bamboos, for buildings, - - -	5,700

Ratans, (pieces) - - - -	75,000
Thatch, braided leaves, - - -	4,076

(Much of it by women.)

Bark rope, (pounds) - - -	350
Mats, a superior kind, - - -	230
Fowls, - - - - -	375
Eggs, - - - - -	800
Pigs and Goats, - - - -	11
Robes, jackets, and turbans, (pieces)	95

(All these garments were sent in by women.)

Days of labor, - - - -	12,008
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This was before I left Tounghoo, in 1859. Since that I suppose they have given as much as nine thousand

days of labor on the place—all this *voluntarily*, and all these clans working together; and now this Karen Female Institute will be cherished as the Delphi of their tribes, to which they even now continually resort, and from which they cannot return without carrying to their pinnacle homes some glimmerings from the light of science, and a clearer knowledge of the True God.*

Since this undertaking in behalf of self-supporting schools was commenced in Tounghoo, in 1857, God has sent to me more than fourteen thousand rupees, or seven thousand dollars—almost every dollar from India, Eng-

* I would here say that in all this undertaking my dear husband has upheld and aided on the work as none but a husband could aid, without which the schools would never have been established.

Speaking of the powers and permanency of this Native Society, to a friend, Mr. Mason remarks:

“We have a Karen Education Society in Tounghoo, which holds a building that when finished will cost five thousand rupees. (This is without the timber, and bricks, etc. It is valued at *five thousand dollars* now, and the Young Men’s School House at two thousand dollars,) to which I shall make over school apparatus, to the amount of fifteen hundred rupees. So you see I have faith in its being able *to own property*. This society is yet in an incipient state, but we intend *to have it take charge of all the schools and assistants in the Province*.”

The following kind note from Lady Mary D’Oyly, will show how wonderfully God has supplied permanent support for one Female Bible Reader in this school.

“STEEPLETON HOUSE, DORSETSHIRE, ENG., Oct. 15, 1860.

“MY DEAR MRS. MASON:

“We for some time had hopes that you would return via England, that we might have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. Sir John sent the accompanying draft to Miss Webb, some months ago, to give to you on your arrival £15

land, and Scotland—with which the Institute has been built, a Burman School-house bought, the grounds prepared, some apparatus purchased, my own support supplied for two years, (seven hundred dollars, which Mr. Mason paid back for me into the Treasury of the American Baptist Missionary Union,) and furniture obtained, including a bell of ——— pounds weight for the Institute.* All within four years.

DONE BY GRACE. DONE BY GRACE.

from ourselves, and £9 from Mrs. Mickel, a charitable lady, who, on reading all that is being done in Burmah, begged me to add this sum to our contribution, to be used in any way you please. Sir John has written to Doct. Mason, to tell him, when he receives the money collected on our dear son's estate, he will forward a portion of it to establish a Native Female teacher for the Karens. As soon as we know the amount it will be sent. May it please God to grant you his grace to follow up all the good purposes of your heart. With our united grateful regards, believe me,

“Yours most sincerely,

“MARY D'O'LY.”

The ladies connected with the American Bible Union, have also raised two hundred and fifty dollars for the support of a Burmese Female Bible Reader for five years, and forty dollars the year for another one has been pledged by Mrs. Elizabeth Tweedale, and Mrs. Wm. L. Price of Philadelphia. Mrs. Price is the daughter-in-law of Dr. Price, who went out with Dr. Judson, so God keeps the stream flowing on.

Support for ten more Bible Women, five hundred dollars the year, is still greatly needed, for which I am daily asking God, and for means to supply the Native schoolmasters and schoolmistresses each with a new Bible, which they are longing for more than their meat and drink.

* In obtaining the bell I was aided much by the Rev. Dr. Murdock of Boston, and by Messrs. ———, Troy, N. Y.

NOW WHAT HAS BEEN GAINED by these liberal gifts and earnest labors of friends? What by these waitings, watchings, wearyings, and heart-achings? What are the results of this experiment in self-supporting schools.

ANSWER:

1. National enthusiasm and patriotism have been awakened.—2. Holy emulation in good works has been created.—3. A laudable ambition for civilization has been kindled, and national strength developed.—4. The high aspirations which the Bible creates have been guided into channels of national advancement, and helped forward in those channels.—5. A spirit of self-reliance has been infused into Native societies.—6. New interests, hopes, and determinations have been aroused.—7. Hostile clans have been cemented in a permanent bond of union.—8. A Christian Delphi or National resort has been founded.—9. A self-supporting Normal school for young men has been opened.—10. Three thousand rupees towards the Young Men's Institution, and fifteen hundred rupees' worth of apparatus have been secured.—11. Permanent support for three missionary preachers connected with this Education Society has been guaranteed.—12. A colony of wild mountain men have been brought down to the plains.—13. A tract of several hundred acres of land has been secured to them free of taxes for ten years.—14. A Karen Ferry has been established.—15. A Karen National Guard has been formed, and the rights of the Karen clans recognized by the Burmese.—16.—A Karen National Standard has been erected.—17. The general elevation of Woman has been recognized as a duty among seven clans.—18. Female education in Tounghoo has been rescued from the mercy of circumstance, and

placed on a permanent basis.—19. A higher intellectual and *active* position has been secured for Christian women in Tounghoo.—20. A Female Boarding School of fifty has been established, which is supported, and managed by Chieftains.—21. A handsome and substantial building, valued at ten thousand rupees, has been built.—22. Beautiful and complete apparatus and furniture for the Institute, valued at twelve hundred rupees, has been obtained.—23. A *free* grant of thirty-two acres of land has been secured for these institutions.—24. Permanent support for a Foreign Female Principal has been secured.—25. The passage money for this teacher has been raised, and she has been sent out overland.—26. Twenty Female teachers have already been trained in this Institute, and have had schools in the mountains supported by Chieftains.—27. A mission to the women of the Red Karens has been opened by this Institute, and two schoolmistresses sent forth as Foreign Bible women and teachers.—28. Support of two Schoolmistresses in the school has been obtained.

BURMAN AND SHAN GIRLS' SCHOOL.

1. Through the kindness and magnanimity of Colonel Phayre, a grant of valuable land, with roads and fruit trees, has been legally secured to a Native Society for a Burman and Shan Girls' School in Tounghoo.—2. A nice house and out-offices have been purchased and paid for for this Burmese school.—3. Support for two Native Female Bible Readers for the Burmese women of Tounghoo has been secured in America.—4. An American teacher has been sent out as Principal for this department, her passage paid by the ladies of America, and her support guaranteed for five years.—5. The little "Toung-

hoo Women," and "Talk with the Ganges," have been printed in behalf of Female Education, and the expense paid.—6. This record of God's love has been written.—7. My own support for two years, and passage home, has been paid.—8. Many have learned to ask, to expect, and to wait upon God.

WOMAN'S MISSIONS IN OTHER PARTS.

The *Woman's Union Mission Society* of America for Heathen Lands has been organized and incorporated, and has already raised some two thousand dollars, or about four thousand four hundred rupees.* THE FOUNDERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ONE HUNDRED COLLECTORS from all denominations, who are pledged to raise TWENTY DOLLARS THE YEAR FOR FIVE YEARS, for the special object of sending out ladies to raise up Native Female Bible Readers in all parts of Heathen Lands in the East. The following summary is from the minutes of the meetings :

"Teachers and Bible Readers in connection with the Woman's Union Mission Society, A. H. L.

"Congregational—A Bible reader and teacher for the Hindu Widows, under Mrs. MacLeod Wylie, Calcutta, (for the present,) \$300, or 660 rupees.

"Baptist—Miss Sarah Hall Marston, Tounghoo, \$400 or 880 rupees ; and passage, \$400.

"Dutch Reformed—Under Miss Adriance, Japan, \$50, or 110 rupees.

* This Society has now in circulation 2000 "Missionary Crumbs," 2000 "Woman's Mission to Woman," (by Mrs. S. C. Warner, of Brooklyn.) 2000 "Tounghoo Women," 2000 "Talk with the Ganges," and 1500 Reports of the Philadelphia Branch.

“Presbyterian Reformed—Under Miss Mary Ann Campbell, Saharanpur, North India, \$50, or 110 rupees.

“Methodist Episcopal—Under Mrs. Gracey, Lucknow, North India, \$50, or 110 rupees.”

Episcopal—Under Mrs. (Bishop) Boone, China, \$50, or 110 rupees.

Baptist—Under Mrs. Binney, Rangoon, \$50, or 110 rupees.

Miss Marston is from South Boston, Mass., a lady of mature age, an experienced teacher, long known as a Sunday-school teacher and Tract visitor, and one of the first managers in the Woman's Union Mission Society. She is accomplished in all kinds of flower-work, wax-work, crotchet-work, netting, and embroidery, which will serve to attract the heathen young women around her. She also takes a Sewing machine for them, very generously presented by Messrs. Wheeler and Wilson, of New York, and goes forth with a devotion and consecration to the work seldom equaled. She a Baptist lady, set apart by the Rev. Dr. Hallock, a Presbyterian, (Dr. Wm. A. Hallock, Secretary of the American Tract Society.) So beautiful and all-conquering the power of love! Miss M. sailed on the 4th November, 1861, direct for Calcutta, in company with the Rev. Mr. Barr, and Mrs. Barr, of the Presbyterian Mission to N. India.

The Chief Officers of this Society are :

President—Mrs. Sarah P. Haines Doremus, N. York.*

* Mrs. Doremus is the wife of T. C. Doremus, Esq., one of the principal founders and supporters of the Dutch Reformed Mission in Japan, and the Scudder Mission in India. Mrs. Doremus is President of the Grand Ligne Mission Society, also the founder of the Woman's Hospital, New York; of that *Christ-like* Institution, the Home for Women from Prison, in

Vice-President—Mrs. Jacob Le Roy, N. York. *Treasurer*—Richard L. Wyckoff, Esq. *Assistant Treasurer*—Mrs. R. L. Wyckoff, Box 479, New York City.* *Corresponding Secretary*—Miss Sarah D. Doremus, 54 East 21st street, N. York.

Two good Branch Societies have been formed, one in Boston,† Miss M. V. Ball, President, Mrs. John D. Richardson, Treasurer, Mrs. S. C. Robinson, Secretary; and one in Philadelphia, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, President,‡ Mrs. Benjamin Griffith, Treasurer, Miss Jessie N. Massey, Secretary. A Monthly Report has also been commenced by this Society, in behalf of Woman's Mission, entitled MISSIONARY CRUMBS.

which she labored, together with Miss Catharine Sedgwick. Mrs. Doremus was also the first mover of the Ladies' Greek Mission Society of New York, which sent out the Rev. Joseph King to Greece, and supported him many years.

*Mrs. Wyckoff is the originator of that very precious institution, the "Mothers' Concert of Prayer," held on the 3d Wednesday of every month, and which it is proposed to establish among converted heathen women.

† Miss Ball is Editress of the *Friend of Virtue*, in Boston; authoress of several small popular books, and has long been an earnest laborer for the elevation of heathen women, and for the heathen *slave* women of America, whose *cries* and *helpless* servitude have reached up to Ears of the Highest.

‡ Mrs. Hale is the well-known Editress of *Godey's Lady's Book*, the authoress of that most valuable "Record of Distinguished Women," "Northwood," "Vigil of Love and Other Poems," "Library of Standard Letters," "A Bible Reading Book for Schools," etc.

It was in 1832 that I, a child, was reading Mrs. Hale's pleading appeal, which greatly stirred my heart, concerning the Seamen's Aid Society in Boston. managed on much the same plan that is now being carried out by the Karen Women of

And now, dear readers, you who have patiently followed me through, let us unite in that universal anthem of creation :

“GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND TO THE SON, AND TO THE HOLY GHOST.”

Toungahoo, and by the Missing Link Societies in Europe and America. Mrs. Hale was one of the principal movers in advocating Woman's admission to medical instruction, so that she might be Doctress for her own sex and children; while she has, by her writings, greatly aided in introducing Women Teachers into the Public Schools of America, a system which must spread over heathen lands.

The following are the Emblems and Seal of Office of the Women's Union Mission Society.



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